PHOTOPLAY

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Movie MIRROR

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Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Brinq You . . .

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET !

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists —praised by lovely brides!

LIKE thousands of other brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine," she says.

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Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild* —it's actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to go on the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet without delay.

Put your complete trust in Camay. For 30 days use it faithfully night and morning. Your skin will feel fresher at once. And as the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier . . . more appealing.



This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N. C., who s "I don't believe in keeping secrets w it comes to my beauty care. When people admire my complexion I tell t about the 'Mild-Soap' Diet and wh wonderful help it has been."

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.



Trade-Mark Reg
U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

you can steal your own Show—if your Smile is Right!

Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires...getting bridal showers...being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! *But they all know how to smile!* Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: "I'm glad to be alive!"

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* You can steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

"Pink Tooth Brush"— A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, make a date to *see your dentist at once!* His verdict may simply be that your gums are spongy, tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

When the going got toughest, Abe Lincoln said, "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die."

★ ★ ★ ★

The screens of America provide entertainment for all. The movies started as a novelty, learned not to flicker and learned how to talk. They were developed by Americans and conquered the world with their merit.



★ ★ ★ ★

Go to your favorite theatre. There are many fine films from all movie companies. Sometimes they miss, sometimes they hit, but the average is high.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading producer of movies. There are more M-G-M stars than there are stars of all the other companies combined.

★ ★ ★ ★

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

★ ★ ★ ★

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.



★ ★



'Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

★ ★

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.



Uncle Sam, you can count on me.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

MARCH, 1942 VOL. 20, NO. 4

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

presents

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Spencer **TRACY**

Katharine **HEPBURN**

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

IT'S EITHER LOVE OR FIGHT 'TWIXT SAM AND TESS— AND THEY'RE GOOD AT BOTH!

A

GEORGE STEVENS' *Production*

with FAY BAINTER · REGINALD OWEN · Directed by GEORGE STEVENS

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

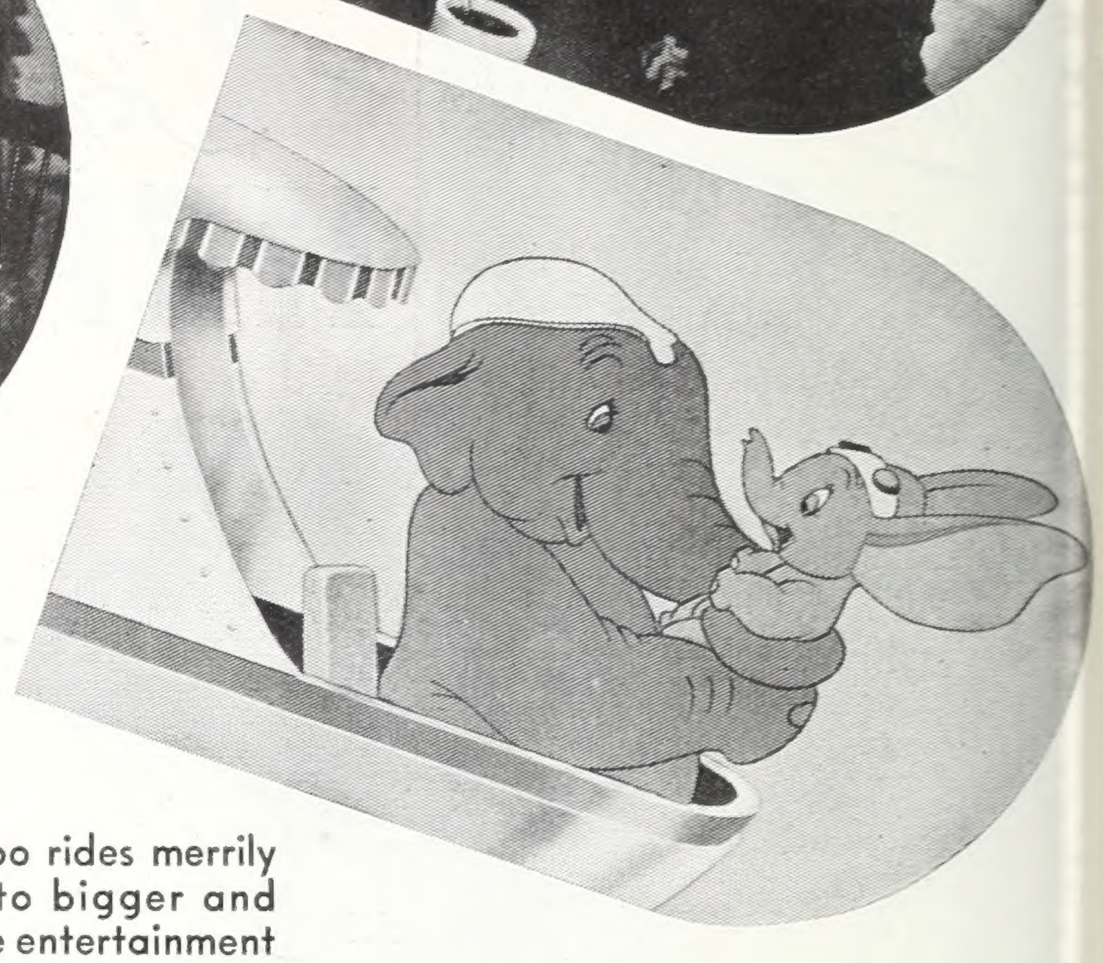
CLOSE UPS
AND LONG SHOTS



Joel McCrea puts himself into the Gary Cooper class in "Sullivan's Travels" with Veronica Lake



Claudette Colbert gives a "supreme" performance with John Payne and Douglas Croft in "Remember The Day," a rare blend of gentle tears and chuckling laughter



The beguiling Dumbo rides merrily on the high road to bigger and better wartime smile entertainment

HOLLYWOOD, under war conditions, is a strangely changing place . . . the windows of all the Brown Derbys are painted over with dark brown paint so that not so much as a glimmer of light steals forth . . . the studios are all on a new schedule . . . eight to five . . . which makes Hollywood even more of an early-to-bed town than it is normally (and it has always folded up around ten o'clock despite those glittering photographs you see from Ciro's, the Mocambo and such spots). . . .

These new, earlier hours are an attempt to dodge the blackouts but two sets of movie workers suffer slightly because of them . . . the stellar girls must now rise by five, if they are to be on the sets, made up, by eight and this in turn means that the hairdressers must crawl, with carefully shaded lights, through that darkest hour before the dawn to see that the glamour girls have every curl in place, war or no war. . . .

There will be no more location trips to photograph backgrounds, no more premieres of big pictures, no more night previews of mere average pictures until we have won this battle of freedom . . . the location trips are off because all the "wild" spots in and around . . . those locations which for years have been anything from the forest primeval to the hills of Shangri-La to the movie-makers . . . are now

By RUTH WATERBURY

Army encampments . . . besides, no studio wants to have its valuable stars even five miles away from town. . . .

The premieres are off because their vivid lights and massed crowds would be veritable invitations to air-raiders and because all parades of luxury are in bad taste now . . . the color is completely departed from the previews and they are being held in the afternoons in those dreary little studio projection rooms which the trade has always called "sweat boxes" . . . but even the reviewers, chronic grumblers, are not grumbling now . . . complaining is in bad taste, too, and moreover nobody wants to be traveling miles and miles merely to cover some "B" offering. . . .

Even the locations that were merely on the "back lot" of the various studios . . . those "standing sets," those "foreign streets," those "steamship piers" (complete with "standing" waves and "standing" steamers), those "rivers" and "jungles" . . . all have been moved inside the sound stages for safety's sake. . . .

Yes, Hollywood under war conditions is strangely changing, yet in one sense it is becoming only more its self . . . just as it is really an early-to-bed town it is also really a worker's town and now it is becoming more so . . . the visitors are gone . . . gone from the sets . . . gone from the restaurants . . . gone from the colony itself . . . the closing of Santa Anita did some of that . . . the closing of all sets to everyone except the actual studio personnel or the working press did the rest of it . . . the only "outsiders" you see in Hollywood these days are officials from Washington. . . .

There are scores and scores of Washington visitors but you may not, as Lt. Col. Joseph F. Battley told me, "expect this to be a glamour war" . . . Washington wants enlistments in all ranks . . . technicians, particularly, the art directors who know so much about camouflage, the writers for propaganda work, and such . . . but it wants no Garbo in overalls, posing as the Spirit of Armament . . . no Rita Hayworth flashing her legs and her smiles as the Spirit of Our Flag . . . Washington has asked Hollywood . . . and will be receiving from Hollywood . . . films of American history . . . instruction shorts . . . the making of diagrams, posters and the like . . . in terms of actual man power many have been called and many have been chosen . . . you probably will not see Second Lt. Stewart back again on the (*Continued on page* 91)



The most side-splitting, surprise-full adventure you'll see this year . . . a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy . . .

"THE REMARKABLE ANDREW"

with

BRIAN DONLEVY • WILLIAM HOLDEN • ELLEN DREW

MONTAGU LOVE • PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo

A Paramount Picture

Coming! "REAP THE WILD WIND" Cecil B. DeMille's Greatest Triumph . . . in Technicolor.

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Rowdy, rollicking satire: Ann Sheridan, Richard Travis, Bette Davis and Monty Woolley in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"



Knockout performances in a knockout, realistic motion picture: Lana Turner and Robert Taylor in "Johnny Eager"

✓✓ The Man Who Came To Dinner (Warners)

It's About: *A world-renowned sophisticate who takes over a Midwest household.*

WHAT "The Little Foxes" was to drama, "The Man Who Came To Dinner" is to comedy. Every bit as good as the play that rocked Broadway and hinterland audiences for two years is this rowdy, rollicking and, at times, bitter satire.

The audience laughed so long and so loud many of the rare verbal tidbits were lost. Bette Davis is, of course, splendid as secretary to *Sheridan Whiteside*, the man who came to dinner. Richard Travis, as the young newspaper man, is a winner all right.

Ann Sheridan does a grand job as the actress. Jimmy Durante as "Banjo," Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell as the unwilling hostess and host of the nasty old tyrant, George Barbier as the doctor, are outstanding. But a bit by Reginald Gardiner all but steals the show.

All characters are drawn from life, so have fun guessing who's who while you are yelping with delight.

Your Reviewer Says: An eight-course banquet of delight.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Johnny Eager

The Man Who Came To Dinner

Joan Of Paris

Best Performances

Robert Taylor in "Johnny Eager"

Van Heflin in "Johnny Eager"

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in "The Corsican Brothers"

Olsen and Johnson in "Hellzapoppin'"

Monty Woolley in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"

Claudette Colbert in "Remember The Day"

Paul Henreid in "Joan Of Paris"

Michele Morgan in "Joan Of Paris"

✓✓ Johnny Eager (M-G-M)

It's About: *A hard-hearted gangster who discovers that love and death walk hand in hand.*

BOB TAYLOR scores a knockout performance as a conscienceless mobster who covers his crooked dealings by reporting regularly to his parole officer and, on the surface, living respectably as a taxi driver.

Beneath that front, he's a mean killer, utterly incapable of understanding man's better nature until he meets Lana Turner, a society girl and daughter of Attorney Edward Arnold. Even then his meanness takes its natural course when, in order to keep Arnold from exposing him, he frames Lana into believing she has murdered a man. But, in an ironic twist of plot, he gets his come-uppance.

Van Heflin, as his only true friend, almost steals the show—and he must be good to rob Taylor of one iota of glory, Bob's that socko. Frankly, we like Lana better in "slitchy" roles; but, even so, her performance here is proof la Turner can act.

Everyone in the cast shines in his role and, while the theme is repellently real, it's a tremendous picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A lam to the heart. (*Continued on page* 95)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 112

Get ready to thrill...



...to this thrilling new love team!

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



A why-people-gasped picture: Ginger Rogers and her ex-husband Lew Ayres show up and start more tongues wagging at the Russian Relief concert



Lou Costello and Bud Abbott finally make it—that is, they leave their immortal imprints in the cement of the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese



John Howard and Hedy Lamarr see each other, but they're seldom seen by the public. Brown Derby luncheon scene shows up Hedy in her favorite off-screen attire — slacks and a kerchief tied over her braided hair

DRAMA—**First Act:** For some time past Cary Grant has been quietly taking the rap with news photographers for raising old Ned every time the boys came near the actor and Barbara Hutton. Now it seems Barbara herself is to blame and has come forward and admitted it to the camera lads, which changes the complexion of things a bit. We never could believe Cary capable of temperament, having always found him gracious and friendly.

By the way, someone reports having seen Cary and Carole Landis at the beach amusement centers several times. Must be a mistake. But think now, whom does Miss Landis resemble? Sure, Phyllis Brooks. And whom does Phyllis more than resemble? Of course, Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey and Cary's first wife. Several friends still insist Virginia was Cary's one true love.

Drama—Second Act: Phyllis Brooks couldn't help but see us sitting there, but she obviously didn't care a whoop, for the telephone conversation went right on.

We don't know who was on the other end, but our ears certainly pricked up (we weren't eavesdropping, for we simply couldn't get away) when Phyllis said: "Oh, I'd love to see you. I suppose you'll be going to Cary's. Yes, he's giving a party. How I'd love to go, but, you see, I can't on account of (*Continued on page* 10)



"9-letter word meaning Social Suicide"

GOT you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It's a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help . . . *and do you need it.*

Suppose you start with an "H". Now drop in an "A". Next, try an "L", as in "love"—and wouldn't you like a little of that!

There! You've made a start. At this point may we suggest an "I". You know, "I" as in "it"—which you haven't got or you wouldn't be sitting at home of a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a "T". We're getting places. Now an "O". That gives you H-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you'll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an "S"—could stand for "seductive" in your case but for one thing. But let's get on . . .

Put in another "I" as in "idea"—which you're going to get in just a second.

Now end it up with another "S" and Lady, you've got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few . . . why boys don't stick around . . . why you're sort of "on the shelf."

It's halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there's often something you can do about it . . . something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic . . . every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never . . . *never!* . . . omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It

While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Hard nut to crack at a sweet charity meeting was Jean Arthur who, at the Los Angeles Community Chest get-together, refused to pose, was caught in a flash with her husband by Hymie Fink



Community talk at the committee meeting at the Biltmore Bowl was loud and long at the Norma Shearer-Edward Arnold end of the table

(*Continued from page* 8) Barbara. Oh, no, she wouldn't have it. It's silly, for I wouldn't mind a bit, but Barbara would."

All of a sudden we felt we had glimpsed a familiar situation from an entirely new angle. Cary Grant, Barbara Hutton and Phyllis Brooks had somehow all switched places and Phyllis was suddenly the leading lady in the little drama that had so intrigued Hollywood. She was no longer the pathetic little ex-sweetheart she had seemed. Maybe she never had been. But you know how Hollywood interprets an off-with-the-old-love-and-on-with-the-new-one triangle.

As we looked more closely, we discovered Phyllis had even taken on a new beauty, a new assurance and certainly a new lease on her career.

We remembered someone's having told us that the philosophy of her good friend, playwright William Saroyan, was responsible for her ditching forever the torch she had been carrying for Cary. Now here she is gay, forgiving and, so it seems, completely uncaring.

Who will be the winner in the finale of this little drama, we wonder. Let's hope all three will find exactly what they're seeking.

Charity Calling: We've said it before and we say it again—there's no place like Hollywood to respond to a worthy call for help.

The *Los Angeles Examiner's* yearly benefit to buy Christmas baskets for the poor brought out the stars in droves.

Red Skelton, Bob Hope and Rudy Vallee got together for a little gabfest before the show—and try buying that array of talent for peanuts. Mickey Rooney, with his fiancee Ava Gardner, won tremendous applause. Mickey and Skelton put on a great act together.

Cary Grant and Pat O'Brien couldn't get away from the Meglin Kiddies and Cary was especially drawn to little Billy Lee and Roddy McDowall of "How Green Was My Valley" fame.

It was great to see Bette Davis and Monte Blue, a onetime big star, together.

Four famous profiles, Cesar Romero, Tyrone Power, Jimmy Durante and John Carradine, were in collar-ad evidence. George Montgomery and Roy Rogers seemed more than pleased with Rita Hayworth.

As usual, it was a wonderful Hollywood turnout, with stars in the sky, on the stage and on all the flags.

Are These Your Choice?: If you were to choose the ten most popular men and women stars of 1941, whom would you select? Well, Feg Murray, of "Seein' Stars" fame, made a newspaper canvass from coast to coast and in Latin America, and here are the results, given in the order of the canvass: Men: Gene Autry, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Spencer Tracy, Nelson Eddy, John Payne, Don Ameche, Robert Taylor, Mickey Rooney. Women: Bette Davis, Sonja Henie, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Olivia de Havilland, Linda Darnell.

One notices Jimmy Stewart's absence from the screen has left his name only a memory. Gene Autry had thirty-three per cent more votes than his runner-up, Tyrone Power. The top four women stars in popularity are blondes. Odd that Lana Turner failed to make the list for the year.

More than 400 different players received votes, while Hollywood itself limits its star rating to about fifty people. Interesting, too, is the rise of newcomer John Payne.

At any rate, it's the people's choice and it's the people who make or break the stars.

The Winnah: Ginger Rogers let fly with a right hook and caught Helene Fortescue Reynolds squarely on the chin. Helene, in turn, hooked a left to Ginger's blue eye, which brought an even more perfect uppercut to Helene's amazed jaw.

Finally, Director Bill Wellman called "Cut" and the two girls started out of the scene, panting, when an onlooker on the "Roxie Hart" set stepped over and held up Ginger's hand.

What's a charity meeting without a blonde—two of them, in fact? Anne Shirley, Marjorie Woodworth and Roy Rogers do their committee stuff



"I'm in the Dog-House—the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"



Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!



Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh!

Jane: So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!



Jane: (*later*) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

Mum won't irritate skin—won't harm clothes. Get Mum today!

MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—*A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.*



MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Paul Whiteman opens at the Florentine Gardens; musical-minded Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms and Rudy Vallee yodel him a big welcome



Barbara Stanwyck rises to the occasion, bows to the Gardens customers. Gary Cooper and her husband Bob Taylor do some handwork

Top: "Coop" gives a handout. Directly above: Taylor, with the Coopers, does a ditto act

"You've got the best feminine uppercut I've ever seen," he said with admiration.

Ginger looked at him, puzzled. The man laughed. "I'm Gene Tunney," he said, "and I'm glad I gave up fighting before you took it up."

Ginger is as pleased as punch.

That's Telling Them, Girls: Well, the gals of the Hollywood Women's Press Club got themselves together for a little voting on the most co-operative and nonco-operative stars in Hollywood, Bette Davis and Bob Hope winning the co-operative prizes hands down. On the wrong side of the fence are Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as booby-prize winners for nonco-operation with the press.

Among the most nonco-operative femmes as voted by the club before its final decision were Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur. The men were Fred Astaire, Ronald Colman and Bing Crosby.

When Ginger was asked her opinion of the decision she said, "I have nothing to say, except that I seem to be listed among some nice people. . . ."

Here is what the others said:

Fred Astaire: "They should have respect for my age."

Marlene Dietrich: "I thought I had co-operated with everybody, but possibly I was so overrun with men reporters that I didn't give enough time to the ladies."

Bing Crosby: "If they mean I'm losing my hair, that isn't my fault."

Ronald Colman: "Can I help it if I'm dull?"

Jean Arthur, as usual, wouldn't even talk to anyone about it.

Among the most co-operative were

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Orchids-and-bliss picture of Milton Berle and bride Joyce Mathews. The Berles—plus Mama—now live in the Tom Mix mansion

listed Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan. The men were Bob Hope, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor.

A small golden-apple lapel pin was given to Bette Davis (see page 72) and a golden-apple script marker to winner Bob Hope. Incidentally, Bob Hope won the Hollywood photographers' award for the most photogenerous star in the business.

Now you know how inside Hollywood feels about certain stars.

Home-Wrecking Annie: "Never have your picture taken with a stranger," has become Ann Sheridan's New Year resolution. It was brought about when Annie received a curtly worded letter, with a snapshot enclosed, from a Chicago woman. The snapshot was a picture of Ann which included the woman's husband.

The letter read: "My husband has been boasting that he met you socially when he went to California on business. I know he's lying and that he's just trying to make me mad because he mentions it only when we're around friends," and closed with a plea for help.

Ann had to think a long time about that picture. Then she recalled one night at an ice rink a stranger had snapped a picture of her while another strange man was standing close by.

She wrote and explained that fact to the Chicago wife and then wrote out her resolution.

Thisa and Thata: Loyalty is one of Hollywood's chief charms. It was dis-



WELL, THERE IS! Just get gentle, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap! You'll adore its rich, cleansing suds that banish body odor, leave your skin enticingly, alluringly scented with protecting fragrance!

INDEED IT DOES! The truly exquisite scent of Cashmere Bouquet lingers. And thousands of women have proved to themselves Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! Smart girls like you catch on quick . . . discover the lovelier way to avoid offending—to be utterly *sure* with Cashmere Bouquet! And you appreciate Cashmere Bouquet's costlier perfume!

YOU REALIZE there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day . . . that it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be smart . . . get a half dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!



DISCOVER

New Loveliness

IN YOUR HAIR

EXCITING as a date with your "one and only"... thrilling as his good-night kiss—this wonderful discovery of hidden beauty you may never have realized your hair possessed. And it's magic-like Colorinse that imparts this glamorous loveliness. Colorinse that brings out the warmth of color in your hair—gives it a brighter, richer tone—a softer, silkier sheen that rivals the lustre of the stars themselves. You'll wonder how you ever were content with dull drab-looking hair when you discover how quickly Colorinse makes it look and feel entrancingly different. Colorinse—in 14 flattering shades—at beauty counters everywhere. *For a lovelier hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing.*

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes



At 5¢ and 10¢, drug and department stores

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Pennies for the poor from a show by million-dollar stars: Bob Crosby, Bette Davis and Monte Blue join forces with . . .

. . . Red Skelton, Bob Hope and Rudy Vallee, show up to show off at the Los Angeles Examiner's yearly charity event

played in its true colors when old maestro Paul Whiteman opened at the Florentine Gardens and all the big-name stars, including Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper and his wife, turned out in Paul's honor.

Dorothy Lamour is drooping over her broken romance with attorney Greg Bautzer. Friends hope Dottie and Greg will get together soon. At any rate, the Navy, who have chosen Dottie as their favorite gal, gave three cheers over the news.

Rockabye Hollywood: The year 1941 will go down in cinema history as the year of births. Some even point to it as an indication of war, claiming more children are born just before or during a war than any other time. At any rate, let's take a glance backwards and note the number of babies born to movie celebrities, a record that far exceeds the number of divorces.

The really important stars who contributed to Hollywood's population include Constance Moore, Veronica Lake, Mary Martin, Lili Damita and Errol Flynn, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine, Lois Andrews and George Jessel, and Margaret Sullavan. The long-legged bird is also expected to visit the Jackie Coogans and Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Some group of babies, isn't it? At any rate, it shows Hollywood no longer lives under the fear of losing popularity either through marriage or parenthood.

Tidbits: The funniest sight Cal has seen in months was Hedy Lamarr lunching at the Brown Derby, staring at the booth directly opposite at the extra girl who is her exact image.

The extra girl took one calm look at Hedy and went right on eating. Hedy, on the other hand, could scarcely take her eyes from the girl.

It made a cozy tidbit for the Derby lunchers. . . .

Betty Grable explains that as a friend and sweetheart, George Raft is perfect. There's just one drawback to the romance. That's his gifts of race horses that George registers in Betty's name. They always come in last!

Whoa, there, romance!

Behind the Scenes with Cal: Friends are holding their breath—but Elaine

Barrie has been visiting John Barrymore while he's been ill. If that pair gets together old Cal simply gives up. Our "noives" can't take it.

Doctors say "war nerves" were responsible for the premature birth of the Connie Bennett-Gilbert Roland baby, who was born before its mother could be taken to a hospital. Little Miss Christina Roland is as beautiful as her mommy.

There are whispers that already powers-that-be are dictating policies to the young director-genius, John Huston, whose first picture, "The Maltese Falcon," was a directorial wow. Huston, Walter's son, is busy with the Bette Davis picture, "In This Our Life," and, Cal hears, his wonderful young ideas are being changed by the Front Offices. Bette herself is worried over it, so it was told old Cal. Shame, isn't it?



Twinkle, twinkle little star in the blackout. Rita Hayworth comes to Ciro's with husband Ed Judson in blackout hat and dress equipped with tiny identification reflectors

V for Victor—To Love or to Hate: "What's the matter around here?" Vic Mature screamed at Cal the other day on the "Song Of The Islands" set. "Nobody hates me any more and I'm unhappy."

"Are you crazy, Mature?" we asked.

"Crazy, heck!" he came back. "To be liked by everyone in this industry is bad. Movie biggies pay more attention to the squawkers, the hard-to-get-along-with guys than the easy-brush-off guy. Say, I know. When I was raising heck all over the place about my Hal Roach contract deal, I got plenty of attention. It was good for me. When I justifiably raised more heck during the shooting of 'Hot Spot,' what happened? Did I get kicked out or slapped down? Don't believe it. Mr. Zanuck took matters in his own hands, looked at the rushes, decided I was right and then bought my contract from Roach. If I'd been namby-pamby about that trouble, where would I have been?

"Baby" your face at bedtime to WAKE UP LOVELIER!



Doctors advise "baby-care" for your complexion

Each night give *your* face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *gentler* than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory *night-time routine:* Cream *lukewarm* Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise gentle *Ivory* cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. *Every night:* With a rough washcloth, lather up *lukewarm* Ivory velvet suds—¼-inch lather simply *creams* off your Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for *safe* beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

CCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS WITH NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM





These unretouched photographs (Case 34) show results of Noxzema. Left shows badly chapped hands before treatment. Right shows wonderful improvement after using Noxzema.

With Noxzema, definite improvement in red, rough, chapped hands s often seen *overnight!* That's be-ause this famous *medicated* cream ıelps soften dry, rough skin; aids n healing tiny skin "cuts."

;AVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard ıgainst snagging precious stockings. Help keep *your hands and feet* soft, smooth—with Noxzema!



Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter



WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS... Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and ugly chapped lips. *Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says:* "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it *after* exposure."



FROST BITE, CHILBLAINS, PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! *Mrs. Harriette Eddy, of Minneapolis, writes:* "Every winter I suffered from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known!"



POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!



SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for *you!* For a limited time you can get the 25¢ jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—FOR ONLY 19¢! Get your jar *today!*





CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Bright idea to give service men a bright outlook on life: Parties Unlimited, with a star-studded membership, entertains service men based near Hollywood. Fair example: Phyllis Brooks gives a dance at the West Side Tennis Club

Claire Trevor takes on two of the armed forces at the right, shows them a wonderful time at the Club, sends them home cheering Hollywood, the stars, and one of the most spirited wartime organizations in the film colony

"Look, I love Joe von Sternberg and bless him for what he did for me on the screen in 'The Shanghai Gesture,' but, brother, when he got sassy, I got sassy. No mealy-mouth business about it. And you should see the result.

"When I signed this new contract my agent gave me just two words of advice. 'Vic,' he said, 'be difficult.' And now look, everyone slaps me on the back, nobody hates me. I'm worried!"

We couldn't help but laugh, for we're one of Vic's ardent admirers, but there's something to his argument, especially when his salary has jumped from $400 to $1,750.

But how, Cal pauses to inquire, can anyone hate a guy as co-operative as Vic? Even to oblige him?

When Good Fellows Get Together: We happened onto the "In This Our Life" set just during the scene when Charles Coburn hands Olivia de Havilland a letter. Olivia was supposed to register annoyance as she read; take it from visiting Cal, *she did.* Afterwards, she showed us the note unsuspecting Coburn had handed her. It read:

"Dear Livvie: While you are working like a slave I've been given the day off. It's a lovely day to be loafing. Wish you were here. Love. Bette Davis."

Bette and Olivia are having fun together in this picture and now we're waiting for Livvie's revenge.

The Rotary Club Should Know: Clark Gable is rapidly taking over the role of the best businessman in Hollywood. On their recent trip back East, Clark and Carole bought an $1100 car in a Middle Western town and drove it home. In Hollywood they sold the car at only $100 loss.

The expenses home amounted to exactly $87. Carole and Clark stopped in small towns and hotels, ate in small restaurants and had a bigger time than Santa Claus.

When people have more fun than Gable and get a bigger kick out of doing it the American way—that of the average man—then we give up. You just can't beat that guy!

Or Do You Prefer Gin Rummy? Hollywood is playing a new game and oddly enough it began among the secretaries of a large studio. "If I could be married to five men at once," they begin, and then each makes her choice. A writer's secretary made this choice: Jock Whitney to pay the bills, Clifton Fadiman to talk to, Red Skelton to make her laugh, Fred

Astaire to dance with and Lew Ayres for evenings at the fireside. Another chose Howard Hughes to pay the bills, Noel Coward to talk to, Bob Hope to make her laugh, Cesar Romero to dance with and Eddie Duchin for quiet evenings at home.

To the surprise of the girls the writer himself popped out with his version. Hedy Lamarr to lavish gifts upon, Greer Garson to talk with, Elsa Maxwell to make him laugh, Rita Hayworth to dance with and himself for quiet evenings at home.

Got any better suggestions?

War and the Working Gal: Patrons of Nancy's Gown Shoppe on Hollywood Boulevard are surprised these days to find Pat Stewart, much publicized fiancee of Wayne Morris, working there as a saleslady.

Marriage plans of Pat and Wayne have hit a snag, for the young man doesn't feel the salary Uncle Sam pays him in the Navy is adequate for the support of a bride.

So while Pat is waiting for things to straighten out, she decided to become a working girl.

Are You Half a Hundred?: Well, old Cal knows well enough all Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers aren't debs, sub-debs and so-called young matrons. We know from our fan mail that older men and women are just as avid readers of Hollywood news as the youngsters, so here's a special bulletin for them. Hugh Herbert has organized a "Fun Begins At Fifty" Club. If you're fifty or over and are frank to admit it, you can become an honorary member by just writing Hugh at Universal Studios.

Among the Hollywoodites who have subscribed are May Robson, Hobart Bosworth, William Farnum and Lionel Barrymore. John declares he's "non-eligible."

Anyway, it's an idea, so get busy, you "Fun Begins At Fifty-ers" and get on the Hugh Herbert band wagon. And lots of fun to "woo woo."



A low-crowned hat with a high-style effect, worn by Frances Langford at the Mocambo, admired by her husband Jon Hall and a discerning Bob Cobb



Movie stars know the value of caring for the hair and scalp. They can tell you the importance of using the *right* treatment! If you've tried *scented* hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous *complete* Gift application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically-sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by *coupon only.* Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!



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GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 553, New York

Send GIFT samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically sealed bottles. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Request from South Africa: "A photo of Brian Donlevy specially for me . . ." Answer from Photoplay-Movie Mirror: A speaks-for-itself picture

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Recently we have been deeply concerned over the poor sportsmanship on the part of one or two of our contributors in sending duplicate prize letters to several different magazines. These other publications have also been embarrassed by receiving word of the duplication from our readers who have been kind enough to bring the matter to their attention. If necessary, there are legal steps that can be taken. But we earnestly hope that henceforth there will be no need for such action.

$10.00 PRIZE
One Woman's Opinion

FEW stars of today are powerful enough to draw John Public without the added attraction of a double feature and free glassware. None is great enough to carry a picture alone.

Each new opus must boast of artistic abilities ranging all the way from John Barrymore to Shirley Temple, but still there's something wrong, but definitely.

Just imagine, in the golden era of famous stars, the theater management's announcing free turkeys when a Valentino picture was being shown!

Producers and writers strive so hard to show us what down-to-earth, common folk the stars are. That is a grave error.

We actually resent it. American women love to worship from afar. We do not dream of our next-door neighbor, do we?

Movies are cluttered with too much noise and too little emotion. We hear, we see—we feel nothing. There is never a sweet silent moment for dreaming or even relaxing.

Pictures of yesterday were no doubt pure hokum but they were soul-satisfying, they made us feel, so we swarmed the place.

Today pictures make us think, so we stay away in swarms. Well, shame on us. S'sorry we just want to be entertained.

MARY MITCHELL,
Bakersfield, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
1942's Will Rogers?

MY husband and I recently saw Noah Beery Jr. in a mediocre picture called "Two In A Taxi." As we watched him through this entire picture we were both thinking the same thought and were utterly amazed when we voiced it aloud at almost the same instant. It was this: "Here is the man to play the role of Will Rogers!"

Noah Beery Jr. has the same genial manner, the same shy smile, the same twinkle in his eye and the same modest grin. Surely Mrs. Rogers herself would approve of Noah Beery Jr. for the role of her famous and beloved husband, when the story of his life is made. We believe, too, that if a poll were taken for the one most resembling Will Rogers, Noah Beery Jr. would easily win.

Why not select him for the role now so that he can begin immediate study for it?

Whether or not you are given this role, Noah Beery Jr., you're a second Will Rogers to us.

MARGUERITE BROWN,
Hannibal, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
Ours vs. Theirs

THE cinema houses have been currently running pictures depicting the colorful lives of Americans in the British Royal Air Force. Such shows as "A Yank In The RAF" and "International Squadron" are great propaganda pieces. They depict boys from the U.S.A. enlisting in the Royal Air Force and the glamorous lives they lead once they are nattily dressed in English uniforms.

There is no doubt that we are all out to stop the Hitler menace that threatens the world and that the British and American front is a united one. But why should the United States Government spend millions to enlist all available men as pilots in our own "Keep 'em Flying!" program while the movie producers run a recruiting service for our cousins across the ocean?

There is plenty of colorful material in the Aviation Cadets of the Army, Navy and Marines for powerful, pulse-moving scenarios. The very lives of these "fledglings" while they are student pilots for Uncle Sam in his effort to turn out 30,000 pilots a year spell thrills and excitement. There are many struggles in becoming Aviation Cadets and many more in eventually becoming flying officers in the United States Air Forces.

CORPORAL JOHN ADVENT,
Victoria, Texas

$1.00 PRIZE
From England to Hollywood

AFTER reading the article in your October issue of "Photoplay-Movie Mirror" entitled "How to Get Your Fan (*Continued on page* 94)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Expect to be stared at . . *in envy* . . when you come out in *English Tint*



What a thrill . . . to step into a room filled with lovely women and have all eyes turned to you . . . *in envy!*

Princess Pat "English Tint" can do exactly that for a woman. It creates a complexion so exquisite . . . others can't help but stare. Two things account for its startling beauty. One we'll reveal—that's the delicate tones of the English hedge-rose that bloom in your cheeks and on your lips when you make up in Princess Pat "English Tint." The other is our secret—but it's yours to enjoy. These preparations you'll need to gain this new exquisiteness for your very own:

PRINCESS PAT ENGLISH TINT LIPSTICK or LIQUID LIPTONE

. . . you'll love the smoothness of this lipstick and its amazing power to last. You'll love still more the completely smear-proof feature of LIQUID LIPTONE.

PRINCESS PAT ENGLISH TINT ROUGE or CHEEKTONE

. . . either one blends with the perfection for which Princess Pat Rouge is known the world over. The rouge is the cake type—CHEEKTONE is something new . . . the most exciting cosmetic achievement in years.

PRINCESS PAT "LIGHT-AS-AIR" FACE POWDER in

. . . your "regular" shade. It will go perfectly with the "English Tint" cheek and lip make-up . . . oh! how adorable you are going to look!



Send for Complete English Make-up Kit

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy Lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send name and address together with 25c to cover partly postage and packing. Princess Pat, Dept. 432, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

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BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Take a good look at Spencer Tracy taking a good look at Katharine Hepburn in M-G-M's "Woman Of The Year," which promises to be a picture of the month

ALL AMERICAN CO-ED—Hal Roach-U.A.: Johnny Downs dons women's clothes and enrolls at a strict girls' school in order to get even with the school for having cast aspersions on a near-by male student body. Frances Langford sings, which is easy to take, but it's a nonentertaining little musical. (Jan.)

√√ *APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE*—Universal: Charles Boyer is at his smoothest in this gay movie as the playwright who marries a successful doctor, Margaret Sullavan, who puts into practice all her scientific theories about marriage and takes her own apartment. Both Reginald Denny as the "other man" and Rita Johnson as the "other woman" are splendid. It's sparkling as your Christmas tree. (Jan.)

√ *BABES ON BROADWAY*—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland instill freshness into the same old story of would-be actors' finally hitting the big time. Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard Quine have an act they don't get very far with until they meet Judy. Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda and Judy's singing are high-spots and the production numbers are staged with M-G-M lavishness. (Feb.)

√√ *BALL OF FIRE*—Goldwyn-RKO: Gary Cooper, one of a group of professors compiling an encyclopedia, sets out to broaden his knowledge of slang and meets night-club babe Barbara Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens is wildly hilarious. Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors, all of whom you'll love, lend tremendous support. (Feb.)

√ *BIRTH OF THE BLUES*—Paramount: In this good-natured, easy-going movie, Bing Crosby, a Southern lad, finally rounds up the first white band to play blues music and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a hearing. You'll like every minute of it, the music and the cast, which includes Brian Donlevy and Rochester. (Dec.)

√ *BLUES IN THE NIGHT*—Warners: An odd, sultry, queerly somber picture, this, set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band and telling of a small Southern dance band that finds trouble at Lloyd Nolan's notorious roadhouse. Richard Whorf as the young pianist whom Priscilla Lane secretly loves is a fine actor. With Betty Field. (Feb.)

BURMA CONVOY—Universal: Fast-moving, timely melodrama about the truck caravans bringing supplies along the dangerous Burma Road. Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers, Frank Albertson his younger brother, and Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest. (Dec.)

CADET GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even though it means George's expulsion from the school, but the brother tries to bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses. Good music, good looks and special bits of acting keep the picture lively. (Feb.)

√√ *CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE*—M-G-M: The big news of this gay song fest is Rise Stevens who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in this chuckle-laden story. Eddy gives his best performance as the married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his capricious wife, Miss Stevens, by pretending to be a Russian baritone. The music is out of this world. (Feb.)

√ *CONFIRM OR DENY*—20th Century-Fox: Don Ameche is the dynamic head of an American news service in London that attempts to keep open for business despite the bombings, with Joan Bennett, as the English girl employed by the service, John Loder, Raymond Walburn, Roddy McDowall and Arthur Shields caught up in the scramble. It's firecracker fare. (Feb.)

√ *DESIGN FOR SCANDAL*—M-G-M: Rosalind Russell's beauty and charm as the female judge is the undoing of nervy photographer Walter Pidgeon when he sets out to involve her in scandal at the instigation of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants his alimony reduced. Lee Bowman and Mary Beth Hughes get caught up in the nonsense that proves entertaining fun. (Feb.)

DOWN MEXICO WAY—Republic: When Gene Autry discovers his townsfolk have been gypped by a band of crooked movie promoters, he rides right over into Mexico to round up the varmints. Fay McKenzie is pretty and talented as Gene's new leading lady and Smiley Burnette is right in there pitching. One of the best of the Autry pictures. (Jan.)

√ *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*—M-G-M: Although this is its third screen version, it's a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. Spencer Tracy as the scientist overacts every now and then, Lana Turner is beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the movie. (Dec.)

√√ *DUMBO*—Walt Disney: All the whimsical charm that Disney has lavished on his past fantasies is embodied in this heart-touching story of *Dumbo*, the baby elephant whose enormous ears cause him to be spurned and despised until he learns how to fly. It's warm and appealing and funny, beautifully drawn and executed. (Jan.)

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is again the famous detective who solves some murders in a hospital, but it's the side-splitting performance of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst and Tom Dugan, who play their roles straight, that provides riotous fun. (Dec.)

GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE—Monogram: When Jack La Rue is released from prison he returns to his brother's stock farm down South where he finds villainous John Holland, who originally framed him. Marian Marsh is his brother's wife, and little Mary Ruth, who's an accomplished musician, is her stepdaughter. (Dec.)

✓ *GLAMOUR BOY*—Paramount: An appealing, good little movie, loaded with human interest, with Jackie Cooper playing a former child star who's called in to coach Darryl Hickman in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy." Jackie meets and falls in love with Susanna Foster and finds plenty of grief before emerging with a new viewpoint on life. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry*, handles the frustrations, trials and tribulations that confront him when running for student body president with all the finesse of a veteran. Great support in June Preisser, Mary Anderson, Martha O'Driscoll and Vaughan Glaser overcomes the weaker moments.

✓ *H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.*—M-G-M: Frankly disappointing is our opinion of the movie version of the best seller, but our one-check approval goes for the splendid performance of Robert Young as the man who can't break away from tradition, for the careful direction and for the sterling acting of Van Heflin and Ruth Husse. Hedy Lamarr cloaks her beauty as the business girl. (Feb.)

HONKY TONK—M-G-M: A rambling story about a Western con man, Clark Gable, who with his pal Chill Wills, gets elected the big boss of a town and taxes the people into rebellion. Lana Turner's a nice girl from Boston and the daughter of Frank Morgan, whom Clark marries on his way up, and Claire Trevor is the dance-hall girl. (Jan.)

✓ *HOT SPOT*—20th Century-Fox: When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Allyn Joslyn turn waitress Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she's found murdered, Mature and Carole's sister, Betty Grable, become suspects and are relentlessly pursued by menacing detective Laird Cregar. Cregar is terrific and it's a fast-moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

✓✓ *HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY*—20th Century-Fox: An Academy Award contender is this great human-interest document of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town. Marching through the beautifully directed story are the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their sons, among them Patric Knowles, John Loder and Roddy McDowall. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter and Walter Pidgeon the preacher. Flawless and spellbinding. (Jan.)

INTERNATIONAL LADY—Edward Small-U.A.: Beautiful spy Ilona Massey leads George Brent of the F.B.I. and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard a merry chase from London to Lisbon to America, as the two men attempt to find a gang of saboteurs. The two detectives are charming and witty and Ilona is delightful. Gene Lockhart is also very good as the wealthy pro-Nazi. (Jan.)

✓✓ *KATHLEEN*—M-G-M: Shirley Temple at twelve is a better little actress than ever before and has gained a new beauty and charm. She plays the lonely, motherless child of Herbert Marshall and schemes to have her father marry Laraine Day, child psychologist, rather than Gail Patrick, of whom she disapproves. The story radiates good humor and charm. (Feb.)

KEEP 'EM FLYING—Universal: Those funny boys, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, are given a thin, anemic story in this one, with little of the humor that has packed their other movies. Despite the story faults, the boys rate cheers and several of their gags are sure laugh-getters. Carol Bruce and Dick Foran interrupt the picture for romance and Martha Raye plays twin sisters. (Feb.)

KID FROM KANSAS, THE—Universal: A blight, sabotage and all kinds of trouble hit the banana plantation of Leo Carrillo; and Andy Devine and Dick Foran receive the blame for it all until Foran escapes from jail and uncovers the real rascals. A lot of action is mixed up in the story and the trio of actors do right well. (Dec.)

✓✓ *LADIES IN RETIREMENT*—Columbia: This famous stage play is superbly translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. Ida Lupino is mainly responsible for its compelling quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the companion who ruthlessly murders to provide a home for her mentally ill sisters. Louis Hayward, too, rates honors, as does Evelyn Keyes as the maid, and Edith Barrett and Isobel Elsom. (Dec.)

✓ *LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING*—RKO-Radio: Laughs follow one after the other in this unsophisticated comedy about a radio entertainer, Edgar Bergen, who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town where he helps Fibber McGee and Molly defeat a couple of land sharks. Lucille Ball and Neil Hamilton add to the fun. (Dec.)

(*Continued on page* 106)

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"



HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

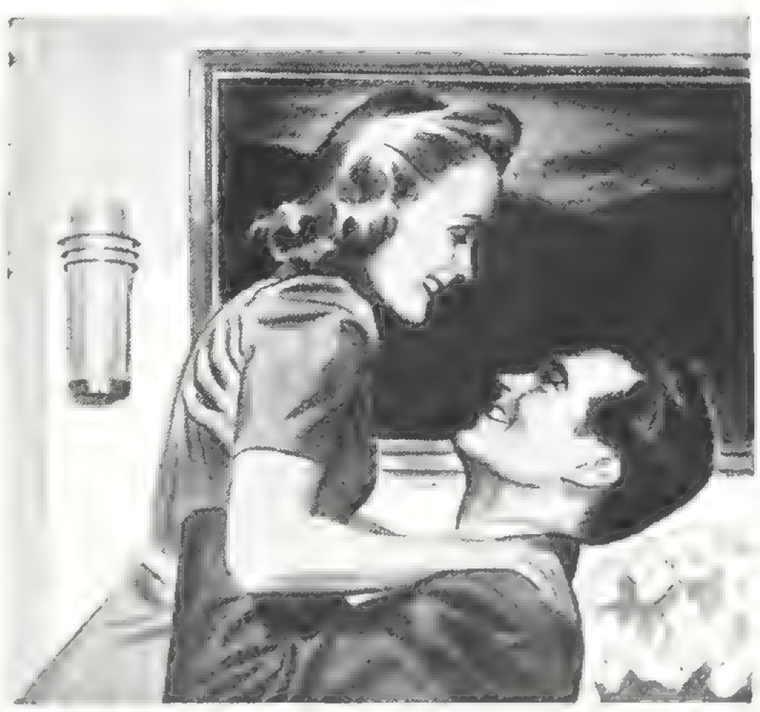
1. I never dreamed I would ever play the rôle of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.



2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her *everything*. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's *your* fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes . . . and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."



4. I went immediately to the nearest drug store, bought a bottle of Lysol, and followed the simple feminine hygiene directions on the label. I've used it ever since, with 100% effective results. My marriage, I might add, has become a happy honeymoon once more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. P.M.M.-342, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.



Pretty to look at, easy to handle—the new Hollywood fad, a braid coiffure, shown off by Paulette Goddard

Just picture yourself...

. . . looking into the looking glass and seeing a girl about whom everyone says, "What beautiful hair she has!"

BY GLORIA MACK

Just picture yourself . . .

. . . with hair that's as sleek as Paulette Goddard's.

Easy to conjure up a picture as pretty as that; just as easy to make it real. Caught out in a Beverly Hills beauty shop, Paulette admitted that it had taken some hard work on the part of Hedvig Mjorud, Paramount hairdresser, to make it what it is today; *i.e.*, in her own words, "my best feature."

The Goddard sets a record by proclaiming that her hair has grown four inches in six months, lays it all to the double-brushing process: "You take two brushes and with one in each hand you work alternately on a strand of hair at a time, until the whole scalp has been covered. It has made my hair grow and as for cleanliness and polish—well, look at it!"

Do look at it in "Reap The Wild Wind"; look at it again here, arranged in a trick coiffure of easy-to-handle braids; then try a bit of double-brushing and braiding yourself.

Just picture yourself . . .

. . . *not* saying to the hairdresser, "Just set it the same old way."

Go ahead and give in to woman's greatest weakness—a new coiffure.

First of all, though, be sure you're not tired, overworked or feeling below par the day of your appointment because bodily health is reflected immediately in the hair. Then be sure, before you decide on the new coiffure, that you look at yourself in a full-length mirror, harmonize the hairdress with your figure as well as your face. If you're small and round, don't wear a long bob; if you're slight, keep your hair short; otherwise, you'll look plenty top-heavy. If you're tall don't wear too short a cut.

One important thought—don't expect a new pompadour to look right and stay in place unless your hair has been shampooed correctly. Choose your shampoo carefully, be sure that it's one that does a thoroughly cleansing job and leaves your hair pliable, soft and ready to accept new ideas.

Just picture yourself . . .

. . . with your hair standing on end.

It should, you know, every night in the week. The Goddard brushing process which takes a bit of time, should be your weekly ritual at least, but your before-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep brushing business should go like this: Bend over from the waist, brush out all your hair from the crown of the head, then brush from underneath with an upward stroke till your hair is standing out all over your head and snapping like an angry kitten.

Just picture yourself . . .

. . . knowing as much as hairdressers do about hair.

Swear on a copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror that you'll remember these expert ideas:

1. That your shampoo is the secret of highlights in your hair; choose one that gives the hair more luster. That you can shampoo as often as you want.

2. That rinsing is an important business and not to be taken lightly. Rinse until the hair squeaks when pulled through the fingers.

3. That brushing won't spoil a wave; as a matter of fact, it will improve a poor one. Brush and brush as if your hair were naturally curly; it will make your head gleam satin-smooth and your hair fall into place more easily. Never whip with the brush; use a gentle, firm stroke.

4. That brittle ends should be clipped off immediately and your hair treated to an oiling every so often.

5. That there's a tried-and-true trick for dull hair. It's this: Take a piece of old silk about the size of a pocket handkerchief and polish the hair strand by strand.

Do all these things for six months, then stand back and picture yourself as you really are: A woman who's accomplished some clever headwork.

Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . . SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



"Sweet Sophistication"... *charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place*

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

Do you wish your hair had that silky, mooth, well-groomed look so smart these ays? That it would fall into place beauti- ully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, im- roved Special Drene Shampoo—with a won- erful hair conditioner now in it! For that air conditioner just makes the most amazing ifference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, asier to manage, right after shampooing! ou'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

es! In addition to the extra beauty benefits f that amazing hair conditioner, Special rene still reveals up to 33% more lustre han even the finest soaps or liquid soap hampoos! For Drene is not just a soap hampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, s all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special rene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows ith glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

re you bothered about removal of ugly, caly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these *extra* beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair... dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*



IT'S THE LOW-DOWN STORY OF A HIGH CLASS GAL!

Ginger ROGERS

as

ROXIE HART

The gal who could do no wrong
(but, brother, she tried!)

ADOLPHE MENJOU • GEORGE MONTGOMERY

LYNNE OVERMAN • NIGEL BRUCE • PHIL SILVERS
SARA ALLGOOD • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • SPRING BYINGTON • TED NORTH • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by William Wellman

Produced and Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • Based upon the Play "Chicago" written by Maurine Watkins and produced by Sam H. Harris

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



GEORGE MONTGOMERY
on his way to stardom!



YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR FAVORITE STAR ... AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!



Learn to say "I Love You" The South Sea Way!

BETTY GRABLE • VICTOR MATURE • JACK OAKIE

in

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IN TECHNICOLOR

Stop! Look! Listen! It's Coming!

20th CENTURY FOX

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Letters From You

NOTHING is more gratifying about this job of putting out a movie magazine than the pleasure of reading your letters. Not always are they filled with praise and approval; you know how to speak your mind when you don't like something in the magazine or when you are offended or disturbed by something one of our writers has said.

I wonder if you realize how much we in this office welcome your communications, favorable or unfavorable. Nothing can give us a better indication of how much—or little—we are succeeding in bringing you the kind of magazine you want.

Most exciting, I must admit, are letters exemplified by the following. It came from J. D. Bayne of Vancouver, Canada, and it reads:

"In one of last year's heaviest blitzes I was a temporary air-raid warden in London. From a pile of rubble underneath a bombed apartment-block we pulled a girl who had taken refuge in a very insecure shelter. She was alive but badly injured. With her she had taken a blanket, a flashlight, her vanity compact—and a copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. (Just thought you might be interested.)"

Of course we are interested, we are touched, and for a moment feel that our little work here somehow has more significance than we could hope.

As an example of the bond that sometimes can be forged between a reader and ourselves, consider the letter which I shall quote in part from Marjorie Toole of Liverpool. Almost a year ago she wrote thanking us for a small picture of George Sanders that appeared in the magazine. But she added: "How about giving us a nice full-sized picture of a real-life 'he-man'—and to me George Sanders fills the bill." Then she said: "Here we are, night after night waiting for 'Jerry' to come over, running down the garden into our shelter, and then just sitting there with nothing in particular to look at, trying to forget the 'so-and-so' is overhead. Now just put yourself in my place. If I had a nice picture of George put on the wall with four thumbtacks, or even in a frame if I had one big enough, I'd even forget there was an air raid on or the battle of Britain was being fought. (And believe me it's being fought right over our heads.) So take pity on a poor American fan of George Sanders stranded here in the 'front line' (and I can assure you I mean just that) and give us a full-page picture of the man himself."

Then Helen Gilmore wrote her and said:

"We were tremendously glad to have your interesting letter of many months ago and have been waiting to give you concrete proof that it reached its American destination. You'll see the result in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR on page forty-nine, a portrait of George Sanders which we especially requested the studio to make. Just in case magazines may not be readily available to you over there, we're enclosing a proof."

Weeks later the mail brought us this:

"I received the picture of George Sanders which you so kindly sent me a few days ago. The week before it arrived we in Liverpool had eight nights of continual bombardment. Jerry would arrive soon after ten o'clock and bomb us until four or five next morning. We wouldn't mind his bombing military objectives. As a matter of fact, we would respect him for being patriotic enough to face the awful barrage we put up if he came to do that. But when it gets light and the smoke that has laid deep over the city for hours dies away and you can see factories and chimneys of all kinds of public works standing, but rows of little houses simply gutted by fire and high explosives, you realize how unmerciful are these Germans. I lost an aunty and an uncle in this last blitz, and although I know it must have been a sudden death because their house got a direct hit, I often wonder what they had done to deserve such a death. Then the next morning the mailman knocked on what was once a good house (now without electric light, water or gas, and windows and frames blown completely out) to give me George Sanders all wrapped up in first-class mail. Although I was tired from loss of sleep, and sorrowful through the death of loved ones, I managed to forget just for a while as I read your letter. Now when I go into the shelter, I take George with me to make sure he won't get a direct hit. . . ."

This is but an infinitesimal part of the letters we have received from you in past months. I do hope there will be many more. Now we are all in the front-line trenches, and if this magazine can give some joy in the midst of danger that is so sorely trying men's souls, we shall be proud to be "more than just a movie magazine."

Letters from you are the only source for this encouragement. Won't you keep on writing them?

Ernest V. Heyn

Mickey Rooney Picks a Wife



Big mistake or a grand choice? It depends on what you think of Ava Gardner after reading this

BY SARA HAMILTON





Suspicion aroused: Crack tennis player Rooney showed up at championship games with a little Southern newcomer, Ava Gardner. Suspicion verified: Ava (left) was guest of honor, with Mickey's mother, at his birthday party

MICKEY ROONEY is going to get married. By the time you read this, Mr. Rooney may already be a benedict. His plans, at the moment, are indefinite, but his heart is sure—that organ of affection belongs solely to a beautiful little Southern miss, one Ava Gardner, who six months ago never dreamed of a Hollywood career, let alone marriage with America's number-one box-office attraction.

It's the fairy-tale story of the year. It's the story of Fate with a great big capital "F." It's proof that magic dreams come true and that one day happiness may come to you.

On the set of "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy," we sidled up to Mickey and said, "Well, Mickey, how did you know *this* girl was *the* one?" He looked at us rather seriously. "Just a little thing called love," he said. There you have it in a nutshell. Mickey, the so-called "smarty-pants of the kid set," the "wild boy of the jive group," as he's been unfairly termed, is a man in love. He's met the one girl in the world for him and he's going to see she doesn't get away from him.

The kind of girl Mickey has chosen for his wife is news eagerly awaited by fans everywhere, judging from the letters and telephone calls that have poured into Mickey's studio. "What's she like?" "Bet she's a cute blonde trick." "Is she a good-time, hey-hey kid, like Mickey?" Those were just a few of the queries; here are the answers.

A few months ago, Mickey went into the M-G-M commissary in search of his friend, Les Peterson, of the publicity department. Mickey had to find out more about his appearance the next night at the Chinese relief festival in Los Angeles. Les was talking to a group of studio youngsters; among them was a brown-haired, hazel-eyed beauty who had just arrived on the lot that day.

Mickey looked at her, glanced away, and did as beautiful a double-take as any screen comedian. He kept on looking at her long after the plans for the parade were complete.

"Then what did you do?" we asked.

"I asked her for a date."

"For when?"

"As soon as she could make it."

It was agreed, then, that Mickey should drive around next night to see Ava after the parade.

"And for my very first date I was late," he moans. "So we just drove around a while and then went to a drive-in for a hamburger."

From that night on Mickey never seriously thought of another girl. He was caught and held by a quality—no, by several qualities—that he had little experienced in the girls he'd met in Hollywood. For one thing, Ava was not particularly Hollywood-minded. She had not been touched deeply by those ambitions that can change a girl's (*Continued on page* 68)

ANN SHERIDAN'S



We were the first to tell you, on page 77 of the February issue, that the Brent-Sheridan romance was not over. Now we have another "first"—an exciting account of how Ann's "good-by" to Brent ended in a wedding

SURPRISE is a mild word to describe the thunderbolt that hit Hollywood with the news of Ann Sheridan's marriage to George Brent. Studios, personal representatives, personal friends, kings and queens of gossip were alike left wordless with astonishment—and, for once, just plain lack of information. These two had so articulately disclaimed both in print and in private even a remote intention to wed. And both had an uncommonly high rating for honesty in a town which doesn't always indulge in the facts.

But it seems that strange and unaccountable elements enter into matters of this nature. For instance, there's the element of time. Barely four short weeks ago Ann and I were having luncheon together on what I now regard as a historic occasion. Let me tell you about this before I relate what changed her and what happened at the wedding. Ann with her customary candor was discussing her long friendship with George Brent.

"Yes, it's over," she announced cheerfully. "It never was really serious, you know. Not serious, I mean, in a marrying way. We went together, George and I, for two years, come last Christmas. During that time, except for business purposes, neither of us went out with anyone else. We never *mentioned* marriage,

SURPRISE MARRIAGE



BY GLADYS HALL



not once during all that time. We didn't want marriage, either of us.

"I have said this from the beginning," Ann went on. "We have both said it, when asked. George said it—for publication—and was criticized for doing so. It would hurt me, people said. I would resent it. Bologny. Why shouldn't he have told the truth?

"We were reported on various occasions to be secretly married. Tripe. When asked (*Continued on page* 89)

The wedding picture above, taken directly after the ceremony in Brent's sister's Palm Beach home, was what Hollywood didn't expect after seeing Ann and Cesar Romero (left) dating at Ciro's just a few weeks ago. It was the first Sheridan date without Brent in two years and was the event that deceived Hollywood into believing her break-up with George was final

He spoke to her in desperate earnestness. They told her she shouldn't listen to him. But what woman could have brought herself to act in any other way?

You've got to

BY WILL OURSLER



IT was there on the steps leading into Cosmic Studios—a bit of torn paper with a black crayon cross in the center.

But Bill stopped when he saw it, in spite of his hurry. Because he had seen a bit of paper marked the same way once before. Only then it was in the palm of a dead man.

That had been after Bill got out of Harvard and was on the newspaper in Boston. It was a gang murder. The cops said it was left by the killers—their way of saying the victim was a double-crosser.

This had no such meaning, of course. A piece of scrap paper some actor had dropped, probably. Coincidence. Bill had no intention of considering it an omen. He tossed it to the breeze, hurried into the studio.

The blonde receptionist regarded

believe me!



the dark-haired, lanky young man with impersonal speculation. "Casting office around the corner to the left. And I hope they're using athletic types this week!"

Bill grinned. It was five years since he had held the heavyweight spot on Harvard's boxing team.

"I don't work at being an athlete and I'm not an actor. I'm here to see Miss Winslow. Caryl Winslow."

Other callers were waiting in the chairs along the walls of the shadowed, mosquelike reception room. He was aware of the hush that came at his mere mention of the star's name. But the girl gave no hint of surprise. "You have an appointment?"

It was the first hurdle. "Well—not exactly. Only got in this morning. On the plane from New York. Came right over."

"Sorry. You have to have an appointment."

Finality in her voice. Bill said, "In a sense, I do have one. I'm a newspaperman. Sent here just to get this interview."

That was a lie. But they'd tried every other way of reaching her—and failed—and there was one chance this might work. Once he saw her, he'd tell her the real story.

"Newspaper?" The girl was disbelieving. "Which one?"

He got the answer out fast. "The *Record*. The *Boston Record*."

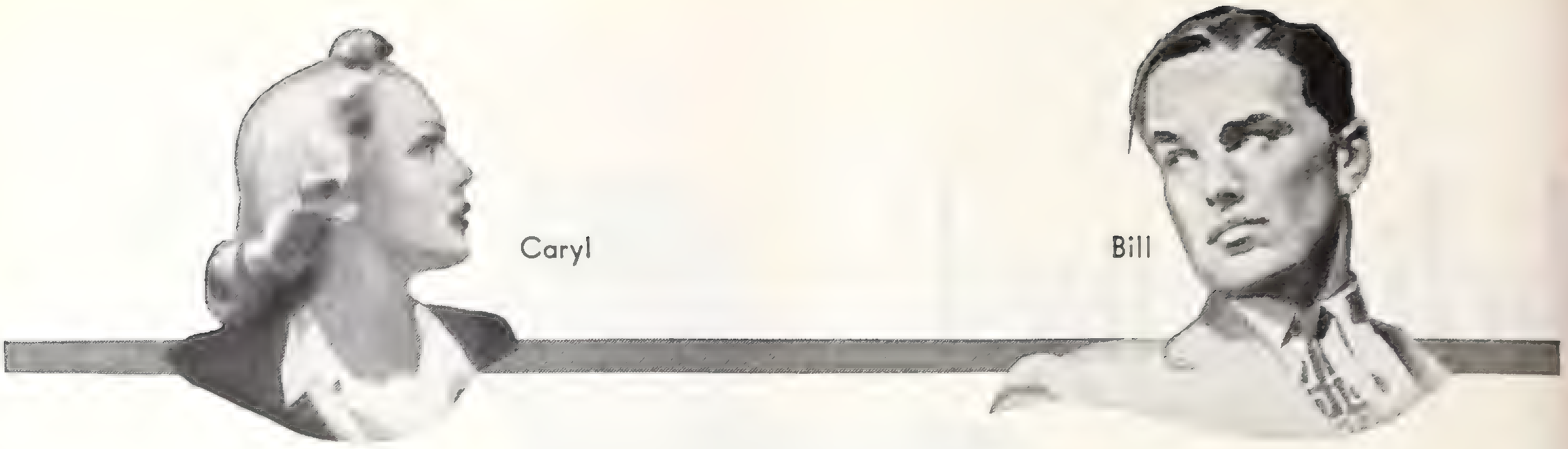
"I thought you said you came from New York?"

"From New York, en route from Boston," he said glibly.

He had actually worked on the *Record* once, for that year after he left Harvard. He'd resigned when the

Summers' hand was on Bill's arm, edging him from the table. Bill looked beyond him to Caryl. "It'll only take a few minutes," he said huskily

ILLUSTRATION BY C. C. BEALL



chance came to go to New York with Acme Advertising. But he still had his old press card. He began fumbling in his pocket.

"You've got your Hays card?" the girl asked.

He stopped fumbling. He'd heard about registering with the Hays Office, hadn't realized its all-importance. "To be frank, I haven't. Coming over in such a hurry as I did—"

"You can't get anywhere without a Hays card." But the sea-green eyes were warmer. "You aren't a newspaperman at all, are you?"

HER expression said she knew he was lying. The newspaper approach had worked back East on occasion. Here in Hollywood, in spite of the need for publicity, it plainly was no go.

"But I have to see Miss Winslow," Bill said. "It's a matter of what you might call life or death."

She was only slightly impressed. "Why don't you tell me what you really want?"

"It's actually my job. Either I see her—or I lose it."

The thin, penciled eyebrows lifted questioningly. He debated whether or not to throw himself on her mercy. Decided finally there was nothing to do but plunge ahead with the truth.

"I'm in an agency in New York. Acme Advertising. We've got a client named Swanson wants a big-name testimonial and I suggested Caryl Winslow. He went for it, but everybody in the office said it couldn't be done, only I said anything could be done."

"So you came all the way out here—"

"We tried all the regular channels. Publicity men, telegrams, long-distance calls. Turned down everywhere. But Swanson's expecting us to deliver and if we don't we lose the account and I'm fired. That's why I came out."

She was fussing with her hair. "If the regular studio offices gave you the cold shoulder—it's useless. You might as well go back to New York."

"Listen," he told her, "I'm doing this on vacation time. I'm not quitting —not until I get a final yes or no from her personally." He paused. "Maybe if I saw her at her home—"

"Away from the studio? I doubt if that would change anything."

"But one could obtain her address, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "I can't give it to you. I'd like to help, but rules are rules. She's on the set now—I can tell you that much." The smile had sudden mischief. "She has to go home sometimes."

Abruptly, as if she had told him enough and no more, she turned to a newcomer, a white-haired man in spats who looked like *Lear* in modern dress. He wanted to see Larry Pierce, the director.

"I'll see if Mr. Pierce is in his office. Did you have an appointment?"

Bill didn't wait to hear more. He waved a hand to her, hurried out into the sunshine.

She had to go home sometime. Of course. Away from studios, rules and regulations, passes from the Hays Office.

He stood on the steps, watching the flow of traffic on the street. A taxi drew up and a man got out. Bill hurried down the steps before the taxi pulled away.

"Hold it." He opened the door, climbed inside. "The employees' gate. Think it's around on the other side. You know, where the actors go in."

The cabby looked puzzled. "You going inside?"

"No—waiting for someone. Park across from the gate."

HE leaned back in the cab, lighted a cigarette, tugged down the brim of his grey hat. He was beginning to be excited. This had the flavor of the newspaper, when nothing counted but the story. Right now, nothing counted but getting to Caryl Winslow and obtaining the testimonial for Swanson Woolies.

The cabby wanted to talk. "She keep you waiting long? Them actresses usually do, even with their boy friends."

"I'm not her boy friend," Bill said.

But he'd read so many stories about her during the past weeks, he almost felt he knew more about her than she did herself.

Studio publicity called her mysterious, enigmatic, devoted only to her art. But three years back she'd been unknown, a home-town girl from Brewster, Maine. Only, she was very pretty, with startling blue eyes and a slim, enticing figure, and a talent scout had arranged a tryout. Almost before she realized, she was swirled to the top. Probably scared, probably still trying to get used to the idea of being famous.

It was only a few minutes before he spotted the (*Continued on page 70*)

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
Exclusive
Color Portrait Series:

Barbara Stanwyck
Appearing in Goldwyn's
"Ball Of Fire"
page 33

Veronica Lake
Appearing in Paramount's
"Sullivan's Travels"
page 36

James Cagney
Appearing in Warners'
"Captains Of The Clouds"
page 37

Robert Stack
Appearing in Lubitsch's
"To Be Or Not To Be"
page 40


Sara Garayck

HOLLYWOOD MEETS

By Louella O. Parsons

The motto of Hollywood is "Tell Louella first!" Hence this scoop story on the stars' inside wartime activities



Seasoned reporter Louella Parsons, the only movie columnist who is pounding out her daily stint now as she did in the first World War



From the Canal Zone comes a letter to Louella from Gene Markey, proving he hasn't lost his sense of humor



Colonel Lewis Stone is in charge of an evacuation regiment, makes Robert Young and Don Ameche keep in step

THE persuasive editor of this magazine said suppose you write an article for me and compare it with the one you did for us in the September 1918 issue of PHOTOPLAY on the first World War. Even though I was rushing home to Hollywood from New York to do last-minute Christmas shopping and frantically trying to finish my yearly article on motion pictures for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, meet a column deadline and a few other odds and ends, I succumbed to his request. After all I am rather proud of the fact that I am the only columnist who is pounding out her daily movie stint now as she did then.

After reading my 1918 article called "Propaganda," I realized that circumstances have changed so vastly that I could hardly do a comparative article. In my original story I ranted against the Huns, bitterly assailed Kaiser Wilhelm and called on all men and women of German parentage to see the propaganda films we were making and join us in our fight for freedom.

Today the Huns are called Nazis and the Kaiser has been gathered to his forefathers and is probably giving an account of whatever sins he committed against humanity during his stay on this troubled globe.

Also, our war activities are spread over a greater geographical area. We are fighting on two fronts—in the Atlantic against the Germans and the Italians and in the Pacific against the

THE WAR CHALLENGE



Lieutenant Ida Lupino, leader in the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps. Her hillside home is a chosen spot



Hitler will probably wish he hadn't been so ambitious when Jimmy Stewart gets through saying what he does over the radio

Director John Ford won't talk —he shouldn't! As a Navy Commander, he's engaged now in a secret mission of great importance to the country

treacherous Japanese.

While the war, at this writing, has not reached the continental shores of the United States it is still much closer to home than was the last war. This is a war for our very life and much more dangerous than was the first battle for democracy. The enemy, this time, is coming to us.

In 1918, while the coast lines were vigilantly guarded, there was never any danger of air raids or invasions. The distances (*Continued on page* 100)

Veronica Lake





Here you see the picture of a charming, alive, young American girl. Who is she? T actress who played the phlegmatic German girl in "Cheers For Miss Bishop"—Rosemary DeCamp, the female Muni of Hollywood









THE GIRL with a hundred faces

So you thought the refugee mother in "Hold Back The Dawn" was a foreign actress? Wait until you find out who she really is!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

ZOLTAN KORDA was casting for an actress to play Sabu's mother in "The Jungle Book." She had to look a plausible sixteen when the story opened, ripening to not more than thirty. She had to have the physical characteristics which would make her acceptable as an East Indian. What he needed was a young character actress—a rare bird in Hollywood or out of it.

Victor Sutkar, casting director, said: "What you need is Rosemary DeCamp."

"You're crazy." This from an anonymous bystander.

"Ever seen her?"

"Sure, in 'Cheers For Miss Bishop' —heavy, phlegmatic, with an accent."

"You saw the character she played, not the girl. Mind if I bring her in, Mr. Korda?"

Korda, who hadn't seen her, didn't mind. Anonymous was present when Rosemary appeared, slim, graceful, her attractive face clear-chiseled, her speech pure. His jaw dropped. "What in heaven's name did they do to you in that picture?"

What they did was to broaden her jaw, flatten her nose, whiten her lashes, paste her ears down to make her look dumb, screw up her hair in a knot and stick her into a fat little round dress—a getup that scared the wits out of her mother when Rosemary got home the night of the test. Like Anonymous, Mrs. DeCamp moaned, once she'd recognized her own child: "What have they done to you?"

As *Messua* in "The Jungle Book," she looks more like herself than in either "Cheers For Miss Bishop" or "Hold Back The Dawn." Darkened skin and hair are the only concessions to make-up. They're beginning to call her the girl with a hundred faces, the female Muni. Personalities are a dime a dozen in Hollywood, but actors can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and actresses on fewer. That's why people are ringing bells for Rosemary. Zoltan Korda numbers her among the coming screen greats. He thinks she could play Cleopatra or Harpo Marx with equal grace.

They wanted to see how she'd look as a siren, so they dressed her up and tested her in some Carole Lombard scenes from "To Be Or Not To Be." She looked like a siren.

She regards this sudden zoom in her career with mingled satisfaction, amusement and incredulity. Hollywood swatted her plenty before deciding to kiss her. She has the tentative air of one who doesn't quite trust this abrupt reversal and isn't too sure she won't be swatted again.

Having bumped up against various brands of the Hollywood ego, from diverting to obnoxious and—or—both, we should like to report that Miss DeCamp presents a pleasant novelty. She's modest without self-deprecation, quick to give credit to those who've helped. She has brains, balance and humor. Being an actress—even a successful actress, even a Hollywood star —won't make her the hub of the universe. Married to a young judge whose home is in Torrance—about an hour from Los Angeles—she travels back and forth as a matter of course, raises no to-do about love vs. career, aware that a reasonable person can handle both. (*Continued on page* 79)



As Sabu's mother in Korda's "The Jungle Book," Rosemary DeCamp looks more like herself than in any other character role


RAF

"I'M NO CINDERELLA BOY"

ROBERT STACK SPEAKING—

—and getting three things off his chest in this interview with himself: The rich-man's-son myth, the girl question and the only thing he fears

WHAT good do I think the "advantages" I've had have done me? The answer is none. This is a romantic business. The Cinderella story, even a male version, is the best background for any beginner. Remember how press agents used to dream up convent backgrounds, titles-in-the-family for their young players? No more. Folks like you better if you work up from scratch.

Know what my real advantages have been? The fact that, before I was in pictures at all, I shot with Gable and Taylor, played polo with Spence Tracy, Walt Disney and Bob Montgomery. I got to know these men, apart from their work; found out what regular guys they are, how little affected by all the fame and flattery they've had. Unconsciously or subconsciously, they "conditioned" me the same way. You could never go seriously Hollywood or big-time after knowing them. They are the best text books for any beginner in movies to study. They should open a school!

Speaking of my "advantages," I'm concerned about all the "money" publicity I've been getting. It puts me in a false position with my fellow-workers and with the fans. It would be one thing if it were true. I'd have to take it. But *it is not true*—and I'm not going to take it. Not if I can help it. Maybe I can help it by telling the truth about it.

The truth is this: My father was a businessman, advertising. Dad and Mother separated when I was a small youngster. My brother Jim stayed with my father. Mother and I went abroad and lived in Paris for some years. Later, we came back to this country. Mother and Dad remarried three months before he died.

All this bologny about my having a lot of money is just that—bologny. Dad did leave an estate, of course. Ten years ago it would have been a considerable estate. This is not ten years ago. To say that it is, or will be, a nice substantial amount is to say it all. *But*—I don't get any of it, any of the principal, I mean, until I am thirty-five! By that time, you know as well as I do what may happen to the estate!

Now, I have a small allowance. As an indication of what that allowance is, my brother, who gets half again as much as I do, can't even afford to live in the house that was given him when he married recently. He lives in an apartment. We haven't as much, between us, as Mickey Rooney makes in six months. But that's different, I know. Mickey *makes* his. The thing people resent is when they think a fellow is blood-kin to a playboy, working for the fun of it. I don't blame them. But I'm not. Now that's off my chest!

Honestly and truthfully, I'm anything but the rich-man's-son type at heart. I hope I don't act like one. If I do, someone is welcome to turn my own gun on me.

You see, I was brought up by a very strict French nurse in Paris. Mother had a very small allowance when we lived there. Economy was our watchword. And so if we had left food on our plates—as we're leaving it today—they would have thought us crazy!

I was conditioned to that kind of a life as a kid. (*Continued on page* 66)



"Kids in the movies are less self-conscious in their off moments than any kids I've known." Bob and pal Lana Turner caught being natural

MY OWN Super-Superlative



In the same boat: James Stewart and Bette Davis

Editor's Note: Miss Hopper is given the widest latitude in her articles for Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Her opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.—E.V.H.



Two with one trait: Robert Montgomery and Reggie Gardiner



They'll end up the same way: Betty Field and Alan Marshal

WELL, here we go again for a little truth-telling, fact-finding, boos, bows, cheers—and bologny. I don't know why they ask me each year for my own particular awards, unless it's because no one else in Hollywood has the courage to stick his neck out to have it stepped on as many times as I. But I always say one good kick deserves another and since I'll be hung anyhow, no matter what I say, I'd rather be hung for a sheep than a lamb—so here goes!

Best all-round man (and why) in Hollywood:

Jimmy Stewart, because he could have skipped the draft, being underweight, instead of which he stuffed himself for months, putting on necessary poundage to get into the Army. He's asked no favors and when a lot of the boys were released because they were overage and Jimmy had a perfect right to be released, too, he said "Nerts to that! I'm going to stay for the duration." For example and morale, there's nobody in town his equal 'cause who knows when we'll come out of this—or if, when we do, people will still want him as a star.

Best all-round woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Bette Davis, who's not only contributed to many charities but continues to fight her weight in wildcats for herself and fellow actors, as she did all through "The Little Foxes." Took an awful beating on the chin when Director Willie Wyler gave an interview about her which was none too complimentary; behaved as a wife should, when her husband was stricken with pneumonia and she had to fly back to the Middle West; and because she's been our only woman president of the Motion Picture Academy.

Most popular woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Barbara Stanwyck, because Barbara wears the same size hat she did when she arrived here. When she helps others, which she does practically daily, she requests no publicity. Her charity doesn't consist of money alone—there's a little crippled girl I know of who's been bedridden for a long time. There's never a week goes by that Barbara doesn't visit her bedside and I really mean visit, not just dash in and out and show off her new clothes. She sits down for an hour or two and has never been known to go empty-handed.

Least popular woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Jean Arthur, because she's the least co-operative with the press and she's known less than any girl here. In fact, I don't know any other player of star quality who's ever really got close to Jean. As far as Hollywood's concerned, she might just as well be locked up in a glass case. Now, blame it on shyness or what you will, hers is a name that when mentioned causes no reaction whatever.

Most entertaining man (on the screen) in Hollywood:

Bob Montgomery, because his performances in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" and "Unfinished Business" were as far apart as the poles and proved not only that he's a fine actor but a splendid comedian—and I calls that entertainment.

Most entertaining man (off the screen):

Reggie Gardiner: Also one of the



Awards for 1941

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Let the Academy hand out its little Oscars! Our own Hedda looks back over the year and lets the orchids—and the scallions—fly





Garbo and Don Ameche can console each other at the sad news



Hedda insists Bob Taylor is; Vic Mature just thinks he is





most affable. In fact, he gives so many brilliant performances off screen and is so generous with his entertainment that the producers see them free and then won't pay him to put them in pictures.

If I suddenly found myself in a padded cell and had my preference of Hollywood men, I'd certainly take Reggie Gardiner.

Most likely to succeed during 1942 (male and female):

Well, last year I chose John Carroll and Lana Turner—they haven't done badly.

This year keep your eye on Alan Marshal and Betty Field.

Most likely to fade out during 1942 (male and female):

Don Ameche and Greta Garbo—because Don has never been properly cast and, in the case of Greta, even pulmotors failed to work in her last one.

Done most for Hollywood:

Walt Disney. But the one who's gotten the name for doing the most is Doug Fairbanks Jr.

Done Hollywood most:

Willie Bioff, who's now on his way to a vacation at Alcatraz, instead of Arrowhead Springs or Palm Beach.

Handsomest man for 1941:

It's still Bob Taylor.

Thinks he is:

That "Hunk O' Man"—V. M.

Most brilliant for 1941:

It's still Orson (Annie) Welles.

Laziest:

Bing Crosby—and he's run that asset up into a five-million-dollar corporation.

Happiest:

Guy Kibbee.

Most generous:

Cary Grant, because he's donated to war charities his salary from two pictures, amounting to a quarter of a million dollars.

Stingiest:

Errol Flynn—and Greta Garbo's no slouch, either!

Most beautiful woman:

Hedy Lamarr's still head and shoulders above them all.

Thinks she is:

Pat Dane.

Best hostess:

Mrs. Jack Warner.

Thinks she is:

Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

Best figure:

Lili Damita—too bad she's not on the screen.

Most talked about for 1941:

By all odds, Rita Hayworth.

Most talked against:

Paulette Goddard.

Talks most:

Gracie Allen.

Says most:

Dorothy Parker.

Most generous:

Mrs. Jimmy Gleason.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Strangers in Arms



This scene between the little Morgan and
Henreid startled the "Joan Of Paris" set

Strangers to each other, to America, Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid enacted as great a love scene as was ever caught by a camera. This is the story behind that kiss

BY MARIAN RHEA

SHE wore a blue frock, the color of the sky, not so very much of a frock for all its heavenly hue, but the prettiest she had ever owned. She confided this, shyly, to the man who had given it to her. And her eyes were bluer than the frock and her smile a lovely thing to see.

He wore a shabby suit and suffering was written on his face. But he was tall and handsome and strong and his arms, gentle with tenderness when he put them around her, carried ecstasy. He kissed her and the war-torn, weary world slipped away; the shabby little room in Paris—the dreary, hopeless Paris of today—was suddenly glorified. His kiss was demanding and long. Whatever of terror and doom were held by the future, this moment was theirs to eternity and beyond.

"I love you," the man said, his lips in her soft, brown hair.

"And I—" but even before her answering whisper was complete, his lips were again on hers.

Then—"Cut!" cried Director Robert Stevenson. The cameras stopped rolling. And a great, concerted sigh arose among those on the "Joan Of Paris" set at RKO studios, who had watched Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan play their first love scene. If there had been doubts on the lot as to the wisdom of giving to two foreign players starring roles in a million-dollar production—and there had been a good many doubts—they were gone now! These two, the handsome Henreid and the little Morgan whose charm is more elusive yet more captivating than beauty, had shown what they could do, and that it was plenty. Six thousand miles across an ocean and a continent they had come, strangers to America and to each other, to play, in "Joan Of Paris," as thrilling a love scene as ever was filmed by a Hollywood camera.

But who are they and what are they —this Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid? Well, we could tell you a good many things in answer to that. We could tell you that Michele Morgan's real name is Simone Roussel, that she is French, the daughter of a well-to-do exporter; that, young as she is, she has played in such important French pictures as "Renocque" ("Tugboat"), "Untel Père et Fils" ("John Doe and Son") and "Port Of Shadows," most of them with Jean Gabin, the great French star; that she is twenty-one and has never been married.

We could tell you that, from childhood, she dreamed of being an actress and a great star in America; that in June, 1940, with her country in ruins, many of her family dead or prisoners in Occupied France, she made her way deviously, painfully, fearfully, from her home in Dieppe, on the Channel coast, to Cannes, to Marseilles, to Cerebere on the Spanish frontier, to Barcelona, to Lisbon, to New York, to Hollywood. RKO had seen her French pictures; had offered her a contract.

We could tell you that Paul Henreid is Baron Paul von Hernried, an Austrian, born in Trieste when Trieste was a part of the Austrian Empire, and reared in Vienna; that his father was Baron Carl Alphonse von Hernried, a native of Sweden but for many years a prominent Viennese banker and before the first World War financial adviser to Emperor Franz Joseph; that Paul was educated for the diplomatic service but, when the family fortunes were depleted by the post-war depression in Austria, became a publisher and later an actor of note on the London, as well as the Austrian, stage and screen. We could tell you that he is thirty-three and married; that in August, 1940, after spending several years in London, he and his wife came to New York, where Paul was signed by Elmer Rice for the Broadway play, "Flight To The West," and was an instant hit; that this success, coupled with the timely release of "Night Train," won him his contract with RKO. You remember "Night Train," (*Continued on page* 92)



ance's Michele
rgan in a Joan-
Arc pose, slen-
r, boyish—and a
uly great actress



The man about whom most people want to know more: George Sanders, Hollywood enigma, versatile actor, top draw of Fox's new "Son Of Fury"

HOW TO BE A

Social Success—

BY OUIDA BERGERE RATHBONE



Universal's "Paris Calling" boasts of smooth actor Rathbone; Basil boasts of charming wife Ouida

You'll be asked to every party going and you'll have men begging to come to yours if you lend a sociable ear to one of Hollywood's cleverest hostesses

THIS is no time to think of entertaining on the grand scale. Who has the heart to concentrate time and energy on a big formal party when the world is torn with fear and hatred? I know Basil and I—and we get a great deal of fun out of giving a party—can't do it. Every minute we have been able to spare from the business of earning a living has gone into work for war relief. And I am sure most of you everywhere in this country share our feeling that life these days is an earnest matter.

It doesn't follow, however, that just because women are no longer directing their energy to formal entertaining that they must stop being good hostesses. Entertaining six or eight friends informally can prove just as enjoyable an occasion as giving a large party. Only the approach must be different.

One of the most delightful informal parties I ever attended in Hollywood was a small supper given by Marlene Dietrich. When we were seated, Marlene—who had added to the informality of the occasion by choosing to wear hostess pajamas—marched into the kitchen, returning a few minutes later to set the bowls of soup before the guests herself.

Then she went around the table, buttering (*Continued on page 77*)

Party that will go down in Hollywood social history is the one Ouida Rathbone gave for pianist Arthur Rubinstein. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Rubinstein, Ouida, Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Basil, Marlene Dietrich and violinist Heifetz









Benny bills-and-coos over Barbara Stanwyck, sends her a valentine, gets a nice comeback from wife Mary Livingstone Benny, engaged at the same party in being the "light" of Robert Taylor's life

Valentines From Benny

Cross your heart and hope-to-die-laughing while Jackson goes tender in public—thereby saving eight postage stamps!

BY DENNIS SPRAGUE

MR. JACKSON BENNY, a young violinist from Waukegan, Illinois, who at last reports was in the velvet (see opposite page) as a dreamy-eyed *Hamlet* in Lubitsch's "To Be Or Not To Be," had invited a few friends to an informal tonsil-moistening.

Among those basking in the genial effulgence of the Zany Zimbalist were Phil Harris, baton wielder and celebrated blonde fancier; Corporal James Stewart of the United States Armed Forces; Henry Fonda, a thespian; Don Wilson, said to model bomber fuselages; and Mary Livingstone, alias Mrs. Jackson Benny.

Night was falling, as it has a way of doing, even in fabulous Hollywood, when the Good Gray Host reflected:

"The United States Postal Service," he said, apropos of nothing in particular, "is a splendid institution, but it has its drawbacks."

"Too expensive, Jackson?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"No, of course not," snapped economist Benny, "I didn't mind that increase in the price of stamps at all. It was for a good cause and I pay the extra cent willingly. Besides, you can take it off your income tax."

He hadn't yet said what was the matter with the postal service. You didn't have to wait long for someone to remind him of that oversight. Not with Mary L. Benny around.

"I suppose he's sore because they don't give out calendars at Christmas time," said she, sweetly.

"I hadn't thought of that," mused Mr. Benny. "Remind me to write to someone in Washington about it. What I was getting at, though, was that there are too many postal regulations. A man can't send everything he wants to through the mail."

"You can't send me and the rest of the radio show, if that's what you're getting at," said Mary. "They don't have uppers in the mail coaches."

"I mean you can't say what you want to say and send it through the mail," protested Mr. Benny with husbandly indulgence. "Now you take this valentine business. I'd like to send a lot of valentines, but I couldn't get them through the mails."

"Such as?" inquired Mr. Basil Rathbone, who had just joined the party.

"Hello, Mr. Rathbone." Mr. Benny's greeting was cordial but preoccupied. "For instance, take Barbara Stanwyck. I've got a valentine I'd like to send her, but I'm afraid that Bob Taylor'll get hold of it and kick up a fog about sending it through the mails and I might have to go to jail."

"Worse than that," suggested Mary, "you might have to pay a fine."

"Yes . . . I mean, no!" Mr. Benny was a little annoyed. "But I really would like to send Barbara a valentine."

"Such as what?" asked Jimmy Stewart, curious at last.

"Well, er . . . I do have it written down . . ." The poet Benny spoke bashfully. "Listen, how's this?

"Dear Barbara:

How often I sit by my mirror at night
(And sit, my lovely, and sit)
Wishing that Taylor would fracture his nose
And I'd get a toupee that fit."

"That's fine business," exclaimed Mary. "You write valentines to Barbara, but you don't write any to me. How'd you like it if I sat up all night, running up (*Continued on page* 109)

Three Little Maids in Movies



They live on a Hollywood hillside:
Susan Peters Ann Edmonds Jean Ames



You've heard of the crack of dawn; these three know all about it. They get up early; go to work early; come home late to be greeted on the hilltop by an ecstatic Scottie

Ann is the sleepyhead of the trio. She's the last one up in the morning; the first one in bed at night. She's telephoning here to a nice boy who'll probably ask to take her out to dinner; she's having trouble with a clowning Susan who's intent on breaking up the talk and a serious Jean whose mind is on her music



Left: The three rent the house together; own everything, including the Scottie, jointly. The p.m. hour is reserved for make-up, reading and just gossip

Right: Nice setup for Susan's setting-up exercises is the mantel. The most active of the three, Susan is usually dancing around the house, is apt on a moment's notice to pull pantomime stunts

his is breakfast, partaken of uickly in the alcove, apt to be interrupted by individual recitations f scripts memorized the night efore—with all criticism free

T'S a long hard climb up the hillside path out in Laurel Canyon; but then, most any climb in Hollywood is long and hard. Besides, it's worth it—and these three girls have ound that out. In the first place, the Laurel Canyon path leads to a gem of a little house hat they share together. In the second place, hey've already conquered the primary steps nd stones of the Hollywood path and emerged s first-rank contract players on the Warner ot. You've seen them in "The Male Animal" laying their role to their ambitious bests; ou see them now in a "just we girls" mood.

Cozy cricket-on-the-hearth scene is in reality hard work. The girls are spending the evening studying scripts, helping each other to read, interpret, memorize; helping each other, perhaps to stardom

THIS ABOVE ALL

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S SMASH FILM OF THE YEAR

A man is never himself in wartime; a woman must learn to understand that, and to understand him. That was why Prue could act the way she did

Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL

Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. From the novel by Eric Knight. Directed by Anatole Litvak.

Copyright 1942 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

IN a peacetime England, Prudence Cathaway would never have met Clive Briggs, for her family was old and wealthy, and his might have been old, but it was never wealthy. But in wartime, things were different. Prue had joined the WAAFs—the Women's Auxiliary Air Force—as a private and one night she met Clive, the friend of the young man who was "walking out" with Violet, Prue's neighbor in the WAAF barracks. Almost from the first moment she saw him, Prue knew she would do whatever Clive asked her to do, go wherever he wanted her to go.

But there was something strange about Clive. He wore a tweed suit in a time when every other strong young man in England wore a uniform. He knew the sound of bombers, which were "ours" and which were "theirs." To Prue's passionate conviction that England was worth fighting for, dying for, he opposed a bitter, fierce hatred of the war and of the proud, wealthy people for whose benefit, he said, it was being fought. And at night, in the resort hotel where they went to spend Prue's leave of seven days, she heard him crying out in his sleep:

"Come on, you fools! Come on out of it! It's no good . . . *no good!*"

At last, when her leave was half over, he told her his story. He had been in the army. He had been in France, and at Dunkirk; had seen the horror of those last days before France fell. Now he did not believe the war was worth winning or that when it was over the world would be any better for people like himself, born and reared in poverty and



"Can we be married then—when you come back?" Clive asked haltingly. Prudence's answer came through a throat suddenly constricted

Illustration by Vincentini: Joan Fontaine as Prue; Tyrone Power as

want. And so he was going to desert, rather than fight any longer for something in which he did not believe—even though deserting meant he would be tracked down, arrested, shot.

She knew he was not a coward, for on the night after his confession there was an air raid and his courage then was all that quieted her own terror.

The next morning, when she woke, he was gone, leaving only a note: "Where I am going, I don't know—and I don't care. Good-by—and our coming from the darkness into the light of knowing each other was very, very sweet."

HE had been ill after Dunkirk and that was why he had been given a leave for most of the summer. He thought he had recovered completely, but that day's walking left him weak and exhausted. At dusk he was stumbling along the side of the road when a lorry stopped and the driver offered him a lift. But after all, he could not ride very long, because the lorry had to stop at a military barrier and before they could ask for his identity card Clive had jumped down and was running across the fields, hidden by the darkness.

He spent the night in a barn, warmed by the hay into which he burrowed. Its smell, a little sweet and a little sour, reminded him of a rainy night in a hay-rick near Gosley and as he slept he dreamed of Prue, of the softness of her lips under his, the eager young strength of her arms about his neck. He woke and for an instant was happy, because things seemed so simple: he would go back to the Army and he and Prue could be married. But then the old sick feeling of disillusionment came and he knew not even Prue could help him to change his mind about what he believed. This war was a fraud and if, believing that, he went back to the army, he would be a bigger coward than if he remained a deserter.

It was dawn when he woke to see a bearded face peering down at him suspiciously. He jumped up, explaining, "I slept here—I'm on a walking trip."

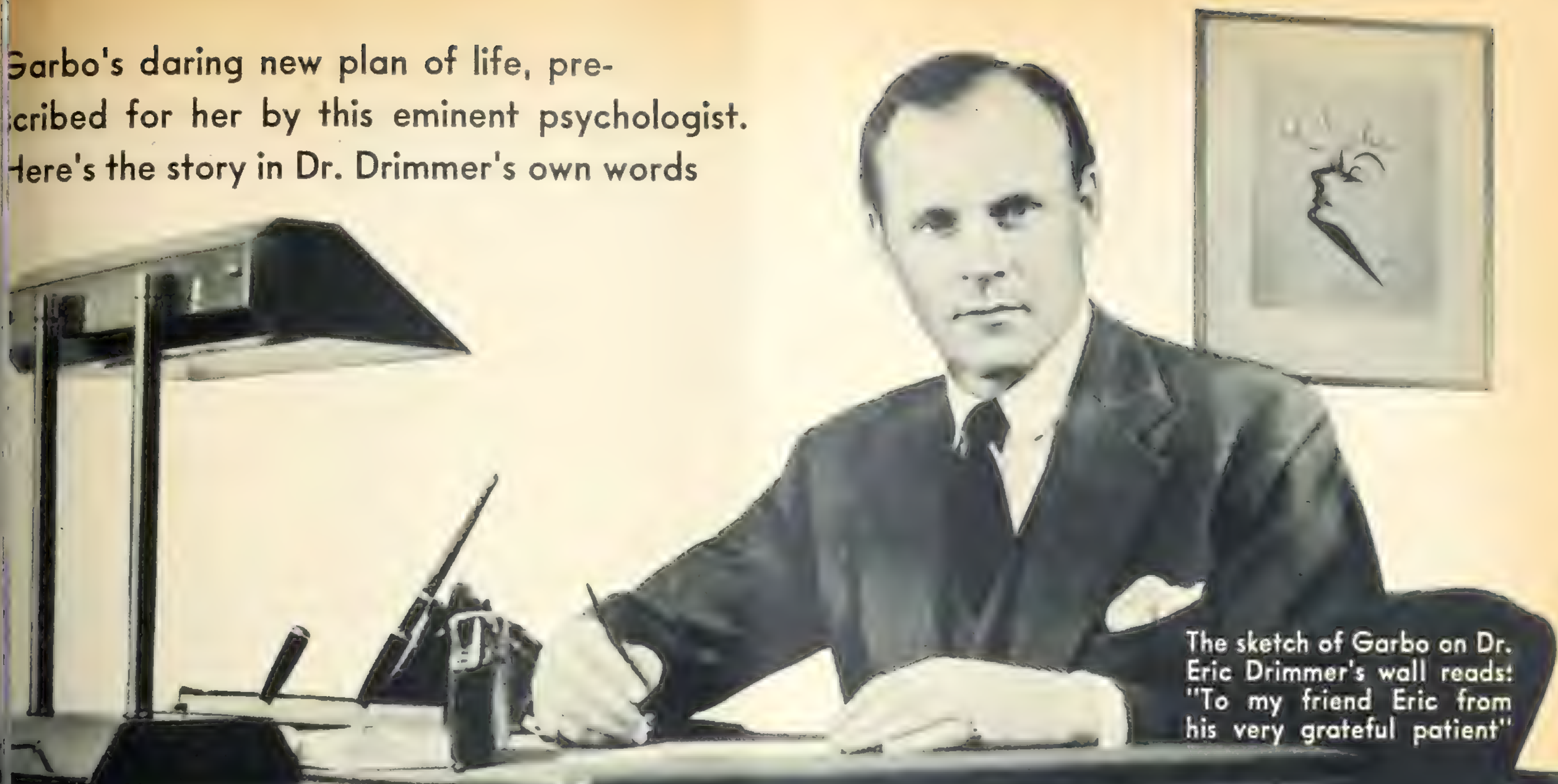
The man had a pitchfork in his hand. He said, "You ain't on no walking trip. Where's your haversack?" He moved closer to Clive, the pitchfork raised menacingly. "There's a spy loose around here—we got the word last night from the soldiers. You better come along and explain yourself."

With a quick movement, Clive wrenched the pitchfork out of the other's hands and flung it into a far corner. Then he tried to duck past and get out, but the man barred his way. In sudden fury, Clive struck him full in the face and he fell.

It wasn't until he got outside that Clive noticed his hand was bleeding from a deep cut inflicted by the iron binding of the pitchfork. He wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and went on. But he knew that they would be after him now; the whole countryside would be roused, thinking there was a spy, perhaps a parachutist, in their midst. He would not be able to get food or lodging, because his (*Continued on page* 82)



Garbo's daring new plan of life, pre-
scribed for her by this eminent psychologist.
Here's the story in Dr. Drimmer's own words



The sketch of Garbo on Dr. Eric Drimmer's wall reads: "To my friend Eric from his very grateful patient"

Garbo finds herself

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

GARBO making appointments with a consulting psychologist! Garbo seeking a cure for phobias! Garbo emerging from the shadows where she has hidden since she arrived in Hollywood! This is a new picture of the Swedish star whose mysterious, lonely life has intrigued the world.

Defying the ban of silence that has surrounded her, Dr. Eric Drimmer, noted psychologist who won world recognition when he was appointed to the royal family in Sweden in 1933, is not afraid to speak up about Garbo. In this he stands alone. Heretofore, friends who dared mention Garbo's name ran the risk of never seeing her again.

"That has all got to stop if Garbo really wants to cure her phobias," says Dr. Drimmer. "The first step toward the cure is to lay her fears out on the table where all the world can see them.

"I say world, because that is exactly what I mean. World-wide publicity built up phobias that made Garbo literally hide from the world. World publicity must break down these phobias if she expects to resume life as a normal human being. It is for her good that I consent to talk about them."

The good-looking blond Dr. Drimmer, who is six feet, four inches tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds, was born in Sweden and spent most of his life there. Seated at his desk in his Beverly Hills office, he spoke seriously. It was obvious that this thirty-four-year-old doctor, who had been called in to treat such famous persons as the former King of Egypt, Princess Alice of England and the Khan of Persia, spoke with authority.

That Garbo is well started on a cure seems evident. While making "Two-Faced Woman," she kidded, laughed and danced with gay naturalness. People on the set were asking, "What has come over her?" She goes shopping openly in Hollywood. She lunches at the Jones Health Restaurant in Beverly Hills.

The story behind Garbo's attempt to understand herself clears up the Garbo mystery, which apparently has been as bewildering to Garbo as to the world.

"Fear of being caught in a crowd," explains Dr. Drimmer, "fear of strangers approaching her for autographs, fear even of her fellow workers in the studio, were as real to Garbo as the fear you or I would have on coming face to face with a wild animal. Her impulse is to turn and run. To understand this it is necessary to go back into Garbo's childhood.

"Born into a home of nonintellectual parents—her father was a day laborer—Garbo's childhood fluctuated on a plane between two points: pleasure and pain. This is the plane a large per cent of people the world over dwell upon. Work, illness and poverty come under the heading of pain. Food, home and comfort come under the heading of pleasure.

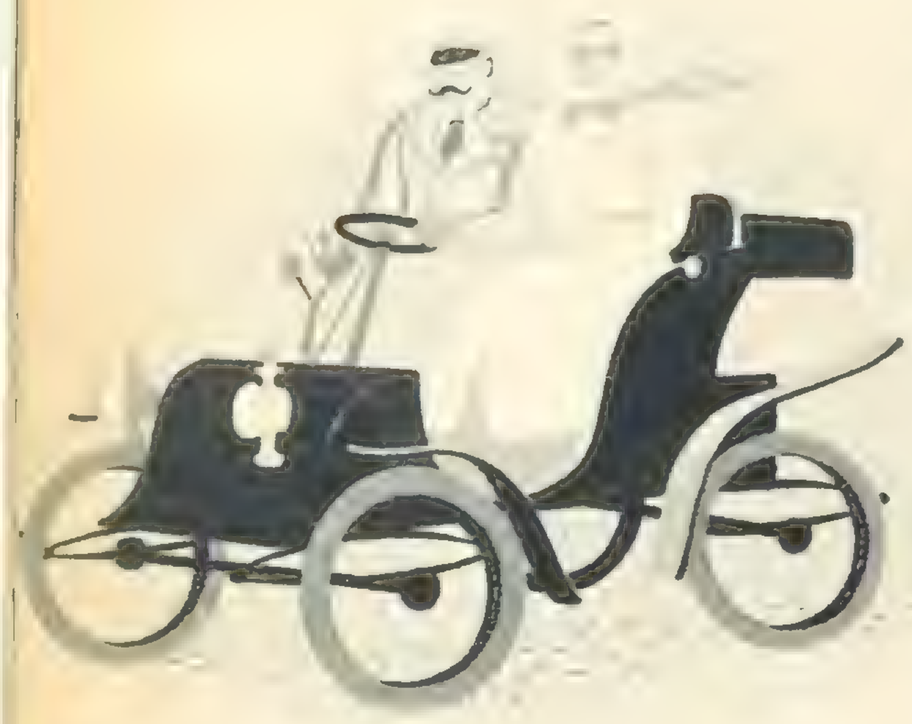
"Into this limited environment arrived Garbo. *But* Garbo was born with something neither her parents nor her brother and sister possessed. That was the seed or pattern of a definite type of artistic personality. Each one of us is born with a seed or pattern for life. It is the urge or force that continually cries out for expression. Unless a person finds a way to bring out this pattern, which means a development of perfect coordination between mind and body, he is never entirely contented or happy or even successful.

"During (*Continued on page* 87)

LADY FARE

What the ladies rated in '92 was a bonanza—and to prove it we quote some old rules. But cheer up, we stage a modern revival for you in '42

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



Watch our dust—1892 version:

"A considerate driver never whips up his horses or starts his motor vehicle until his companion declares herself comfortable and prepared to progress."

Now, in 1942, do you get so much as a "Ready, get set, go?" from the gallant swain? No you don't! You're jerked off in the jaloppy before you know it and before you know it, too, you'll lose your "motor bonnet" unless you're smart enough to wear one of those nice little knit helmets in a bright shade to match the flannel lining of your chinchilla cloth box coat.

"Invariably a gentleman when driving, asks permission of his feminine companion before venturing to smoke. But a punctilious gentleman never smokes when ladies occupy his vehicle except on country roads."

That was fifty years ago, remember! So today, you can solve the smoke-gets-in-your-eyes problem by wearing an outfit like Gene Tierney's on page 60. The shako will keep your present-day punctilious gentleman's mind off cigarettes and on you!

On a bicycle built for two:

1892: "Manly consideration of inferiority of strength is the first rule when men and women cycle together. The gentleman permits the lady to set the pace, increasing or retarding his progress to suit her strength."

1942: It's still our favorite sport—more fun, more bruised knees! But if you're not so good on a bicycle you'll keep the swain who thinks "inferior strength" is synonymous with "sissy" ambling along right beside you if you look helplessly seductive in a soft fitted white wool jacket over your dark wool skirt and a little embroidered Dutch cap set just back of your pompadour.

Just think of this tremendous problem in '92: "Cattle herded and loitering in country paths are a frequent menace to the wheelwoman's peace of mind and a squire of dames should, when confronted with such an obstruction, advance and disperse the animals."

Which all means today that when you're out cycling you're a wheelwoman and should keep your presence of mind because ten to one the 1942 brother isn't going to "advance and disperse." But even the cows (not to mention the big bad wolves) will make a passage for you if you're wearing grey flannel slacks with mechanic pockets and a grey flannel windbreaker to match.





Now, lest gentlemen make improper advances in '92:

"It is not permitted, however rainy the day may be and however fine and fresh her unprotected bonnet, for a lady to accept the shelter of an umbrella offered by a man who is a stranger to her."

Horrors of horrors! Imagine letting a Perfect Stranger hold his umbrella over your new hat. Nay, nay, Pauline, not the 1942 gal. Instead, she wears a waterproof greatcoat of red, white and black plaid and keeps tucked in the pocket a little cellophane hood to keep rain—and strange umbrellas—away.

"When meeting men acquaintances a lady bends her head slightly, looks directly at the person recognized and accords him, at the same time, a slight smile or an amiable glance."

A-ha! They used the same technique then. All you have to remember now is to bend the head and smile *at the same time,* meanwhile exposing a halo hat like the one on page 59. The results will be the same as fifty years ago. The line will form to the right, you'll be asked out to dinner and then you can wear your new black lace dress and the same sheer black silk stockings that made a hit in '92.

So those days are gone forever? Not by a long shot, sister!

MARCH MODE— MAKERS



Oleg Cassini, designer-husband of Gene Tierney

Double-feature fash-
ons designed by a hus-
and, worn by a wife.
or Gene Tierney in
ressburger's "The
hanghai Gesture," Oleg
assini creates a dinner
ress of pale blue alix
ersey with drape falling
om a jeweled cluster
f flowers at the waist
the knee and then
winging back up into a
ide girdle at the neck

Photographs by
Ned Scott

• As Mrs. Cassini, Gene now wears only dresses designed by her husband, such as this "under the mink coat" soft beige wool. She definitely likes husband Oleg's idea of the broad yoke, the modified dolman sleeve and the unusual drape movement at the hip. She definitely loves the black antelope and mink hat that's such a high topper to a standout outfit



● Suited to the March tempo is this town suit of black broadcloth with its roll lapel of velvet that narrows at the waist and then widens to accent the jacket's circular flare. Cassini takes a halo of black velvet, fashions it into a hat, uses it to make a perfect model of Miss Tierney. Black antelope bag and gloves are "wear with everything" accessories



● Salient points of the suit blouse: The heavy white silk crepe material . . . the unusual neckline that, under the jacket, looks like a soft scarf



• Startling all Hollywood tea tables is Gene's cocktail ensemble from "The Shanghai Gestur
Of black alix jersey, it has black corded satin bands on the dress, black lightweight
wool banding on the bolero. The skirt has an Arabian pantaloon effect;
the shako is crocheted black wool with dashes of green and

This is what Hollywood calls a "crea-
ion"—a pale pink mousseline
e soie topped with sheer
lack net. Huge clusters of
rapes clipped from black lace swirl
ver bodice and skirt; the
eplum is stiffened to stand
ut pertly. A lo-and-
ehold look at
ene as the
Shanghai" Poppy





The small "Skippy" and his mother: Jackie and Mabel Cooper Bigelow

Jackie

JACKIE COOPER has lost his mother. But Mabel Cooper Bigelow, unlike many mothers, never lost her son. Not Jackie's fame, not his maturity, which came early, not his love for Bonita Granville, which has increased immeasurably during the past year, could take him from her. At the end he risked the respect and affection of his coworkers for her sake. For him there was no other way. But that is our story. . . .

Early on a November morning, when it was not yet wholly light, Jackie reached over the covers to shut off the alarm clock that stood on his bedside table. The eucalyptus tree outside his window was turning yellow. There was a high fog. It was a day when a fellow who had just finished work on a new picture and had had an early call every morning for weeks would want to sleep. Reluctantly Jackie threw off the covers and swung his legs in the general direction of the floor. His day was booked solid with studio conferences, interviews, sittings for portraits and other appointments postponed while he was in production.

He was at breakfast when his mother's nurse came to him. He knew before she spoke.

"You think it's—serious," he said, substituting an equivocal word for the final one that had first come to mind.



This wasn't easy to write. But we think, for one great reason, you will find it a truly beautiful story

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

. . . and Hollywood pays homage: Jackie and his mother at a birthday party he gave for her

ead a friend named Mabel

The nurse nodded.

After a minute Jackie said, "There e quite a few important things I ght to do today." It wasn't his pointments he was pleading for, but assurance.

However, no reassurance was forthming.

"I know that," the nurse told him ntly. "But I thought I should tell u. . . ."

Jackie didn't wait to hear any more. e went directly to his mother's room. rough the years he had given her ny things, tangible and intangible, t the smile he wore that morning s the greatest thing he ever gave r.

At nine o'clock he telephoned the dio. He told the executives with om he had conferences, the pubity men in charge of his interviews d the cameraman who was to take s pictures that he would not be ere. And he made no explanation. "Cooper's getting more difficult and co-operative all the time," they d.

They had been saying this all sumr, as Jackie turned down invition after invitation to be an honored est or a master of ceremonies at rious benefits. But now there was ncor in their voices.

Jackie realized this must be so; but ere was nothing he could do about it. If he explained it was because of his mother's illness that he refused invitations and broke appointments, her illness would have had publicity and the whole truth soon would be known.

He wouldn't allow this to happen. His mother read the papers and listened to the radio avidly, watched and listened for any word of Jackie.

AS it was she never knew. When she died her room was filled with the presents she loved to give at Christmas time; six and seven for the same person if she happened to think of that many things to please anyone. And during the months when the hopelessness of her illness became constantly more apparent there never was a time she didn't plan what she and Jackie would do when she was up and around again. No one ever will know the cost to Jackie of the performances he gave at these times, when he, too, appeared to plan.

Helen Ferguson, his personal publicity representative, fits into place some of the missing pieces of what Jackie was doing those last months of his mother's life.

"He took a house at Malibu for the summer so his mother would have the ocean outside her windows. He gave her practically all his spare time. Bonita went to his house for dinner and they sat with Mabel in the evening. Fortunately Jackie and Bonita feel the same way about a lot of things.

"For months they didn't have a Sunday jam session. The house used to be bedlam, you know, with Jackie playing the drums and a dozen other kids playing a dozen other instruments. And everybody raiding the big icebox for pop and coke and franks and hamburgers.

"The gang would still go to see Jackie but they would just sit around and talk, quiet as mice. And you couldn't get a word about Mabel's illness out of them. I wonder sometimes what Jackie threatened to do to those who knew, if the truth ever leaked out."

"Someday," she concluded, "someone ought to write the story of Jackie and Mabel."

It isn't, we find now, an easy story to write. It's almost impossible to give any picture of these two without making them seem soft and sentimental. And they never were those things. There was something almost casual about them. They were like two guys who had met somewhere and, traveling together, forged a bond deeper than either of them knew.

Mabel didn't know Jackie when he was a baby. She left him, of necessity, when he was (*Continued on page* 102)



The small "Skippy" and his mother: Jackie and Mabel Cooper Bigelow

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Mabel didn't know Jackie when he was a baby. She left him, of necessity, when he was (*Continued on page* 102)



Loretta Young, said by some to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood; said by all to be a top-notch hit in Columbia's "Bedtime Story"

Schafer

The truth about Hollywood casting

These are the things you're never told—the behind-the-scenes battles your favorites wage over top roles

BY "FEARLESS"

BARBARA STANWYCK was in "Ball Of Fire" simply because Ginger Rogers refused to be, but the reason Ginger will be in "The Major And The Miner" was because Babs was in "Ball Of Fire." And you can learn the truth about Hollywood casting from that. There is, you see, a story behind the fact.

In other words, there is always more in any casting than meets the eye. Behind the securing of any good role there is always a casting story. One girl's starring vehicle is another girl's poison and there's many a slip between the script and the box office. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there is many a tug of war, many an intrigue, and the star who snares the strongest roles wins the brightest career.

Good roles don't just happen to stars. Not any more. In the old leisurely silent days when it was nothing exceptional for the shooting time on a picture to be from six months to a year, a girl could go into any production and know that, before it was finished, she'd have a characterization written in for her, scene by scene. But today when many a major production spends only three weeks on the sound stages, there is no time for such theatrical doctoring. There are not enough good roles to go around.

Comes, then, the intrigue.

The truth about Hollywood casting today is that it seldom takes place in the casting office. Relax. It doesn't take place, as the lurid tales used to have it, in romance, either. Good casting these days is based in almost equal parts upon the box-office standing of the star, subtle politics and shrewd campaigning. Almost every top star yells for the right to select roles and gets that right. As long as she or he picks correctly—and the "she" of casting is much more important than the "he," as you will presently discover (*Cont'd on page* 103)



Real reason why Ginger Rogers will be in "The Major And The Miner" is—Stanwyck!

It was unintentional, but George Raft gave Bogart his golden-role opportunity

Shirley Temple loses many a chance because of her mother's ideas on her career

"I'm No Cinderella Boy"

(*Continued from page* 41) You know how youngsters are nowadays, continually running to their parents for a dime to go to the movies. Nothing like that for me! I couldn't go unless I had done my work, taken my nap, practiced or whatever was required of me at the time. Point is, I had to sort of earn what I did and had. I always knew the value of a dollar. I always had a good, healthy respect for a dollar. I still have. That's what burns me when I read or hear that I'm heir to "eight millions," "six millions," other fantastic sums. Gad, how people throw dollars around in print!

I know we don't get anything we don't work for. And why should we? I don't want to sound like a prig with a Mission In Life. But I don't believe we're put here just to eat and sleep—especially not at someone else's expense. I think it's okay to be born poor. I think it's a break for a guy. Because kids who are born poor have an insatiable desire to get ahead. Which I had, anyway. *That* was my best "advantage!"

The times when I didn't have anything tangible to work for were the ones when I've been miserable. Guess that's why I've gone in for so many things—to make sure I always had a goal. When I'm shooting it's my ambition to be the best shot in the world. When I played polo I wanted to be the highest chukker man in the game. When I race a boat, I'm out to break a record. It's the same way with pictures. I have an end in view. I don't expect to get there overnight. I don't especially want to get there overnight. I'm one of those who thinks the fight is more fun than the victory. Well, I just want to make it very clear that *I'm in here, fighting. . . .*

Two years in the movies have taught me more than seventeen years in college could have. What have I learned? Well, some poise, for one thing; some tact, I hope; unself-consciousness and the release of inhibitions. In pictures, you know, you are called upon to meet anyone from a visiting president to a journeyman plumber. And, as representatives of our studios and of the industry, it doggone well behooves us to meet each and everyone properly and adequately.

I've learned self-control, I think. The people who pay to get in especially admire a guy like Gene Autry. Because he doesn't smoke or drink. Because he stands for what is clean, decent and all-American. They feel that their daughters would be safe with him and that their sons would do well to copy him. He doesn't break faith with the people who love him for these qualities. That's for me!

So, I've quit smoking. I wouldn't get tight for anything in the world. I wouldn't, I hope, make a fool of myself in public, ever, in any way. It would be hurting the business as well as hurting yourself. So, it's pretty "character-building," being in pictures, you see.

DO I think it's easy to crack Hollywood, easy to get into the movies? Yes, I think it's very easy to get in. But you can't pat yourself on the back for it. I think anybody can get in. Then comes the test: Whether you've got enough; whether the public likes you well enough to keep you in.

It's not easy to stay in unless you are 100 per cent in earnest and on the level. Why? Because the old Barnum theory is wrong these days; there is *not* "a sucker born every minute." The public has a new awareness of good work. No more of this "I'm a star on account of I have dimples." No more "personality" boys and girls. Not unless it's personality plus; the "plus" standing for hard work, stiff competition and plenty of both.

Did I ever "go Hollywood?" Yes, the first couple of months I was in the movies—after I'd "Kissed Deanna" and all that—I sort of looked in mirrors. I went for those autograph hunters. It changed me a lot, at first, the blare of trumpets, my name in lights. Then I took a look around at these drive-ins and gas stations, saw fellows better looking and brighter than I could ever hope to be. I stopped looking in mirrors.

I've always loved people. That's something I didn't have to learn. Not the thing of wearing-your-heart-on-your-sleeve kind of spilling over. I mean, I just like human beings, alone and in crowds. But being in pictures has taught me to like them all the better. I've learned that a man's prestige, the size of his pay envelope, don't determine what kind of guy he is. You learn this in pictures faster and sharper than in any other environment.

There are such terrific contrasts to be found within the area of a sound stage; the Great Big Movie Star and, at his elbow, the Little Extra. Well, you can't get a healthy inferiority complex any faster than by hobnobbing with some of the extras. Brother, can they talk, look and act circles around a lot of us!

My stand-in, Berch Hughes, is my best friend. Berch is an Intellectual. I go out of my way to find words he won't know, but I haven't stumped him yet. He comes home with me every night. We talk for hours. Sometimes we go to the movies. Couple of years from now Berch may well be so much bigger in this industry than I am that it won't be funny. He wants to produce, not act. I have an idea he'll get what he wants. So, that's another lesson the movies teach you, and fast: You can't judge a man by the job he holds or the pay he gets—*today.*

FEARS? No, I haven't any. No credit to me. They were left out of me at birth. I love a thrill, the element of danger in games, sports, work. When I was playing polo I never thought of the horse's falling with me. When he did (I broke my wrist four times), time enough to think about it then. We die only once—why die a dozen times in anticipation?

A lot of people have asked about my spill during the boat race at Lake Yosemite. I was being officially clocked for the world record in competition and was doing seventy-seven miles an hour when the boat turned over and threw me clear. It was funny—I saw three of everything. Next thing I knew, they had something hard and metallic in front of my mouth. I said, "What's that?" They said, "A mike." I said, "What for?" They said, "Just tell 'em you're alive." I said, "I'm alive." And passed out. Just as well I did, tell 'em I was alive, I mean. It was a relief to my mother. . . .

Yes, Mother and I live alone in the family homestead down in the old part of Los Angeles. Now and then we do a bit of remodeling, bring the place up to date, but it's still not a showcase, it's just home. We like it that way.

Do I have any pictures of girls in my room at home? Sure, one. A great big picture of Deanna. Why not? She's my friend. She was wonderful to me, wonderful to work with. A *real* friend. Dates? Well, (*Continued on page* 68)



Family grin, portrayed in a mother-son pose by Bob and Mrs. Stack with whom he lives in the family homestead in the old part of Los Angeles, a house that's "not a showcase, just home"



VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*



She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

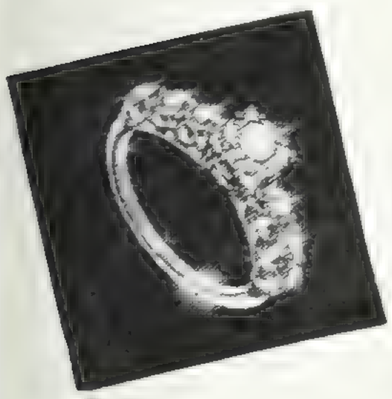
1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll *love* how *your* skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.



GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.



Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Send for **5 POND'S BEAUTY AIDS!**

1. Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream	POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CC, Clinton, Conn.
2. Vanishing Cream	Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.
3. New Dry Skin Cream	
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)	
5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)	

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

(*Continued from page* 66) not too many . . . I go out some, of course . . . but quite often I read in the columns that I have been out with a girl I've never even had the pleasure of meeting.

IN love? No—not yet.

It's a funny thing about this falling in love and getting married. No point in saying I will or I won't. It's something that just happens, isn't it? It's a cinch you can't be prophetic about it. I'll say this: I'd rather not get married for quite some time to come. Rather concentrate on my work.

Don't think I know what type of girl I like best. Don't know enough about girls to have a standard of comparison.

Of course, there are a few things I like and don't like about girls. I do like a girl with a sense of humor. That's wonderful.

I like a girl who makes you feel she likes *you*, not one who makes six other men feel the same way. I don't like girls who table-hop when you're at a night club.

I don't like girls who make "scenes." When anything like that happens to me, or around me, I get up, walk out of wherever I am, go up to Tahoe or somewhere.

I don't like girls who hand me compliments. They are embarrassing. You duck them. Only compliment worth while is if a director says something that indicates he's pleased with you.

But speaking of girls, seems girls in the movies have less vanity, less chi-chi about them than any other girls. They know you know how they look, that you've seen them with and without make-up, after work, when they're tired, disheveled, all sorts of ways.

I gave a swimming party at the house recently. Just had a new pool put in; saved up for that. Lana Turner was there, Ann Rutherford, Lee Bowman, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Arleen Whelan, Pat Morison, a lot of others. Their fans should see them at times like that—the way they kid around, push each other in the pool, clothes and all, the girls with their hair all stringy, no make-up on. Kids in the movies are less self-conscious and natural in their off moments than any kids I've ever known.

And speaking of fear again—it's the same with movies as with sports. I'm not afraid of anything tangible. I know I need plenty of experience. I know I need pictures, and more pictures. I'll probably get some bad ones along with the good. I'll probably make lots of mistakes. That's part of being young, isn't it? But I'm working hard, keeping my eye on the tape. I'm not getting caught short with a lot of dates and entanglements when I'm making the most important picture of my career—because that's what "Eagle Squadron" will be when I get back to the Universal lot.

What I mean is—the only thing I've got to fear is myself. That I play the game according to the rules, that I don't fail in any way. As in polo, it isn't the horse's falling I worry about; it's that I don't fall off the horse.

I know the only thing that can hurt me in pictures is—*me*.

The End

Mickey Rooney Picks a Wife

(*Continued from page* 27) whole outlook on life. She was free and even unconscious of the "career troubles" that can become a Hollywood girl's whole existence.

She talked to Mickey about the same things she had talked about to her boy friends back in her home town of Wilson, North Carolina. She wasn't impressed with Mickey as a great movie idol. He wasn't her idol anyhow. She had one, like every other girl in the world, but Mickey wasn't it. Clark Gable was.

"Whom would you like to meet most of all?" they'd asked her at M-G-M that first day and Ava had answered, eyes shining, "Clark Gable."

About her was an aura of good breeding, gentle manners, quiet ways. There were no flippant smart cracks dotting her conversations. Her soft Dixie accent revealed the voice of a gentlewoman. She lived in a small, inexpensive apartment with her older sister Beatrice who had come on to Hollywood with Ava when M-G-M signed her. Beatrice got a job in the bag department of a local department store, while Ava each morning caught the bus to the studio, where she studied singing and diction to curb the Southern accent.

Ava took no part in the Ciro or Mocambo goings-on. With Mickey as her ardent escort she could have gone anywhere, any time, and been news. But she stayed quietly in the background. She and Mickey bowled together, attended football games, went riding and played tennis like any two other kids in this world.

"Look, Les," Mickey would say during that early courtship, "Ava thinks the Pomona Fair is worth seeing. What about our going down there?"

So the Petersons, with Mickey and Ava, would go to the Fair, take in the exhibits, look at the marvelous home products, spend the day and come home.

Ava isn't the kind of girl to be concerned about her appearance. Her hair blows in the wind, as Mickey drives with the car top down, and there is no fuss made about it. Her clothes are the plain inconspicuous clothes of any well-dressed working girl of nineteen. She isn't, despite her beauty, a knock-'em-dead blonde headlight, a sweater-girl cutie. Poise and dignity are among her possessions. She has opinions worth listening to and expresses them as she would to Fred or Harry back home. Without realizing it, she has rearranged the thinking avenues in Mickey's head.

ON his way east to the Michigan-Northwestern football game, a trip made in the cause of war relief, Mickey sat opposite his friend Les on the train and talked quietly about Ava; the kind of girl she was, the things she said, her ideas and opinions. Les, who knew Mickey was really just thinking out loud, listened. At the Cheyenne station, Mickey bought a tiny Indian doll and sent it to Ava.

At the game he went the rounds, giving the public who adored him the wide Rooney grin in greeting. But Les knew that even in the midst of this Mickey's mind and heart were slowly slipping into harmony. He was thinking things out in a man's way.

For some reason, the public looks on Mickey as a pretty brassy, sassy kid. His screen roles may have contributed to the idea, plus a few adolescent viewpoints Mickey has long since outgrown. For a boy who from babyhood grew up in the easy-come world of show business, Mickey possesses as fine an average of good behavior as any adult star in the business. He's kept his head and his name worthy of number-one rating. He's dated the nicest girls in town, among them Linda Darnell and Gloria Lloyd, Harold Lloyd's young daughter, and proved himself the gentleman he is. He's never fought for right- or left-hand position of his name over a picture title but, instead, quietly insisted his name go under the name of Lewis Stone's in the *Hardy* serials. He's a sportsman of note, has teamed with champions in the tennis (*Continued on page* 70)



Bless-you-my-son scene on the set of "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy": "Judge" Lewis Stone congratulates Mickey Rooney on his engagement to hazel-eyed Ava Gardner



Lovelorn Laura

ANOTHER GIRL WAS GETTING HER MAN...UNTIL



COUSIN: Why Laura—home again on Saturday night? Don't tell me you've quarreled with Don!

LAURA: We haven't quarreled exactly—but he's taking that new blonde at the office out again tonight. I guess I'm all washed up!



COUSIN: Well—if you don't mind a little sisterly frankness—you've been looking sort of tired and draggy lately. Why don't you start building up some sparkle and "go"—and see what Don does then!



LAURA: Build up sparkle and "go"? How can I?

COUSIN: Haven't you read about those new miracle food elements, like minerals and vitamins, that make so many people fresher and more "alive"? Better see you get *more* of them!

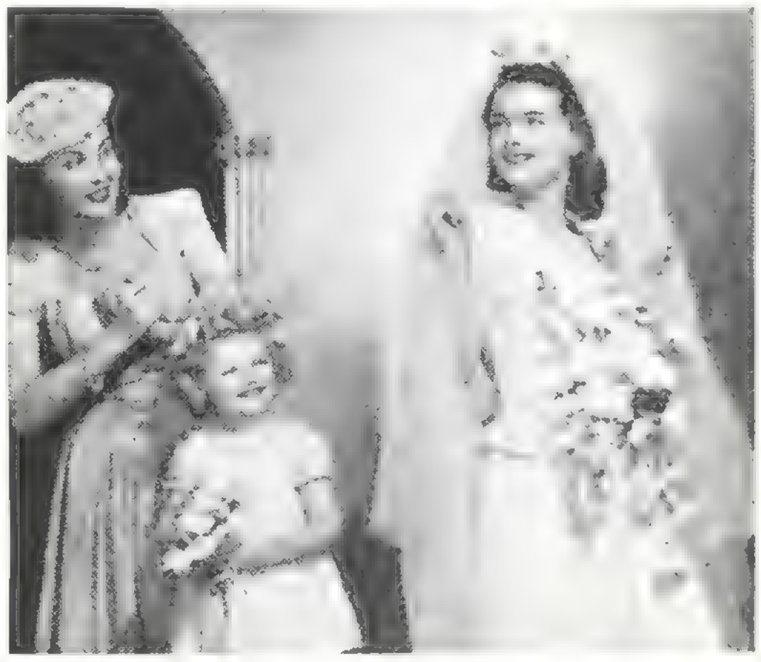


SO—LAURA Started Taking *OVALTINE* Regularly 3 Times a Day—To Get Extra Supplies of Important Food Elements Needed For Vitality and Freshness—And Always a Cup at Bedtime to Foster Restful Sleep.



DON: (Some Time Later) Gee, Laura—you look *wonderful*! I—well—how about a date tonight?

LAURA: I've been out every night this week—but I feel so peppy—I guess I can stand another date.



COUSIN: (Still Later) There's the music—and Laura, you're a very beautiful bride and Don's a lucky fellow!

LAURA: Thank you, darling—and thanks a million for telling me how to be attractive again!

Unattractive, "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par?

TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a *new way* to build up radiant freshness and vitality—a way magazines, newspapers and government authorities are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found *food elements* widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than commonly found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, retard fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four or six—but eleven important food elements, *including* Vitamins A, B_1, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you *look*.

Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A42-P-3
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

(*Continued from page* 68) tournaments on the West Coast. He shoots golf in the 70's, spends many an evening working on symphonies. He's kept close to his Mom and two Dads, his own and his stepdad. His Mom is still his business manager and it is she who doles out his allowance. His Mom is as pleased with Ava as every member of the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, from Mr. Louis B. Mayer down.

"He's made a swell choice," is the universal opinion of a studio that only a short time ago vigorously opposed the marriage of two of its younger stars. "Has that kid used his head!" is the way one hard-berled publicist put it. "Why, that's one real genuine girl!"

AVA GARDNER is the average small-town American girl, born in Smithfield, North Carolina, on the cruel, cruel date of December 24. "Which means ah nevah did get a birthday present," she says. "Everybody just waited until Christmas." (Right here, let us say, with Mickey trying to decide on the stone, Ava will have gotten *some* birthday present by now.) The family moved to Newport News, Virginia, where Ava completed her grammar school and then to Wilson, North Carolina, with its Rockridge High.

After graduating from high school, Ava attended Atlanta Christian College for a year and then decided to get a job. A friend suggested she go to New York and have photographs made that might perhaps lead to a modeling job. The New York photographer was so enthusiastic over Ava's Southern beauty, he sent the pictures over to M-G-M's office. When they telephoned Ava, she was sure it was a joke, but, finally convinced, she went for the interview, signed a contract and, with her sister, left for the Coast. The following day she met Mickey Rooney. Mickey was her one beau from that moment on. She was guest of honor, with Mickey's mother on the other side, at Mickey's twenty-first birthday party.

"After a few months, we just kind of knew we'd be married," she told us. "I think people know those things without any sudden decision." The night she and Mickey decided it might as well be soon, Ava telephoned her mother. That telephone call, due to the sudden explosion of war, was delayed and when it finally came through at 4:30 A. M. Monday morning, a sleepy Ava asked her mother's consent. Her mother, Mrs. Jonas B. Gardner, announced the engagement in Wilson. That day Mickey sent Ava a dozen American beauty roses.

The following day, Mickey hung about the door of the sound stage waiting. When Ava appeared, he took her hand and led her to the man who had become a third father to Mickey, a man whom he loves.

"Mr. Stone, I want you to meet my bride-to-be," Mickey said and, somehow, it was all mixed up. *Andy Hardy* was speaking to his screen dad, pride in his heart and eyes, begging for approval.

Lewis Stone took both their hands and shook them in blessing. To *Ma Hardy* and each member of the cast, Mickey introduced his betrothed. They loved her on sight.

"And the *Hardy* series will go right on," the studio assured us. "Mickey's marriage will in no way affect his role of *Andy*."

Where they will live, what Ava's plans are for the future, whether she'll continue on the screen or not, the kids themselves aren't sure. So far Ava has appeared briefly in "We Were Dancing" and "This Time For Keeps." But on one thing we'd bet our last dime—Mickey "Andy Hardy" Rooney, the pride and joy of American fans, will be married to the girl he loves in quiet dignity, with his family and the *Hardys* and the Gardners present. That's our guess, for, you see, we've known the real Mickey for years, we've watched him grow, we've seen him finally achieve the manhood that is worthy of his Ava.

Bless them both, say we.

The End

You've Got to Believe Me!

(*Continued from page* 32) roadster. The top was up and the girl at the wheel was almost lost in shadow. But he recognized her, leaned forward. "That's the one—follow it. But don't stay too close."

She never heard, Bill decided, about speed laws. The cabby swore, trying to keep up with her in the heavy traffic along Sunset Boulevard.

They were leaving the crowd and hustle behind them now. Beverly Hills, the driver said. The houses were large and rambling, set back from the road. The white car was several hundred yards in front of them. It veered suddenly around a corner. By the time the taxi reached the spot, Bill caught a glimpse of the roadster entering a driveway at the far end of the shaded street.

"All right—stop here." He got out, paid his fare. "You can wait if you want."

It was a low bungalow, with an artificially thatched roof. You knew a woman lived there. The blue shutters, the window boxes, the profusion of flowers on the lawn.

He crossed the street, walked up the gravel path, rang the bell.

The colored maid opened the door halfway. "Yessir—what you want?"

Not so friendly as he would have liked. "Would you mind telling Miss Winslow that Mr. Corey is here—Mr. William Corey? She'll recall the name—I came all the way from New York to see her."

She appeared not to understand. "Would the gentleman mind explaining me what this is about?"

Bill gestured easily with his hand. "Oh, she knows about it—we've written several letters. It's a very important matter about some publicity."

He hoped the word publicity would arouse interest, but the effect was negligible. "Miss Winslow, she don't handle them affairs. You got to go down to the studios. Miss Winslow she's tired. Worked all morning at the studio. Has to be to a luncheon at the Brown Derby. She ain't got no time."

She regarded him a moment with aggressive displeasure—then slammed the door.

The reverberation was like a shot. Anger went through him. There had to be some way he could get a hearing.

He glanced about him quickly. Over on the left was the driveway, beyond that a rose arbor and swimming pool. On the right of the house a tennis court.

He sauntered over to the driveway. The white car was parked just outside the garage. On either side of the garage were magnolia trees, low-hanging.

She had a luncheon at the Brown Derby. Which meant that she would come out to the car. If he could be near that car when she came out—!

HE started along the driveway. The magnolias would shield him from view. He could always say he'd gone out the wrong way, become confused. He was near the car when he heard someone moving close by. He ducked to one side, seeking the shelter of the trees, and failed to notice a low wire fence beside the garage. He tripped, pitched forward, sprawled in a bed of tulips.

He was picking himself out of the flowers when he saw it—the jagged, menacing shadow of a man. A man who stood directly behind him. Bill got to his feet, turned around.

The man was tall and sandy-haired. The shoulders under the brown coat were wide and the lean face held a hint of a sardonic smile.

"Better start talking, mister." He spoke in a quiet, flat voice. "What is it—a one-man tulip festival?"

"You're the watchman?" The man nodded without speaking. Bill said, "Trying to find my way out. Afraid I got confused. Didn't realize—"

"Cut the funny gags." He took a step forward. "Sorry, brother. It looks like I have to turn you in."

"All right," Bill said, "I was waiting here. I've got to see her. It's business, you understand. They wouldn't let me in at the studio—the maid slammed the door. I knew Miss Winslow had to come out to the car and I was waiting—"

"That's a honey of a story."

Reaching out to take hold of him, Bill stepped back. "You've got to believe me. It's the truth."

The man scratched the top of his head. "I almost think you're telling it straight. You look honest enough. I'd like to give you a break. Tell you what—I'll forget it— provided you get out of here fast."

Bill felt a rush of relief. "I can't tell you how much—"

The man took his arm, led him around toward a back gate behind the garage. "What are you trying to do—sell her something?"

"Oh—it's an advertising stunt. If I could figure out some way to get to her—"

The man's hand tightened on his arm. "I'm giving you a break, bud. Also some advice. As far as she's concerned—forget it. I'm responsible for her safety and if I see you here again I'll pull you in quicker than that."

He snapped his fingers. It was then Bill noticed that the man's right hand had only four fingers.

The little finger was missing.

THE path behind the garage led eventually back to the street. The taxi was still waiting. Bill got inside. The cabby asked, "Where to now?"

She was going to lunch at the Brown Derby. Bill didn't know how many would be at her luncheon. But there was a good possibility he could get to talk with her. The difficulty was she hadn't started yet.

"The Brown Derby," he said. "But drive slow. This is my first day in Hollywood, you know. I like to look around."

The cabby considered that an invitation for a sight-seeing trip. He was taking side roads and bypaths and pointing out each house and street and studio. Bill wasn't paying attention. He was engaged in plotting the proper way to approach a screen star in a restaurant.

By the time they pulled up in front of the Brown Derby, he had it pretty

thoroughly worked out in his mind.

She was already there.

Bill saw her, as he followed the headwaiter, weaving through the hubbub and the crowded tables. She glanced up and Bill thought he saw something that seemed close to fear in the blue eyes and then she turned back to the two men who were with her.

Bill motioned to the headwaiter. "That one near the wall." Pointing to a table across from Caryl and the two men.

As he gave his order to the waiter, he studied her, over the menu. The hair, long and golden, drawn back artfully, accentuating the oval lines of the face. The full, crimson lips.

She was playing a role. The sophisticated, worldy-wise young lady. Brimming with gaiety. Each expression tailor-made. And yet it puzzled him, because that first glance had been afraid.

Inexplicably, he thought of that bit of paper on the steps of Cosmic Studios.

He recognized the men. The short, pudgy one was Larry Pierce, the director. It was said he was slipping, that he'd be finished in Hollywood if the picture he was making missed fire.

The other, wearing the dark goggles, was Roland Summers. He was Caryl's leading man and it was rumored—in spite of studio denials—that there was a romance between them. Now that he saw her, Bill understood how any man, working with her constantly, would be almost bound to fall in love with her. And Summers was supposed to be the great lover. Bill thought the tweedy sport coat and the long cigarette holder were utterly ridiculous.

THEY had reached their coffee when Bill pushed back his chair. He felt a trifle nervous. He stood there for just a moment. Then he started forward.

The three looked up as he approached the table. The blue eyes met his and found them disturbing.

"Is there something you wish?" Summers' voice was deep and unpleasantly artificial.

Bill made his smile boyish. "Miss Winslow, I'm sorry to be barging in like this. But I'm one of your fans—if it wouldn't be too much bother, I'd give an eyetooth for an autograph."

He knew she wouldn't refuse. Even stars like Caryl had to cater somewhat to their public.

"But of course. You have your autograph book—?"

Bill snapped his fingers. "How stupid! I got so interested when I saw you sitting there. Just a minute." He turned, beckoned to the headwaiter. "Do you think you could get me a piece of white paper?"

The headwaiter looked surprised. But he glanced at Caryl, who nodded, and he bowed. "In just one moment, sir."

Bill stood by the table waiting. Pierce and Summers did not even try to hide their impatience at the intrusion.

"You've no idea," Bill said, "how hard I've worked, trying to see you. It wasn't just for your autograph—"

He was aware of a change in their manner. There were pink spots on her cheeks. Pierce stood up. "Just what is this?"

Bill paid no attention. He was looking at Caryl. "Miss Winslow, I flew all the way from New York—to see you. I know you don't know it, but right this minute my whole career depends on you."

Curiosity was woman's weakness and Caryl was no exception. "I don't understand. Why should your career depend on me?"

"That's what I want to talk with you



Next Stop—TAHITI!

HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . *sans* shirt, *sans* temper—*sans* just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: 'This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man *has* to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!' (*with appropriate gestures*)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naptha Soap right away. Send a *lot.* And *hurry!*'

[ASIDE TO THE LADIES] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.*



Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO ?

US?



No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, *we* say Modess is softer . . . because we *know* it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to *us* now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who *tested* Modess for softness.

10,000 WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF?



All over the country, these women were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. Yet 3 out of every 4 voted *Modess softer!**

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS



If 3 out of every 4 women voted *against* the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted *for* must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if *you've* been missing out on *extra comfort.* Try *Modess* the next time you buy.

HERE'S AN OFFER



If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

* Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

about," Bill said. "That's why I came to Hollywood."

Her smile was quizzical. "I'd hate to have that on my conscience," she told him, "without at least knowing how and why."

"Then you will see me? I can't tell you about it here, but any time—any place you say. It'll only take a few minutes—"

Pierce turned to Caryl. "You can't see him—it's preposterous!"

SUMMERS stood up. His hand was on Bill's arm, edging him from the table. "If you've any business concerning Miss Winslow, perhaps you wouldn't mind taking it up with the regular offices at the studio?"

"Wait one moment, Roland. If he's come all the way out here—gone to all this trouble—it must be something pretty important to him."

Pierce asked, "Do you know him, Caryl? Is there any reason you should assume any responsibility—"

"Of course not. Don't be silly." She seemed more calm than she had been a moment before. "Naturally, I'd like to help if I—"

"You can't afford to run risks, Caryl," Pierce told her. "If anything should happen to you, it would be ghastly. You've got to think not only of yourself, but also of the studio, the picture you're making—" He turned to Bill. "I'll have to ask you to leave, young man."

"Just run along," Summers said. "You don't want any trouble."

Panic and anger. The sensation he used to have when an opponent's blow landed too flush. The need to answer quickly. "I've got to talk with her. You must listen, Miss Winslow."

He got no further. Pierce and Summers had him by the arms. Pushing him, half carrying him, toward the door. He saw the headwaiter returning, heard Pierce's terse, "Crashing in where he doesn't belong."

He twisted. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Caryl, standing, back of her hand at her lips.

He was breaking from them as they neared the door. Pierce, whose hands were strong, gave him a shove. It carried him halfway to the street. He grabbed the side of the wall to keep from falling.

But she had wanted to hear him and he'd caught a few words of their conversation at lunch, when she had told Pierce she was tired, was returning to her home directly from the Derby.

He started walking along the boulevard, in the direction of the Roosevelt, where he had registered that morning. Several blocks down, he passed a telegraph office. A freckled-faced messenger boy was on one of the benches.

Bill stopped. A messenger. He could get a message to her personally. Bill didn't pause to weigh pros and cons. It was the only chance left.

The white-haired lady inside was pleasant. Yes, she could have the boy deliver the message at once. Would he write it at the desk.

He spent some minutes figuring out exactly how to say it. But he surveyed the final result with pride:

Dear Miss Winslow:

My hurried exit at lunch was none of my doing or desire. It cost me the chance to obtain your autograph and to discuss with you the matter which brought me here from New York.

Won't you help me recover on these losses? All I ask is ten minutes—and it's a business matter that will be of value to you and won't cost either time or money and my job depends on it.

Then I could get the autograph, too.

Hopefully—I might say prayerfully—

Bill Corey

HE sealed it in an envelope. The little boy with the freckles took it. Bill gave him an extra fifty cents to get there fast and back faster with the answer.

Waiting seemed endless. He paced up and down the sidewalk outside. He went back into the telegraph office. The woman behind the counter tried to make conversation but he didn't feel like talking.

More than an hour passed. Bill told himself nothing was wrong—the trip would take that much time. But the fingers of the clock crept on and it was close to two hours and even the woman seemed surprised the boy wasn't back. "Maybe she kept him waiting. You know what those actresses are like."

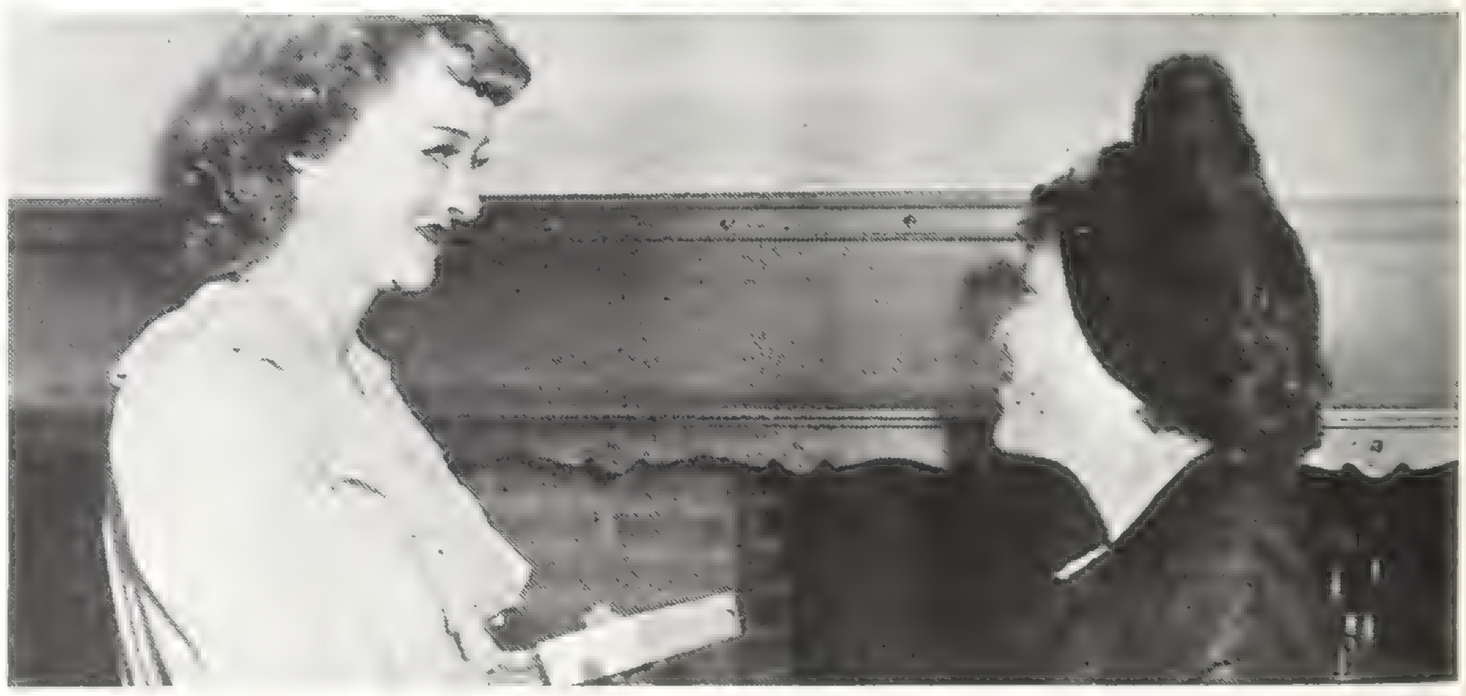
But they weren't prepared for what happened. Not even when they heard the sound of sirens in the distance, growing louder. Not even when the three police cars pulled up with screeching brakes in front of the door and what looked like an army of blue uniforms trooped in, followed by the freckled-face boy, so scared he could hardly speak.

"They—them cops—they want him." Pointing to Bill.

The lean-faced Sergeant stepped forward. "So you're the lousy heel."

Bill stared, dumb with astonishment, unable to find words.

"What's your name?"



She has two Oscars, now she gets a Golden Apple. Bette Davis, "for being the most co-operative actress in Hollywood," gets the Golden Apple award from Ruth Waterbury, President of Hollywood Women's Press Club, author of "Close Ups and Long Shots"

"Corey," he managed. "But what in thunder—"

"Yeah, Mr. Corey. You just sent a little billet-doux to Miss Winslow, didn't you?" With what he seemed to think was exquisite sarcasm.

A stocky patrolman took hold of Bill's arm. "We're going down to the station."

"Now wait a minute!' Bill cried out. "I haven't committed any crime. I sent a note. I've been waiting for an answer. If I intended anything wrong, would I wait here, where you could find me?"

"Don't blame me because you're stupid."

"It's—it must be mistaken identity."

"Mistake is right," the Sergeant grated. "Come on—get moving."

Someone cuffed him. He was boiling over inside. They wouldn't even let him talk. But once he got to some higher officers, he'd be able to get the truth out. It was so perfectly simple.

THE Sergeant and the fat cop sat on either side of him in the police car. There were two other cops on the front seat. Nobody spoke as the engine started and the sirens screamed and the car roared up the center of the boulevard.

Bill asked the Sergeant, "What do they think I've done?"

The Sergeant slapped him. "Shut up!"

At the station house, they shoved him into the main room. One of the officers searched him and took out his wallet and some change he had in a trouser pocket. These were placed on the desk—behind which sat the three-hundred-pound, walruslike Captain, who leaned back in a swivel chair and studied him over rimless glasses.

Bill glanced around the room. Pierce and Summers were there. And Caryl Winslow.

It was a changed Caryl. The make-believe gaiety had vanished. The eyes which were supposed to be so mysterious and enigmatic were bewildered and scared. She held the dark fur coat tightly about her yellow frock. She wasn't the sophisticate any more. Only a girl who looked as if she were in trouble.

For some reason, he found himself being sorrier for her than he was for himself.

She came toward him, so close he caught the scent of her perfume. She looked up at him.

"It's difficult to believe." So softly, the others could hardly hear. "Why should a young man like you want to—to kidnap me?"

"Kidnap!" He repeated the word explosively. "Is that the charge? Is that what they think—"

His shock was manifest. She asked, "You actually didn't have any idea?"

"How could I? It's their notion, not mine. Theirs—and yours. I had no thought of any insane thing like that. You've got to believe me!"

"You mean—you didn't intend to threaten me? You didn't plan—"

"Threaten!" He tried to make his voice very patient. "Miss Winslow, I've only known you a few hours. I think you're charming. I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold in Fort Knox. As for kidnapping—the only crime I ever committed was to get arrested for speeding to a football game."

Pierce came over, put his arm around her waist. "You mustn't let yourself become emotional about this, Caryl."

"Larry," she said, "I think he's telling the truth. He doesn't seem like a criminal type at all. Really he doesn't."

"When you get through talking about me like a stuffed pigeon," Bill said, "maybe you'll let me explain—"

"I didn't mean it that way," she told



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him. "They think you wanted to kidnap me. I'd like to hear what you have to say." She turned to the Captain. "I won't prefer charges, until he's had a chance to explain."

Summers came to her side. "You can't let a man like that go scot-free. He's a menace—a kidnapper—he's been sending her threats."

The Captain leaned forward. "You mean demands for ransom?"

"Exactly." The actor's voice grew more Shakespearean. He was about the same height and build as Bill, but the goggles and the posture struck a melodramatic note. "She's had three notes before. Asking $50,000—with some complicated arrangement for payment. Today this man accosted her at the Brown Derby. Mr. Pierce and myself put him out. She was upset by the episode and we took her home. When we arrived we found another note under the door. Wanted $100,000 this time."

"This was after the restaurant affair?"

"Precisely."

"And where are those notes now?"

"At her home. All typewritten—on plain white paper."

The Captain ordered the Sergeant to send out to the house immediately for the notes. He turned to Caryl. "Why didn't you report them sooner?"

"Because I thought they were just from some crank." She was almost defiant. "I still don't think it's serious." She glanced at Bill. "He doesn't look like a kidnapper."

"I'm not," Bill said. "I didn't send any threats—"

THE Captain frowned. The Sergeant mumbled something, glared at Bill.

"This afternoon," Summers said, "when she found the note under the door, Caryl—Miss Winslow—became nervous. She told us then—for the first time—about the other notes. She wouldn't call the police but I was about to and then that boy arrived with the note. Even though it looked all right, on the surface, I saw it was just a trick to get to see her—"

"You thought he might be part of the plot?"

"I knew he was. I called you and you came out and went with the boy and arrested him, whatever his name is there."

"Corey—William Corey," Bill said with mock politeness.

The Captain said, "I'm going to hold you on suspicion, young man. You'll have a chance to give your statement later. We'll get the truth before we're done."

She was still close to him. He put his hand on hers. "If they'd let me call my office in New York—"

Pierce pulled her away from him. "Caryl, you've had a dreadful experience. You need rest. I think we should take you home as quickly as possible. How about it, Captain?"

"We can reach her by phone, if we need her. All right—you can go. But I'd like Mr. Summers to stay. He may be able to help."

Pierce nodded, started toward the door, his arm through Caryl's. At the door he turned. "Follow us out, Roland, when you get finished here."

Summers looked jittery as he stood in front of the desk. The Captain looked first at him, then at Bill, then back to Summers. "If this is some kind of publicity stunt—"

"I saw the notes myself," Summers said. "She should have reported them days ago, of course. But—you know she has no idea about crime or criminals. Doesn't think about things like that."

"It better not be phony." The Captain

removed his glasses, rubbed them with his handkerchief. "This is a police department, not a press bureau. You say the notes were slipped under the door of Miss Winslow's home?"

"Yes. All of them."

"How'd it happen the watchman or somebody didn't see any of them being placed there?"

"She hasn't any watchman. Always said she was safe and didn't need bodyguards."

It was seconds after he spoke before his meaning struck home to Bill. He said quickly, before he could stop to think, "But if she doesn't have a watchman, who was—"

He stopped. He couldn't tell them about his meeting outside her home. It would only make them more certain of his guilt.

"What did you start to say?" The Captain asked.

"I said I'd like to tell my side of the story."

"You will—in due time. I've some important points to discuss first with Mr. Summers."

The Captain and Summers talked in low voices. It lasted some time; Bill finally sat on the bench with the tall Sergeant standing over him and not saying a word.

Bill couldn't hear the conversation clearly, but he gathered the actor was going into lengthy description of the house, the location of the door, all the details.

IT was half an hour before they finished. The Captain returned to his desk and began studying a report that had just been handed to him. "Says here a Bill Corey landed on a transcontinental plane from New York this morning. Registered at the Hotel Roosevelt. The description tallies—"

He couldn't finish. The door had swung open.

Pierce was standing there, tie askew, hair mussed, eyes wild. A man in chauffeur's uniform stood behind him.

"Caryl!" Pierce's voice was hollow. "They've kidnapped her. Stopped the car—grabbed her. The chauffeur and I tried to stop them. They struck us down. Raced off with her."

"It happened so fast," the chauffeur said, "we hardly had time to do anything. I got part of the license number of their car—the first two numbers. They were 8-Q."

Caryl kidnapped! Bill was positive that man in the garden had something to do with it. But if he told them, they'd be certain he was lying. It would sound too pat. And yet he had the most important clue—the sandy-haired man with the missing finger.

He had to find the man.

THE Captain was barking orders. Phoning information for the radio dispatcher to send to the cars. One of the cops grabbed Bill. "What'll I do with this—"

"Listen," Bill said suddenly, "I'll talk. I'll tell you the whole rotten story."

He was watching Summers. Summers with goggles and tweed coat. Just about Bill's height and weight, about the same color hair. The same coloring and general features. "But the only one I'll talk to is Summers."

The officers looked at each other. The actor's face was pale.

The Captain asked, "What about it, Mr. Summers?"

A pause. Finally, "All right. But he better talk fast. If anything happens—happens to her—"

The Captain took them to a small, win-



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dowless room usually reserved for persons coming to make identifications of suspected crooks. Bill carefully closed the door. The actor was trying to act calm. "What is it?"

Bill said, "It's this."

It was one blow. It had to be one blow. Bill delivered it with everything he had. Every ounce of strength in his body.

Summers' legs buckled. His eyes went glassy.

He started to crash to the floor. Bill grabbed him, lowered him gently into a chair.

He worked fast, pulling off the coat, the shoes, the tie. Taking off the high-pleated trousers took the most time. He wondered how the man had the nerve to wear them.

The police might be listening at the door.

He began talking softly, as if he were giving Summers the story. He had on the tie, the coat, the dark goggles. Mussed his hair a little, like the actor's, for the finishing touch.

He hurried out of the door. The police were standing near by, waiting in a group.

Bill walked past them briskly. He mumbled a few words—unintelligible sounds—trying to catch Summers' deep, artificial tone. Letting words stand out spasmodically—"Papers — car — back in minute."

"Make it quick, Summers," the Captain called. "The sooner we get his full story, the sooner we'll have her back safe."

But Bill was hardly listening. He was running through the oaken doors of the station. Out into the early dusk.

For the first few minutes, Bill has no idea of how to go about finding Caryl. Then the big idea hits him—and it seems so simple he wonders why he hasn't thought of it before. For the fast-paced, exciting story of how he discovers the gangsters' hide-out—and Caryl—see April Photoplay-Movie Mirror.



A watch-him-go-places picture of John Emery, who, with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy, rounds out a he-man trio in Columbia's "Trinidad"

"Tain't Funny McGee!"

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(*from a letter by* J. W., Coffeyville, Kans.)





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(*from a letter by* O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)

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How to Be a Social Success

(*Continued from page* 47) great slices of French bread for each of the guests. For he sweet, our hostess again went into the kitchen—this time to make pancakes—which she does very well—and again served. Nothing could have been more casual—or more charming. It was a supper that any hostess would be smart to imitate.

When I suggest that a party be informal I don't mean haphazard. Because here are rules for informality, too, and tumbling blocks of which to be wary. No. 1 problem is the guest list.

Getting the right guests together is always the prime requisite of a good hostess, but nowhere is incompatibility so fatal as at a small party. The wise hostess will beware of the temptation to "invite people to a party just because she owes them a dinner." Either your eight guests are all friends who enjoy each other's company, who are stimulating to each other, or your evening is a failure.

Basil and I both count as one of our pleasantest evenings a small dinner party at which all of our guests—among whom were Sir Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Constance Collier and the Robert Edmund Joneses—were tremendously interested in literature and in the theater. All of them were vital personalities with much to say. We finished our dinner—finally—at five in the morning around the fireside with coffee. Even then we were reluctant to break up the party—there was still so much more we wanted to talk about.

Another hurdle for the informal party s that entrance chill. Introductions are nade and acknowledged, the weather is disposed of and then dead silence until somebody stumbles on a lively topic of conversation. Nothing will dispel that frostiness so quickly as giving your guests something to do.

Have a big bowl of caviar, if that's on your list, or peanut butter and sardines with a platter of small toast squares and let them make their own hors d'oeuvres. They'll be so busy that before they know it they'll be at ease and ready for a pleasant evening.

THERE are so many novel ways of serving an informal supper. A good idea is to have the food brought onto a buffet, where the hostess herself fills the plates, giving them to the maid to serve—or, if the budget doesn't permit a maid, she serves them herself. If the host is particularly good at making coffee, let him make it at the table. Or he can make the salad dressing—or the hostess can mix the salad at the table.

If you live in a locality where the climate permits outdoor grills, try charcoal-broiling steaks or roasting hamburgers while the guests look on. Let them cluster around the grill. A fire is warm and hospitable-looking, so use it to best advantage.

Be sure you seat your guests. Even if there are but six in your party, seat them. Nothing is so annoying as a mad scramble for chairs and a place at the table. I suppose that's why I have such an aversion to buffet suppers.

First of all, I find myself loaded down with plates and cups and a water tumbler. Then I sit down at a rickety card table (never use card tables if you can possibly avoid them, they're so unstable and not the right height for eating anyway), get nicely comfortable, discover I've forgotten the sugar for my coffee. I make the trip back to the buffet. My water glass needs filling—so back again. And by the time I've finally gone back for my dessert, I'm so weary I almost wish I hadn't come.

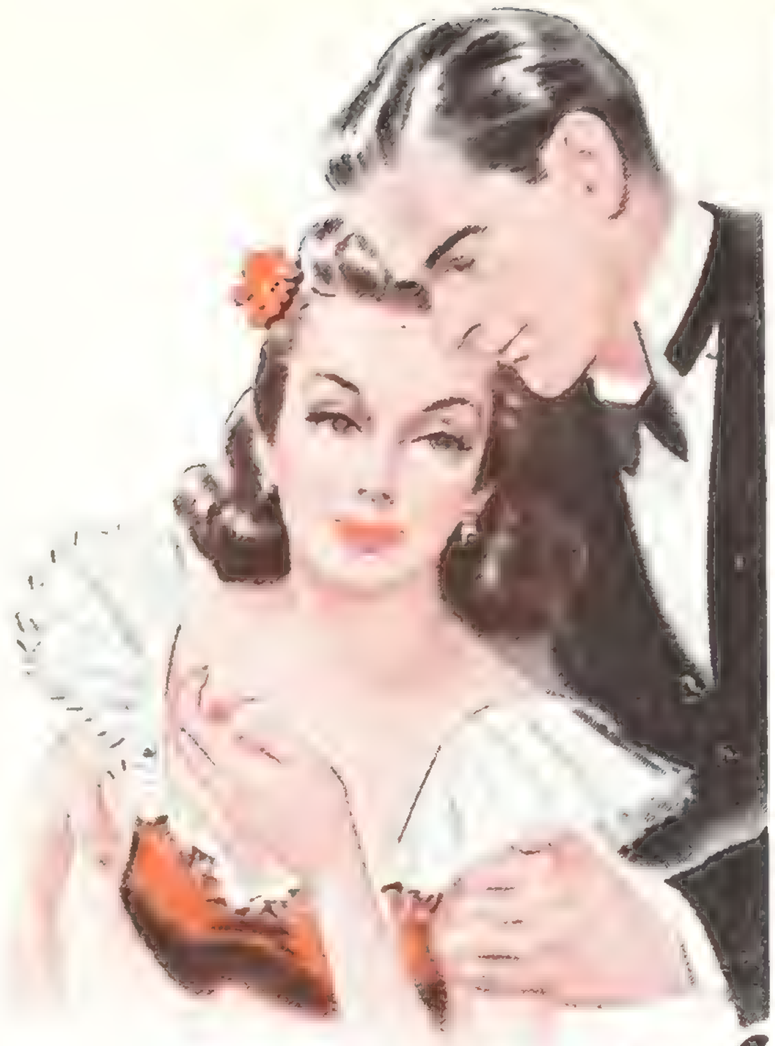
There is one place where buffet is exactly right, however, and that's in your garden or around your badminton or tennis court. Then make it really an outdoor affair. Have the host don a high white starched cap and let him serve the guests. Make the buffet table interesting. Have a tall frosted pitcher with a fruit punch stuck with cool green mint. Freeze flowers or fruit into an ice mold. Have big bowls of salt into which your guests can dab crisp carrots, spring onions and radishes.

One time we transformed our swimming pool into a woodland pond for an outdoor party. The garden hose was the basis for a fountain and old, worn-out automobile tires became floating islands of ferns and water lilies.

DECORATIONS for your party needn't be expensive, whether for an indoor or outdoor affair, but they should be interesting and—in the modern trend—functional. For instance, I never use tall centerpieces of flowers on my tables for the practical reason that you can't see over them. Either use flat troughs with flat flowers, like water lilies, or arrange for the flowers to be tall enough that they are above the heads of your seated guests. The same rule goes for candles. I have some candle holders which I made by mounting glass inkwells upon each other. I arrange them in small groups



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to form a Z and then use the tallest candles I can buy. Consequently the table is well lighted, but the flicker of the candle is well above the heads of my guests.

Use glass for table decorations. It's inexpensive and very decorative.

REMEMBER that "It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests which makes the feast."

As far as gathering together those "cheerful" guests in Hollywood, it's an easy matter, for there are several distinct social groups in the film colony and in small, intimate parties Hollywood people stick to their own group.

You will find, for instance, Mrs. Jack Warner, Marlene Dietrich, Lili Damita and Dolores del Rio always together. They form a glamorous picture, each as beautiful as the other, and each a different type. They are sophisticated, soignée, extremely chic. Another group includes the Darryl Zanucks, William Goetzs, Mervyn LeRoys, David Selznicks, Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Joseph Schenck, Samuel Goldwyns, Sid Grauman, Claudette Colbert, Countess di Frasso, Joan and Connie Bennett. Then we have the Eddie Robinson, Melvyn Douglas, Harry Lachman, Jesse Lasky set.

At the Ernst Lubitsches you will find the foreign, cosmopolitan element. The Lubitsches always serve European food. Vivian Lubitsch, who is half English, half Russian, is one of the most intelligent and sophisticated women in Hollywood. At the Arthur Hornblows', Director Rouben Mamoulian, Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and writers who are tennis enthusiasts gather for small, informal parties. I have never seen Myrna Loy have more than eight people for dinner. Incidentally, Myrna is one of the most natural and unspoiled stars in the film colony.

Then, of course, there is the Ronald Colman group which includes the Charles Boyers, the William Powells, the Dick Barthelmesses, the Brian Ahernes, Cary Grant, the Nigel Bruces, Reginald Gardiner, Hedy Lamarr, the Douglas Fairbankses, Jr. when Doug's in Hollywood.

Of course, I have by no means made a complete list. I have merely jotted down a few names offhand. As for the Rathbones, we don't belong to any particular set and go with all of them.

Many stars keep themselves completely out of the social whirl. From the moment Carole Lombard and Clark Gable met, they stopped giving or going to parties. We never see them. Nor do we see Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, or Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. This group enjoys the outdoor life.

BUT how can a young man and woman who are not in the Hollywood profession and cannot claim to be distinguished artists get into society in Hollywood—or in any other town?

Charm, wit, discretion, the ability to inspire and keep confidences, emotional maturity, that feeling of kinship with our fellowmen which distinguishes the truly superior and civilized person and is the basis of friendship and of personal and social morality—these make for social success in Hollywood as they do in your own particular circle.

If any young man is attractive, a good dancer, something of an expert at bridge or tennis, he will probably be asked to parties in Hollywood or any other town.

My favorite *young* man, when he's in Hollywood, is Douglas Fairbanks Jr. I'm very partial to him. He knows what's going on in the world, has a keen, well-informed mind and I don't know of anybody in Hollywood who can talk more absorbingly about the issues and personalities involved in the present tragic war. Doug Jr. would be a social success anywhere. He never fails in those little courtesies which make a young man popular with a hostess and with women in general.

If I am entertaining a celebrated writer or musician with a small intimate dinner party I always invite Greer Garson, because she not only personifies the glamour of Hollywood, but she can talk intelligently on almost any subject. This accomplishment, combined with her beauty and glamour, makes her a very desirable guest.

The modern American girl can't afford to be ignorant. She must know something about everything and be able to carry on an intelligent conversation. If a girl is strikingly beautiful, gay, a good dancer, she will invariably, at a Jones Corners party, find an admiring swain. In Hollywood, she will probably attract the attention of producers or directors, who are always on the lookout for new faces at parties. If, plus physical attractiveness, dancing ability and charm, she has a serious side and is vitally interested in the political and intellectual problems of the day, Hollywood—and Jones Corners—will like her.

THE END

How to set a table that will set a party pace, per Mrs. Basil Rathbone's plan: Use glass for table decorations; it's inexpensive. Make your centerpiece of glass inkwells piled one on the other, top them off with candles



The Girl with a Hundred Faces

(*Continued from page* 39) Her husband paid her a visit at Sherwood Forest, where the company was on location. "Listen, folks," she warned them all the night before. "This man who's coming tomorrow—he's not Mr. DeCamp. His name's John Shidler, please, and he's the boss."

Rosemary DeCamp is her own name. Her ancestry is French. She never wanted to be anything but an actress. Her father, a mining engineer, said: "All right, but be a good one. Go to college first. By the time you get out, you'll be old enough to swim, not flounder." Born in Arizona, she was hauled from one mining camp to another in the States, in Mexico, in South America. This gave her childhood the advantage of a colorful background. All she missed out on was learning the alphabet properly, so that today she has trouble looking up names in the phone book. It doesn't seem to have handicapped her much.

Mrs. DeCamp, an accomplished pianist, longed to have Rosemary play some instrument. She was tried on everything from cello to uke, but they had to give up. The poor child was tone-deaf. In view of which, it was curious that her ears should have been supersensitive to the inflections of speech. She loved listening to people talk and could ape them with startling accuracy. So she was in great demand by the dramatic coaches at the scattered schools she did attend. Only at home and when she was acting did she lose her shyness. Mounting the platform to get her diploma, she turned white with terror. Yet in any character but her own, she could strut the same platform with the poise of a duchess.

SHE went to Mills College because it had a good dramatic department and stayed five years—the extra one to get her master's in speech and psychology. She met John Shidler, a law student at Stanford, and saw quite a lot of him, though after graduation their ways parted. Meantime she'd become the dramatic star of the campus, playing Shakespeare and Ibsen, getting classy notions about the theatah and her own function in it. But June was approaching and she wanted a job. Someone told her about radio, to which she never listened. After tuning in on a few programs, she decided, *h-m-m, if I couldn't do as well.* There was a program called "One Man's Family," originating in San Francisco. That would serve till something else came along.

They happened to be holding auditions the day she applied, gave her a typewritten paper trumpeting the glories of Meredith Willson's chiffon jazz and left her alone in a large silent room. From somewhere a disembodied voice boomed: "Name and number," then: "Begin." She gave all she had to Meredith Willson's chiffon jazz and wasn't impressed when a phone message next day told her the job was hers. To be earning money was, of course, wonderful. But a girl whose *Mercutio* had drawn notices from the San Francisco papers couldn't be expected to get het up over "One Man's Family."

When the Carmel stock company offered her twenty-five a week for the summer, her financial problems were solved. Adding that to the radio check, she'd be a rich woman. She betook herself happily to Carmel, where she felt at home. She'd spent other summers here. It was one of those communal



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groups and you did whatever came to hand—lighting, scene-painting, truck-driving. Wednesdays she reserved for radio. So when a wire came summoning her to a Tuesday rehearsal, she wired back blithely that she couldn't possibly make it Tuesday but would be there Wednesday as usual. On Wednesday nobody spoke to her. She was never called back. She tried frantically but in vain to discover why, till somebody pointed out that even campus queens don't stand up radio rehearsals and that "One Man's Family" could hobble along without her. This gave Rosemary a more accurate perspective on herself in the entertainment world.

A brief stay with the Pasadena Playhouse benefited her art but not her pocketbook. Then she toured with "The Drunkard." They went broke in South Bend and Rosemary traveled on to New York. Her father knew Sam Harris, who gave her a job at sixteen per as an extra in "Merrily We Roll Along." It was by competitive strength, however, that she won a bit part over forty-five other extras, all clawing for the same bit. When the show closed, Harris gave her letters to people who said yes, yes, nothing right now. It was a bad winter. She lived on money from home and on friends with whom she could bunk. Finally she got a small part in a radio serial. It was no "One Man's Family." She'd often look back in awe at the height she had once attained.

It turned out, though, that radio needed Rosemary. While jobless, she hadn't been idle. She'd opened her ears to New Yorkese—haunted docks and pubs, listened to cops and stevedores and shopgirls, learned how people talked on Fifth Avenue and Sixth and Park, in Hell's Kitchen and Brooklyn and the Bronx. When they needed a dialect or accent, a Chinese or Eskimo, they'd send for Rosemary. She waxed busy and fairly prosperous. Then her mother and Dema Harshbarger lured her to the Coast.

The family had settled in California. Miss Harshbarger, head of NBC Artists' Service and an admirer of Rosemary's work, was eager to handle her for the screen. Mrs. DeCamp yearned to have her daughter at home. So Rosemary went. The studios failed to catch Miss Harshbarger's enthusiasm. What depressed Rosemary was the way they'd look at her and instantly say no.

"I've got a funny nose and I'm not very impressive-looking, but I used to wonder how they could decide by a glance at my face that I couldn't act."

HER failure to get the part of *Judy Price* in "Dr. Christian" hurt most. They did test her for that. She'd played it on the air for three years and had had her share in making the program a success. Before the test, she kept reassuring herself that while she might not look good, she'd sound good and they'd all say what a beautiful voice she had. But the girl she played opposite had been told to project and yelled so loud as to drown Rosemary out. Kind souls went out of their way to tell her they'd seen the picture. "You weren't in it, were you?"

"No," said Rosemary.

Martha Scott was her friend. When Martha left radio, she turned her serial, "The Career Of Alice Blair," over to Rosemary. When she started "Cheers For Miss Bishop," she insisted that Rosemary try for the part of the German girl.

"Forget it," said Rosemary. "You've done enough."

But Martha talked the producer, Richard Rowland, into seeing Rosemary. He looked at her and said no. But at least he explained why. "We want a broad, blonde, stupid-looking face—"

"She can look any way you want her to," Martha said. "Let her read for you."

This was on the set. Rowland was called away. Through Rosemary's head floated memories of stories she'd read; at the crucial point the girl always did something dramatic. She'd do something dramatic, though it went against the grain. Theatricality is not her strong point. Feeling ashamed of herself, she leaned over Rowland's chair and, before he could rise, in a vaguely European accent recited the Declaration of Independence—the high spot of the foreign girl's role. He sat still till she'd finished then turned to look at her. "That's better," he said.

"Better than what?" she asked. "My face?"

That was when they rigged her up and tested her. Next day they gave her the part and Martha was mad because she didn't hold out for more money. If she hadn't had guardians, she'd probably have done it for nothing. In any case, it did the trick for her. They applauded her rushes in the projection room. No music is sweeter to an actor's ears than applause from the hardened watchers of daily rushes. Hollywood critics voted hers the best character performance of the month. Harry Tattleman, her agent and a rabid DeCamp fan, rolled up his sleeves and surveyed the field for a role worthy of his client.

HE found it in the refugee mother of "Hold Back The Dawn." Mitch Leisen was the first director who looked at Rosemary and didn't say no. He sent her to Arthur Hornblow, the producer. "And by the way—use an accent. Mr. Hornblow has imagination, but we might as well help it along."

So she played Mr. Hornblow a trick, of which she's also ashamed. "Yes, yes," he agreed after a few whiffs of accent, "Send her to wardrobe."

She refused to repeat the performance for Zoltan Korda. Awed by the very name, she prepared for her interview in a dither. "Of course you can't say you're an Indian, but a little dialect—?" Tattleman coaxed.

"This time," she said, "I'm coming clean."

She did try to make herself look as she thought Sabu's mother ought to look—hair plain and smooth, thinned Oriental

SPECIAL EVENT!

You've read the news that Maureen O'Hara has married Hollywood's young dialogue director, Will Price. What you haven't read is the tender story behind that marriage, because Maureen would never discuss it. Now she does—exclusively for Photoplay-Movie Mirror—next month!

brows. The plucking proved a mistake. "I hate Hollywood eyebrows," said Zoltan coldly. "But—" he looked again "—we make a test."

Several players had been lined up for tests. After running Rosemary's, Korda called the others off. "This is the girl I want. There is something in the eyes—a depth, a sorrow." To her he said: "I think it's good. Don't you think it's good?"

"Oh, Mr. Korda—" said Rosemary.

"All right. What shall we do about your hair?"

"I could dye it."

"Why didn't you let me say it first?"

SHE wondered what her husband-to-be, having courted a blonde, would say to a brunette and decided not to tell him till after the honeymoon. (He took it nicely.) For, about a year earlier, John Shidler had heard a voice on the radio that stirred old memories and had called Rosemary up. He was a practicing attorney now and the youngest judge in California. They were married just after she signed her contract with Korda.

They live in the big old family house at Torrance, turned over to them by John's mother as a wedding gift. The cook runs the house, to the grateful relief of its mistress. "John's grateful too," she mentions in passing. Neither John nor the cook complains if she doesn't get home till eight for dinner. They're both proud of an actress in the family. They both tune in to listen to her regular broadcasts on "I Was There" and the Vallee program.

Judge Shidler has a passion for badminton, so they play it religiously every Sunday. He mows the lawn without passion and thinks of putting in dichondra, which you don't have to cut more than twice a year. Rosemary enjoys the surprise element in gardening. When she plants stock, they come up snapdragons. He likes to read aloud to her, so she lets him. Neither can tell a Bach concerto from Gershwin, but they go to Bowl concerts occasionally because they think it's nice to sit under the stars. Lots of movie folk don't give a darn about music. She's the first on record to say so.

She knows few picture people and so guests are mostly friends of her husband. Theoretically, he doesn't care for pets, but she brought home a black kitten born on location, named Baggy after Bagheera, the panther in the picture. Baggy wooed the judge into submission by climbing up his pants leg and snuggling into his neck. Now they both see Rosemary off in the morning. "Drive carefully," says her husband. When he forgets, she meditates the advisability of crashing a pole, just to show him.

Her father has been somewhat bewildered by her screen appearances to date. "I didn't realize you looked like that," he says anxiously. Her mother wants her to play glamorous roles in glamorous clothes. Her young brother's content "because the kids at school think you're okay, Sis." Her husband says all the right things at the right time.

He's not a movie fan, though. Rosemary thinks she ought to see lots of pictures for the sake of her work. John confines his attendance to the few.

"Let's go to a movie tonight," says Rosemary.

"Let's play badminton," says John.

She can't quite explain what happens. "It just turns out that we arrive at the Badminton Club. . . ."

That's Rosemary DeCamp, a girl of growing importance to the movies. The movies are awfully important to her too. Only a judge is more so.

THE END

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This above All

(*Continued from page* 53) ration card and identity papers both bore his name and by this time the name of Clive Briggs must have been posted everywhere as a deserter.

A day of walking—hiding—walking. Hunger that at first was a twisting corkscrew of pain, until it settled down to a numb sickness that made the thought of food intolerable. Weariness that put a dreamlike haze over every minute. He began to hate himself because he was hunted. Whenever he hid at the sight of a uniform he wanted to stand up and shout, "Here I am! Take me—arrest me!"

FOR a while he thought Prue was walking beside him and he talked to her in disconnected, half-formed sentences.

"You said—England—worth fighting for if I'd look into my heart instead of my mind. But how can I fight for something I don't believe in? Not a question of courage. I'm not afraid, I'm just tired. . . ."

He'd fought on the beach at Dunkirk—carrying wounded men out to the boats, straight through all that hell of bursting bombs and screaming bullets—carrying them out and then going back for more. They'd given him a medal for "gallantry in action." But what was the use? *What was the real use?*

Then, quite suddenly, his brain cleared and he knew what he wanted to do.

At a crossroads there was a tiny, unprosperous-looking store and he took a chance on letting the man there see his ration card to buy some tea and biscuits. While he ate, he put in a long-distance telephone call to Prue at the WAAF camp in Gosley. Her leave should be over by now, she should be back there. . . .

After interminable delays and a quarrel with the operator at Gosley, he heard her voice, faraway yet so clear, so sweet, so . . . so Prue.

"Hello?"

"Prudence!" was all he could say at first. "Oh, Prudence!"

"Is that you, darling? Are you ill?"

"No—no—it's just—"

"Darling, what are you doing? I've been so worried. Where are you?"

"I don't know. It's Clevedon Hill or something—just a crossroads. Prue—I must see you. I—I know what I'm going to do now and I must see you because I'm—I'm going to give myself up. Now, listen—"

"Clive! Don't do anything—please don't do anything before you see me."

"No. Oh, Prue—you're so beautiful and I love you so much." He heard her catch her breath at the other end of the wire. "You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe you, because . . . because you never said you loved me before."

"Prue, dearest, I didn't know then, but I know now. It's so clear suddenly. Prue, do you think you could get leave? I want you to marry me."

"But—but there are licenses—and banns—and all sorts of things!"

"Not in wartime—if you know the way," he urged. "There must be a way."

She thought a moment. "Maybe my father could help. He knows—oh, people in the offices, and so on."

"Where is he?"

"In London."

"Can you get to London?"

"Yes. I think so. I'll leave tomorrow and catch the evening train. But how will you get there?"

"I'll get there somehow—some way. Don't worry. I'll meet you tomorrow night."

"I'll be at Charing Cross Station," she promised, "at half-past nine—under the big clock."

"I'll be waiting there."

He heard a sound, halfway between a laugh and a sob. "Oh, Clive—darling—this is crazy! But do you know how I feel? Like—like a kid, the first time I was taken to the theater—when the curtain went up—"

"Prue! For me it's like—like having walked all your life in darkness and dirt, and suddenly breaking through a mist, and seeing a great sunlit valley ahead."

"Tomorrow night, dearest. Please be there. I think I'd die if you weren't."

"I will. Good-by!"

He left the little store feeling confident and sure. Nothing could hurt him now. He'd get to London somehow—it wasn't very far. People would give him rides and military police wouldn't happen to want to see his papers and he'd be under the clock in Charing Cross Station at half-past nine—all because he *felt* his luck inside him.

IN actual fact, he did reach London by the next morning and was picked up by the military police at Streatham Hill, shortly after ten o'clock.

"But I was coming to give myself up!" he pleaded to the impassive Sergeant at headquarters. "Won't you believe me? I swear I was! But I wanted just one evening first—this evening—"

The Sergeant, neither friendly nor hostile, simply impersonal, went on asking questions about his movements of the last few days, as if he had not heard Clive's appeal.

"May I see the officer in charge here, Sergeant? It's terribly important! I beg of you—please!"

Something in his anguished voice pierced the Sergeant's official armor. He looked at Clive curiously, piercingly—and seemed to be satisfied with what he saw, because without a word he got up and went into an inner office. A few moments later Clive was standing across from the desk of the Major in charge and his heart sank. Here, in one man, was everything that he hated, every reason he had for deserting the army. The Major's imperious features, too finely bred and cold, his stiff body, the clipped and unsympathetic "Yes?" with which he greeted Clive—all these were the embodiment of the old England that had brought the war into being, the England of class and privilege.

"I—hardly know how to begin, sir," Clive said, already feeling the futility of kindling a spark of humanity in those steely eyes. "I've come to ask you a favor and I know I have no right to ask it. I had an appointment to meet someone this evening. I want you to believe me, sir, when I say that it means more to me than I can possibly explain."

"What are you here for?" The Major's eyes went to a report sheet on his desk and he answered himself. "Desertion. I see. And in this deposition you state that you had come to the decision to surrender."

"Yes, sir. Immediately after I had kept my appointment."

"I take it you are genuinely sorry and intend to repair your crime by serving faithfully in the future?"

"I have no intention of serving as a soldier again, sir."

The Major was shocked. "What's that? . . . Oh, I see—a conscientious objector?"

"No, sir. I've always wanted to fight for my country, but I found there are too

many people in my way. I'm ready to take whatever consequences there may be, but—will you trust me, sir? I give you my word of honor I shall be back here by midnight."

The Major sat quietly for a moment, studying Clive. He touched a bell and the Sergeant entered. "Sergeant, I'm giving this man leave until twelve o'clock. This is my personal responsibility."

The Sergeant motioned Clive to follow him out of the room. Clive turned, astonished, wanting to thank the Major. But he could say nothing to that sternly military iron mask.

THE afternoon and evening seemed endless, although he occupied himself with getting something to eat, a bath and a shave. Six o'clock—seven o'clock—eight o'clock. The air-raid warning sounded and suddenly the sky over London was filled with bursting anti-aircraft fire. Clive, hurrying through the streets, cursed himself because he had not gone earlier to Charing Cross. Bombs fell to the north of him, the march of their thunderous footsteps coming closer. Then a new noise, louder and more terrifying than that of the bombs, rose into a despairing banshee screech. Out of the sky came a tremendous bombing plane, hurtling to earth. It plowed into the row of buildings across the street from where Clive stood, shielding his face from flames and flying debris.

People came running out of the wrecked and burning buildings. One little man whose clothes were smouldering did not come across the street but occupied himself by scratching at a mass of shattered tile and rubble at the foot of the building. Clive knelt beside him and the little man threw him an anguished look. "My wife—my kid! They're in the cellar!"—all the time digging in the rubbish, paying no attention to the sparks in his clothes and hair.

A steel-helmeted policeman came up. "His wife and kid are down there," Clive explained and the bobby with professional calm flashed his torch downward, revealing a small cellar window, only half blocked by debris but covered by a twisted iron grating. "Grab hold of it, chum," the bobby said. "See if we can move it."

But the demented little man had slipped away and was nowhere to be seen. Between them, Clive and the bobby managed to tear the grating out. "Stand by to lend a hand," the bobby said. "I might just get through—you're too big." He scrambled feet first through the opening. Clive, glancing up, saw the wrecked wall of the building tottering above him, a frail skeleton. The heat from the fire was almost suffocating.

"Here," the bobby was saying. "I found her—way at the back. Take the kid!"

Clive bent to pick a screaming baby from the bobby's outstretched arms, took it across the street to some dazed onlookers and returned. The bobby had carried the woman to the window and was lifting her up. Clive put his hands under her arms and heaved, the bobby scrambling after.

Someone across the street screamed. "Look out! The wall!"

Clive heard the cry and the roar of falling masonry above him, but after that he heard nothing at all.

PRUE had waited at Charing Cross until after ten, knowing all the time with a sick empty feeling that if he was not there at nine-thirty he would not be there at all. Then she had gone to her father's office in Harley Street. He was a doctor as well as influential in the



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government and he would be able to check the hospitals. Of course she had to confess about meeting Clive and going away with him to Leaford, but somehow that didn't seem important now; and anyway her father wasn't like the rest of the Cathaways. He would understand and not tell her she had been wicked, but do his best to find Clive.

"Perhaps he changed his mind," her father had said when she told him. Prue had almost wished he might be right, but she knew that whatever else had happened, Clive had not simply changed his mind.

Now she sat beside Clive's hospital bed. It was in a big ward, but screens had been placed around it to make a small, private place. It was the afternoon of the day after the raid in which he had been injured. He opened his eyes, saw her, and smiled.

"Hello." His voice was stronger than she had expected; but then, Dr. Cathaway had told her he would be quite normal when he wakened.

"Hello."

"How did we get here?"

"There was an air raid and you were hurt—"

"Yes, I know." He moved his bandaged head a very little. "I mean—how long have I been here?"

"Since last night."

"Last night . . . But Prue, I promised to go back—the Military Police. . . ."

"Don't worry," she told him. "It's all been done—everything's all right."

All right! she thought. How could anything be all right when he had been so terribly hurt? It was his head; they'd operated the night before, but even her father could give her no more hope than to say, "I don't know, Prue. There's a chance, but only a chance."

"I must look an awful mess," Clive said.

"You look fine, darling."

"I feel fine. I feel clearheaded—better than I have for months." He reached for her hand, held it tightly. "Prue—you know, a strange thing happened yesterday when that Major gave me leave to meet you. As I stood waiting for his decision, I seemed to be two men, struggling against each other. One was hoping desperately to be given his freedom, and yet the other, deep down inside him, was half hoping that his request would be refused—so that all the things he had made himself believe would be justified."

"Please rest now, darling."

"No, let me finish . . . Then again, when I was hurrying along the street to meet you and saw those people trapped in the ruins, reason shouted at me that it was none of my business—that other men would do the rescue work—but something just forced me to stop. We have trusted our minds too much . . . I suppose . . . and our hearts not enough."

The nurse came around the corner of the screen. "You must go now, Miss Cathaway."

"Prue!—You'll come back?"

"As soon as they'll let me."

"Can we be married then—when you come back?"

Prue said, forcing the words through a suddenly constricted throat, "Yes, dear. If you want to be."

"I do want it. Very much."

SO they were married, there in the little screened-off section of the hospital ward, as darkness came down over the great, tortured city. Afterwards, the nurse and the doctor went away and left them alone for a little while. The Captain of Clive's company had sent him a volume of Shakespeare and until the night's air raid began she read to him from it:

"This above all: to thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!"

The long, wailing note of the air-raid siren came faintly into the hospital and Clive smiled. "They don't leave us alone, do they?"

"I feel safe with you, Clive. Remember—that night in Leaford?"

"Yes. But you mustn't stay here. I won't have you here."

There was a note of command in his voice. All around them, nurses were busy wheeling beds out of the ward to put them on elevators which would take them to the shelter underground.

"You'll go down where it's safe, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes, Clive. Yes. As soon as the planes come close. You'll tell me when they're close."

"I'll . . . tell you." He seemed satisfied and his eyes closed tiredly. He was unconscious when Dr. Cathaway came.



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She represented everything he'd grown to hate—the aristocratic, finely bred Pruedence. Yet Clive was drawn to her as he never had been to any other woman in his life



"Go down and get some rest in the shelter," Cathaway said, but Prue shook her head.

"I've stayed this long—I want to stay on, now."

"But you can't help him, Prue, by staying here. It would be just the same if you went down to the shelter."

Prue raised tormented eyes to his face. "You can't let anyone die alone—even if they don't know."

"Why are you giving up so easily?" Dr. Cathaway laid a hand on her shoulder. "I've told you there is still a chance. I mean that, honestly—but there's nothing we can do now except wait."

"Please let me stay."

The doctor hesitated. The noise of the raid was louder. But he leaned over and kissed her and went away.

The raid lasted until dawn—a watery, smoky dawn. The All Clear was sounding when Prue came down the steps of the hospital and walked through the pitiful aftermath of a major raid. Bowed figures searched among the ruins, some listlessly, some frantically. Glass crunched under foot and the weak light was reflected back from the surfaces of charcoal-stained puddles of water.

Prue moved on, almost without the sense of direction. She was so tired she could scarcely feel the ground she walked on. At a place where a fire in a warehouse had just been extinguished, a little fireman like a grimy Cockney gnome held up his hand to stop her.

"Just a minute, miss, while they let them hose pipes down."

She waited obediently and the fireman chattered: "You oughter 'ave seen *that* place go up! Candle factory—full o' grease. Biggest blaze I ever see. Look at them boys on the ladders—they can stick it!"

He glanced at Prue then and saw for the first time that she was crying. He said in quick sympathy:

"Sorry, miss. Is it someone of your own?"

"My—husband."

"Where is he?" He glanced up the street from which she had come. "St. John's?"

"Yes."

"Is it bad? What did the doctors say?"

"They say there's just a chance. But that's what they always say."

"Well now, ma'am," he said cheerily, "you mustn't get downhearted. Few months ago they were saying the same thing about this country of ours. Yes! Three months ago, people was going around burying us! They said there wasn't no hope—that we might as well give up. Well, they don't say that no more!"

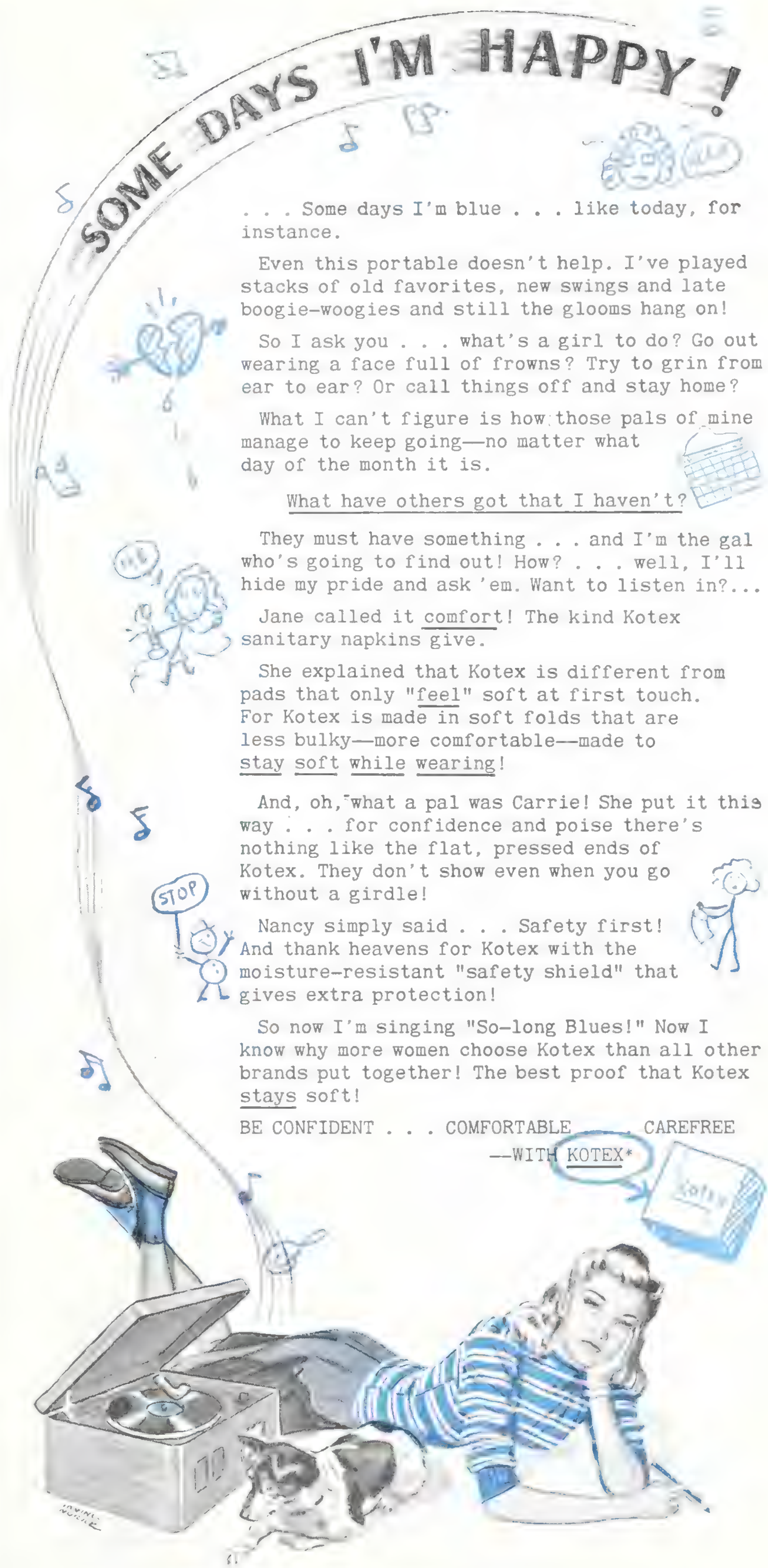
He pointed, with a gesture so strong and gallant that she could not ignore it, at the firemen clinging to the frail ladders thrusting up into the air beside the smouldering building.

"No matter how much they bomb us, it's getting better every day—because we can stick it! Yes! I tell you, ma'am, we're going to win this war because we can stick it—and then, God help us, we're going to win the peace, too. We're going to see a better England when this is over because—well, because most of us *didn't* give up. So don't you give up either, ma'am. Everything's going to be all right."

The big hose pipes had been drawn across the road and the fireman stepped back, briskly motioning her on. "Now, ma'am, you can go ahead."

Prue walked past him, down the narrow, littered street. The light was growing stronger. She lifted her head and the tears dried on her cheeks. She would rest a while and then she would go back to the hospital.

THE END



. . . Some days I'm blue . . . like today, for instance.

Even this portable doesn't help. I've played stacks of old favorites, new swings and late boogie-woogies and still the glooms hang on!

So I ask you . . . what's a girl to do? Go out wearing a face full of frowns? Try to grin from ear to ear? Or call things off and stay home?

What I can't figure is how those pals of mine manage to keep going—no matter what day of the month it is.

What have others got that I haven't?

They must have something . . . and I'm the gal who's going to find out! How? . . . well, I'll hide my pride and ask 'em. Want to listen in?...

Jane called it comfort! The kind Kotex sanitary napkins give.

She explained that Kotex is different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. For Kotex is made in soft folds that are less bulky—more comfortable—made to stay soft while wearing!

And, oh, what a pal was Carrie! She put it this way . . . for confidence and poise there's nothing like the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. They don't show even when you go without a girdle!

Nancy simply said . . . Safety first! And thank heavens for Kotex with the moisture-resistant "safety shield" that gives extra protection!

So now I'm singing "So-long Blues!" Now I know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

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(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



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My Own Super-Superlative Awards for 1941

(*Continued from page* 43)

Stingiest woman:
My business manager. (My allowance is twenty-five a week, when I get it!)

Most respected man in Hollywood (and why):
Jean Hersholt, because he's president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and he's worked tirelessly, not for glory, not for publicity, but for the betterment of his fellow actors. He's done more and gotten less credit for it than any other single man in Hollywood.

Best performers in 1941 (male and female):
Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"—and Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes."

Most overrated performance in 1941:
Spencer Tracy in "Doctor Jekyll And Mr. Hyde."

Best dressed man in 1941:
Fred Astaire.

Thinks he is:
Basil Rathbone.

Best dressed woman in 1941:
Loretta Young.

Thinks she is:
Norma Shearer. (But don't we all?)

Most likely to remain a bachelor in 1942:
Cary Grant, thank heaven—and I hope he remains that way!

Most likely to remain a spinster in 1942:
Marjorie Main.

Snootiest:
Madeleine Carroll.

Most likely to be married (male and female):
The young fry have been marrying so fast it wouldn't surprise me if Virginia Weidler and little Carolyn Lee got ideas. And among the men, George Montgomery, Bob Stack—in fact, if there's one who hasn't been snaffled up by the end of 1942, it'll be 'cause Uncle Sam's got him and he'll be out of reach.

Biggest bluff:
Melvyn Douglas.

Best picture of the year:
"How Green Was My Valley."

Worst picture of the year:
"Two-Faced Woman."

Most desirable bachelor in 1941:
Bobbie Stack.

Most desirable bachelor girl:
Ginger Rogers.

Best sense of humor:
Jack Barrymore, because he points it at himself instead of others. By his own sardonic wit, he's been the butt of every joke this past year.

Think they have best sense of humor:
Edna May Oliver and Mary Boland —but how right they are and the public knows it, too.

Worst break from Hollywood in 1941 (among the women):
Marlene Dietrich, but it was only her ankle; outside of that she's done all right. Worst real break was given to Ann Sheridan because she was kept off the screen for a year.

Worst break among Hollywood males in 1941:
By all odds, Eddie Albert.

Most talented off screen:
Katharine Hepburn, because she turned agent for a couple of unknown writers and got them $100,000. That's not talent, that's downright genius. (Wish she'd discover me!)

Best lover on the screen:
Still Charles Boyer.

Best lover off the screen:
I hear, Jean Gabin. (Hmmm! What have those Frenchmen got that Americans lack?)

Thinks he is:
George Raft, by his own admission.

Brightest saying of the year:
Lionel Barrymore, when he substituted for John on his air show and asked John, later, how he liked his performance. "Oh, adequate," replied John. "Adequate!" roared Lionel. "It's the best thing you ever did—and I had to do it for you!"

Worst boner of the year:
Deanna Durbin's fight with Universal Studios.

Kindest deed of the year:
Those Hollywood stars who have donated bungalows for the Motion Picture Relief Fund's Home—and here they are:
Jack Benny, in honor of daughter Joan.
Director Bill Seiter and wife.
Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.
British actors, writers and directors (donated one).
Ralph Morgan and Billie Burke.
Director John M. Stahl.
Artist Managers Guild.
Otto Kruger and daughter Ottilie.
Y. Frank Freeman, President, Motion Picture Producers Association.
Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Arnold.
Charles Feldman.
Mary Pickford.
The late Louise Closser Hale.
Jean Hersholt.
Jean Hersholt and daughter-in-law Osa Massen.
Screen Directors Guild (double bungalow)

Most co-operative with the press (among the women):
Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Charlotte Greenwood, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Roz Russell, Rita Hayworth, Jane Withers, Ginny Simms, Arline Judge, Jinx Falkenburg, Ann Miller, Shirley Ross, Carole Landis, Anne Shirley, Cobina Wright Jr. and Evelyn Keyes.

Most co-operative (among the men):
Kay Kyser, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Eddie Albert, Bobbie Stack, Fred Astaire, Ronnie Colman, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown and Jack Barrymore.

Least co-operative with the press:
I wouldn't know!

Biggest surprise personality of the year:
Ingrid Bergman—she's been tops in everything she's done.

Biggest disappointment of the year:
Gloria Swanson's comeback.

Biggest comeback star:
Paul Lukas's performance in the Broadway hit, "Watch On The Rhine"—also Fredric March's performance in "One Foot In Heaven."

Overcome biggest handicap:
"Dumbo" following "Fantasia."

Funniest hats:
Oh, come now! Everybody knows I've worn everything on my head but a washing machine—and now that we're being personal, if anybody sent me one, I'm not sure I wouldn't wear *that!*

THE END

Garbo Finds Herself

(*Continued from page* 55) childhood, Garbo continually tried to force her way out of the cramped family environment. Her only escape was to get off by herself, where she could live in a dream world.

"The sudden death of Garbo's father, forcing her to become a wage earner, sent her into the outside world. Selling and modeling hats offered the first outlet for artistic expression. It was neither luck nor chance that gave her her first picture job. Garbo's driving urge to express herself found the way.

"Garbo was a normal, ambitious, happy girl when she left Sweden. *Hollywood is solely responsible for her phobias.* Paradoxical as this may sound, the place that brought her fame and fortune became a black giant to her. The mystery legend which has been built around Garbo is at the bottom of her phobias. These fears, if allowed to go unchecked, might ruin her future happiness.

"In the beginning Garbo was only too willing to hide behind mystery stories. How they started no one seems to know. There was no more mystery about Garbo than there would be about any young foreign girl suddenly shot into the Hollywood limelight. Bewildered by the curiosity of the press, her limited English vocabulary misunderstood and ridiculed, she was glad to escape interviews and personal appearances.

"Living up to publicity stories is always difficult," smiled Dr. Drimmer. "It makes little difference whether you are an actress or a politician. The mysterious Garbo must not appear in public. If she did, she would no longer be a mystery. Famous, rich beyond her dreams, with a love for adventure, Garbo came up against the wall that was slowly encircling her. The mystery legend, which in the beginning offered refuge, became a complex, an obsession. Garbo was actually afraid to be seen in public."

"FOR instance, the time Garbo contemplated buying my friend's home,' I interrupted. Instead of acting temperamental or pulling a publicity stunt, as was suspected, I suppose she was sincere.

According to the real estate agent, Garbo ordered there must be no person in the house when she arrived. All the window shades must be down. She wanted to pass through each room quickly. Twice the owners hurriedly left the house when Garbo was said to be on the way. Twice she failed to show up. The third time word came that she was coming, the family was lunching around the pool.

"Garbo or no Garbo, I am going to finish my lunch," said the man of the house. He refused to join the other members of the family as they hurried off in the car.

"Meet the man who really tamed the shrew"



"What a terrible name to call yourself! And a sweet-tempered person like you . . . it's silly!"

"Believe it or not, I was terrible! If Bob hadn't stepped in, I might still be nervous, haggard, all temper and tantrums like this . . ."



"As pretty a girl as any man could wish! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of yeast in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. It's delicious."



"Stop it! That's awful!"

"Awful is right! But Bob found the right answer . . . I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"A what?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."



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March *Now On Sale*

"When Garbo's car actually turned into our driveway, I slipped into the hall closet," said the owner. "After all, I didn't want to be the cause of any embarrassment."

After a reasonable length of time, my friend stepped out of the closet only to come face to face with Garbo striding down the hall. Looking neither to right nor left she hurried out the door. Needless to say, she didn't buy the house.

"Garbo was not acting temperamental. Neither was she trying to pull a publicity stunt," responded Dr. Drimmer. "Like a person who becomes nauseated when encountering a bad odor, Garbo might have become physically ill had she entered a strange house amid strange people. Her phobia against meeting strangers has become that acute."

The house Garbo finally decided upon is located in Brentwood Heights, not far from Santa Monica. To date she has rented four houses in this district. Like all of her other places, the spacious grounds, tennis court and swimming pool are shut off from the public by a high wall.

"When not working, Garbo follows a daily routine," said Dr. Drimmer. "Up at six, she goes through ten minutes of Yogi breathing exercises. After a light breakfast of fruit juice her colored chauffeur drives her to the beach, which is always deserted at this time in the morning. After a dip in the ocean she literally walks miles over the sand. When she has worked up an appetite she climbs into her car. On the back seat there is ready for her a wooden bowl filled with a salad made of green raw vegetables mixed with a dressing made of olive oil, lemon and salt, and a package of Swedish hard tack.

"Whenever Garbo makes a long motor trip this salad bowl goes into her car. Instead of stopping at a cafe for lunch, the car is drawn over to the side of the road where lunch is served.

"The renowned Swedish painter Eric Nerman and his wife are among the few people privileged to join Garbo over her salad bowl. It was always taken along on their trips to Santa Barbara.

"ALTHOUGH this has never been told before, Garbo's trips up the coast are to visit her mother, brother and his wife who live there. When war threatened Sweden Garbo brought her family to the United States. She installed them, under an assumed name, in a beautiful home high in the Montecito hills above Santa Barbara. Not until recently has Garbo's mother overcome her homesickness for her native land and found peace and contentment working in the flower garden that overlooks the ocean.

"Only when Garbo got away from Hollywood did she find a happy, free side of life, where she was not afraid to go out in the open," continued Dr. Drimmer.

"With her present one-picture contract, made from picture to picture, she had planned to spend most of her time in her native land where she lived a free, happy life. But war upset her plans.

"Because Garbo gets up at six in the morning, she usually goes to bed when most people are beginning the evening—around seven. It is in bed that she does most of her reading. She is a deep student of philosophy. She spent a great deal of time with me talking about Indian and Yogi philosophy. More than anything else she wants to know the secret of life. She attends lectures given by a swami in a temple high in the Verdugo hills, back of Glendale.

"Getting plenty of rest, as well as exercise, keeps Garbo in excellent physical condition. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. She has tremendous vitality. Like all stars who have to watch their weight, she has become diet-conscious. But she eats anything she likes."

This reminded me of a story a friend of mine recently told me. Lunching in Perrino's, a smart restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard, his attention was called to a girl sitting alone in a booth opposite him. Instead of a fork, she was using a dessert spoon. She was fairly shoveling the food on her plate which was piled high with spaghetti, meat balls and various vegetables.

As she was served a second helping, she looked up. To his surprise he recognized Garbo.

"Oblivious to her surroundings, she made no attempt to conceal her identity. The large, floppy hat, such as she usually wears, was not pulled down to hide her face. She had strawberry sundae for dessert. Certainly she wasn't dieting that day," smiled my friend.

"The fact that she lunched by herself, indifferent to other people, is proof that she is definitely overcoming her phobia of being seen around Hollywood," commented Dr. Drimmer.

"It is time Garbo is understood," he concluded.

"She has never done anything as a publicity stunt. She is not a faker. She is sincere in everything she does. To her credit, everything she does is done thoroughly.

"If Garbo is as persistent in breaking down the walls that have shut her off from a normal life as she was in building them, she is certain to find happiness."

THE END



Solid silver Chinese pagoda, smuggled out of China in small pieces, is photographed, with a star touch, by Hymie Fink at Pat Morison's home. The pagoda is to be exhibited all over the United States for Chinese Relief

(*Continued from page* 29) if we were, we said flatly, 'No.' Nobody believed that, either. Tongues whipped into cheeks at every detail. Anyone who knows me at all should have realized I never do anything secretly. I think it's adolescent stuff, a lot of abracadabra.

"When people come to me and ask me what gives with me, I do one of two things: I either tell the truth or I tell them it is, poddon, none of their business. So when you ask me if it's over between George and me, I say yes."

Here, you see, enters that snide element of time. The yes she said on this occasion and the yes she said a scant thirty days later to a tall, dark, grey-eyed man in the gentle air of a Palm Beach evening were two quite different things. Something romantically drastic must have happened to change the mind of the girl from Texas, because there can be no question of her sincerity in speaking as she did at the time of the breakup. Annie isn't one to mince words; you have it from her—and you have it from me.

As a matter of fact, several things happened. There was the evening at Ciro's when Ann made her official declaration of independence; made it in the most eloquent way—without words—by appearing in public for the first time in two years with an escort other than George Brent. When, in the company of Cesar Romero, her old friend and favorite dancing partner of the pre-Brent days, she swung into Ciro's garbed in the most stunning outfit of her career, the ohs and the ahs went up on all sides. This was Freedom with a capital F, and the columns buzzed with the news.

Then, when a week or two later she appeared with George and the Bill Powells at a dinner of happy merry-making, the columns buzzed again, this time with the wildest conjectures and general confusion. But at that point Annie was hewing strictly to the line of her established policy. For she said to me:

In case you haven't your February copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror handy, here is the excerpt we mention on page 28. Matilda Trotter says in "Hollywood—Beware in 1942!": ". . . It (the Ann Sheridan-George Brent romance) looks like a true love affair (no matter what the recent gossip is) and it would last anywhere but in Hollywood. . . . According to their horoscopes it should even out smart Hollywood. . . ." After reading this story you'll agree it most certainly did!

"People ask me, 'Have you and George said good-by?' But that," and her laugh was a little scornful, "is fancying it up a lot. It isn't one of those good-by-forever - never - see - each - other - again things. Corny though this may sound, we're still friends. It's the truth. It's simply one of those things that naturally resolved itself, as such things usually do. They go backward or they go forward. Maybe we went backward!

"Actually, it just got to a point where there would be places I'd want to go, parties and so on, and George wouldn't want to go. I got tired of not going and I went. That's all there is to it. We may still be seen out together occasionally, George and I. There's no good reason why we shouldn't be. We have always been free. For two years we didn't have any yen to use our freedom other than the way we did. Now we will make use of it, when we feel like it."

AND there was much to give credence to her words. The Sheridan-Brent friends said frankly, "It's Annie who has called it off." They freely admitted that George had never, seemingly, been so in love with any girl as with the sensational Sheridan. He had never been known to gift a girl as he had gifted Annie—the limousine for her last birthday, the jewels, the pains he always took to plan the gifts as surprises. He had never before been known to come to the studios on days when he wasn't working. But he came to Annie's sets and watched her work.

He had learned to laugh with her; to relax the wall of wariness he had built around himself after the failure of his three marriages. The first of these had been to Helen Campbell, shortly after his arrival in this country from Ireland; the second, to Ruth Chatterton who was then at the peak of her career, and the handsome young Irishman, like many another man, found the competition with fame too stiff. His third marriage, to Constance Worth, had been called off in its early stages by mutual agreement.

Thus, little by little, George Brent had become a man locked within himself. He had been everywhere, seen everything. He had come to know and like humanity in its broader phases, to be keenly sympathetic with the needs of his fellow

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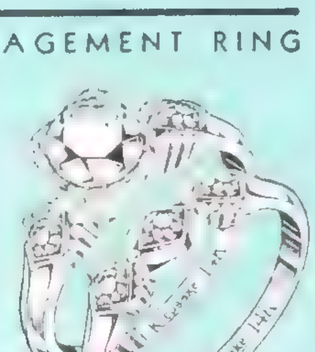
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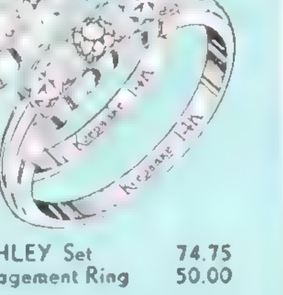
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men—as witness the facts that he turned his yacht over to the Government for the duration and, upon hearing of Pearl Harbor, gave his Hawaiian plantation as an evacuation center for children, supplying emergency rations, surgical equipment and a bomb shelter at his own expense.

But as for humanity in a party mood Brent would have none of it. Rather was he content to sit home and read. Rarely did he go to night clubs, seldom to parties, even in private homes. What friends he saw always came to him.

Annie, on the other hand, was young, had not been everywhere, not seen everything—and wanted to. She was full of pep, electric with enthusiasm, loved people. Combine two such people for two solid years and—well, there was every reason for saying it wouldn't last.

AND another sign pointed to separation. Ann began to think about her career. Her performance in "Kings Row" really took hold of her. With an earnestness I could not gainsay she told me:

"I have worked hard for my career. I took suspension, not an easy thing to do, because I knew I was getting nowhere fast. The studio had given me terrific publicity but no chance to live up to that publicity. I got sick of that. But since I have finished 'Kings Row' I feel I have come, for the first time, to a point where I can put my feet on the ground without fearing it may be quicksand which will suck me down to oblivion again. At last, a little solidity. Why risk it? And I would be risking it if I married at this turn of the road.

"I like to do a job thoroughly. I don't think I can do two jobs thoroughly—marriage and career. I'll tell you a secret," and she grinned the wide Sheridan grin. "I'm saving me for myself. I'm not taking on one more thing than I can handle without strain.

All of which would hardly seem to be aimed in the direction of Palm Beach and white orchids. But shortly thereafter a very significant thing happened. The holidays came—those days when more than any other time of the year we want to be surrounded by our nearest and dearest, giving presents, receiving presents.

So what did Ann do? At Christmas she handed back to George the stunning specially designed ring he had given her two years before, which she had worn third-finger-left-hand style, the while hotly contending it was *not* an engagement ring.

And what did George do? He handed it back to her, saying it was hers, he had given it to her, he wanted her to have it. This time Ann took it for good.

Why? Because in those extraordinarily vital grey eyes of George Brent there was a new message, a message that had never been there before, one that would find an answer in the heart of any woman.

Christmas swung into a gay week end. Both were deliriously happy, realizing that nothing is so precious as something nearly lost. By New Year's their minds were made up. They would fly to the home of George's sister, widow of the late theatrical producer, Sam H. Harris, in Palm Beach, there to be married.

With the utmost secrecy they boarded a plane. But weather conditions forced them down en route and they had to complete the journey by train. So the marriage which had been planned for Saturday actually took place Monday, January 5.

They arrived in the afternoon and that same night in the lovely rich living room of Mrs. Sam Harris's home the ceremony took place. Mrs. Harris's son, Pat Watson, was best man for his uncle and the bride was given away by William Q. Cain, Palm Beach attorney and intimate friend of the family. In the bridal party was Constance Talmadge, now Mrs. Walter Giblin.

Ann, of the red-gold hair, wore a champagne-colored tulle dress and carried white orchids. Over her head was an exquisite white mantilla that had belonged to her grandmother. To the eyes of all, but especially those of the man by her side, she was a lovely thing to behold.

And what about freedom, Mrs. Brent?

I'm sure Ann would be the first to tell you she's found her real freedom in the man she loves.

THE END



This was a "We're still good friends" date between Ann and George. They went to Ciro's for dinner with Bill and Diana Lewis Powell, had a laugh-and-be-merry time. Though a confused Hollywood didn't realize it, this date was in line with Ann's newest policy on her friendship with Brent

(*Continued from page* 4) screen . . . or Lt. Wayne Morris out of the Navy . . . you will not soon again experience the pulse-quickening production and direction of John Huston, he who turned "The Maltese Falcon" into such a hit but who is now in the signal corps.

Yet we, the people . . . we, whose first duty it is to maintain our morale . . . we are very lucky that we have today in Washington leaders who know that all war work and no play makes a dull nation . . . we are fortunate that the primary thing that Washington is demanding of Hollywood is that it help keep up our spirits . . . keep on creating laughter. . . .

IT is ironic that the factor that is letting Hollywood spring to answer this command is the "consent decree" which it hated so violently when it was first imposed upon it . . . this "consent decree" forced the studios to complete films before selling them to the exhibitors . . . movies had to be all ready to project, rather than mere promises on paper under this law . . . and now it has, in this emergency, worked out to Hollywood's (and the country's) terrific advantage . . . the declaration of war found Hollywood with more finished pictures on hand than it has ever had finished at one time in its entire history. . . .

And what fine pictures they are, almost without exception . . . there's "Johnny Eager" with Robert Taylor at his superb best and Lana Turner continuing her dazzling climb into higher glory . . . there's "Remember The Day," which has that wonderful, rare blend of gentle tears and chuckling laughter and in which, to my mind, Claudette Colbert gives her supreme performance . . . there is the beguiling, enchanting "Dumbo". . . .

"Babes On Broadway," had it nothing more than Mickey Rooney's imitation of Carmen Miranda, would be worth the price of attendance . . . but "Babes" has much, much more besides . . . "Louisiana Purchase" has Bob Hope, which makes it another bargain . . . and it also has Zorina and beautiful girls in beautiful gowns against a background of beautiful tunes . . . there's a new Preston Sturges film, "Sullivan's Travels," to prove conclusively that Veronica Lake is no flash in the pancromatic and in which Joel McCrea gives a performance that puts him in the class with his closest pal, Gary Cooper . . and there's Coop himself turning back to comedy-romance in "Ball Of Fire" in which Barbara Stanwyck is very snazzy as a wise-cracking cabaret girl . . . and in the lesser brackets, there's even Gracie Allen come dizzily back to the screen in "Mr. And Mrs. North," an unimportant but most intriguing mystery farce which is very, very amusing . . . and John Barrymore comes dizzily back, also, as co-star with Kay Kyser in "Playmates" which packs a lot of innocent fun. . . .

Of course, you are knitting, or bandage-rolling, or drilling or something-ing every few moments these days, as we all are . . . but these films will relax you so that you will have new energy . . . and remember that we must, all of us, guard our mental well-being as greatly, or even more greatly, than we do our physical well-being these days. . . .

But just in case, in our great wish to help our country, you do not feel you have quite the right to seek any entertainment, remember this . . . the powers of darkness that are arraigned against us know sacrifice, too . . . they know how to arm . . . they know how to work . . . they know how to suffer . . . they know how to be courageous . . . but one thing they have nearly forgotten, because they have been so long separated from it . . . that is the healing gift of laughter.

Let's keep laughter alive in our hearts . . . let's keep laughter alive in this world . . . Hollywood is trying to help you do that . . . on the sound stages today air-raid sirens are being installed . . . under many of the stages bomb-proof shelters are being created . . . some of the deluxe schools have been evacuated and little movie children are being taught, once more, in private homes . . . but Hollywood itself is carrying on. . . .

The stars are rising before the dawn . . . the writers are pouring over new scripts . . . scirpts whose first purpose it is to retell the glory of our America . . . in every way the extravagances are being cut down . . . but the films are being made . . . those movies that go out to the other lands, the greatest of American good-will ambassadors . . . those movies that come to you and to me in our local theaters . . . come to us, no matter what future hardships the making of them may entail . . . come to us so that the freedom of laughter may not die in the hearts of the free peoples remaining on this earth. . . .

THE END

Identical Usack Twins Prove

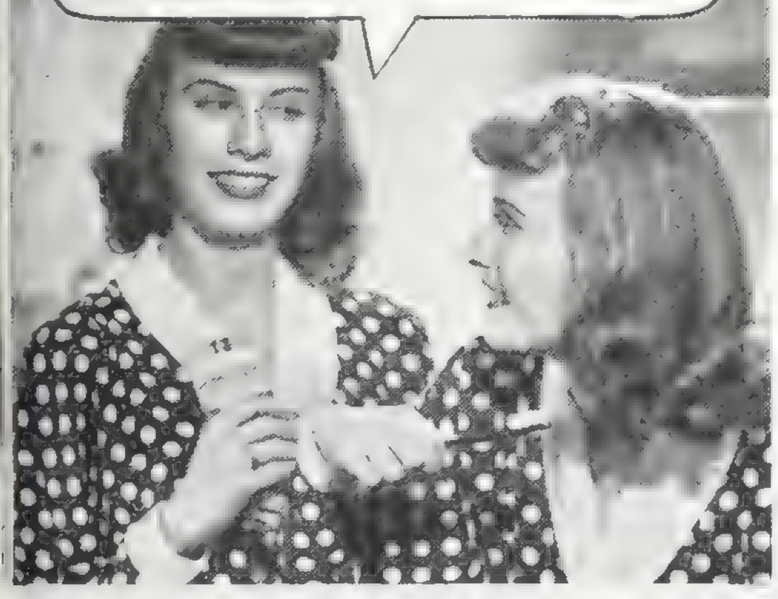
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See your dentist twice a year

(*Continued from page* 45) don't you, and the young German who turned out to be the villain in the piece? Well, that was Paul Henreid.

We could tell you all this about the glamorous strangers who played that love scene in "Joan Of Paris" which the RKO lot will never forget. But still, you wouldn't know what they're *like* . . . the kind of people they are and the things that have been important in their lives and how and why, unknown and unacclaimed by most of you American movie fans, they have become, overnight, stars of first magnitude.

What is Michele like? She is not beautiful. She is more than that; she is unforgettable. She has the bluest eyes you ever saw—that is, they are blue until she wears a green frock; then they are green. Or they are blue until she wears a gray frock; then they are gray. She has soft, straight, brown hair. She has a wide, mobile red mouth and lovely teeth. She is slender, boyish, graceful and about five feet three.

She'll come into a room and smile that shy yet humorous smile of hers and then kick off her shoes and perch on the arm of any handy easy chair, wriggling her toes on the cushioned seat.

She looks Irish, with her blue eyes and her fresh coloring, and it pleases her to have you say so. "Although," she adds, seriously, "it is really American that I wanted to be. I've already taken out my first papers!" Although she has known English only a year, her speech is unaccented and it pleases her, too, to have you remark that.

"I talk to myself in English when there is no one else to speak with," she tells you. "I even think in English. It isn't," she hurries to explain, "that I do not love France. It is just that I am here; that I wish to adopt your country for my own —your fine, your beautiful, your *new* country!"

Michele dreamed of becoming an American for a long time—longer, even, then she dreamed of being an actress. It was, in truth, her reason for becoming an actress. She saw herself famous in France. She saw herself carried west across the Atlantic on wings of fame, arriving in this country amid great fanfare. It didn't turn out quite that way. She fled France secretly, the dogs of war at her heels. She was seasick throughout her Atlantic voyage. She arrived in New York wan, ill, unacclaimed. But—she was here and that was what counted most.

It was in Michele's middle teens that she began working to make her childhood dreams come true. She was being brought up in the decorous fashion befitting a little girl of her gentle, respectable background. She went to school and was also taught to sew and to paint and to play the piano. She would make some young Frenchman a fine wife someday, her parents were sure. But all the while, Michele was planning a different future and, practical little piece that she was, was saving her small allowance to that end. Came a day when she had seventy francs, enough for tickets to Paris for both herself and her younger brother. So they set out—"in the dead of night, it was," she explains, enjoying the drama of the phrase—and journeyed to her grandmother's home in a Paris suburb.

"I have come to attend dramatic school," Michele announced.

Of course, the two travelers were promptly sent back to Brittany and Michele was punished severely, not only for running away but for aspiring to such an unconventional thing as being an actress. So that was that, you might have thought. Only it wasn't. Michele went on a hunger strike. She would eat nothing until, ten pounds lighter but victorious, she returned to Paris and to Grandmother, a dramatic school registrant. She was there two years and then, luck of luck, she was given the feminine lead in the French film, "Gribouille," ("Heart Of Paris") with Charles Boyer, and her career had begun.

ASKED if she has ever been in love, she answered cryptically, "How do I know? I have thought I was and then I have thought I was not."

She talks like that. She says she was never much of a student in school, but she'll sit there before you and say remarkable things. Things like, "We Europeans analyze too much. We pull an idea—or an ideal—apart so we may look inside it and then we have nothing left, inside or out."

As she sits there talking so logically, you wonder about the love scene with Paul Henreid. How can this calm, rational youngster be emotionally convincing, you ask yourself. But she explains that, too. "I say, silently, as I look at the man I am supposed to adore, 'I love you, I love you! Oh, darling, I love you!' And then—I do love him and I can show it in my eyes."

"And after your day's work is over—how do you feel then?"

FOR FIVE OUT OF SEVEN WOMEN . . .

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!





These days when beauty means so much, use *Matched Makeup*—color-coordinated Marvelous Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . by Richard Hudnut!

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Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT *Stays on 5 Hours*

"Then I go home and study my English or play my swing records or read my American magazines, and what happened at the studio is only a dream—until next time."

And that is a little bit of what Michele Morgan, the new French star, is like. Wouldn't you say she is something?

As for Paul Henreid. Well, off the screen he reminds you just a little of Charles Boyer. There is an indescribable something about him. He is taller and younger and handsomer but there is that same exciting look in his eyes. If you are female and under sixty you'll understand. After that first fleeting impression, you like him much better than you ever did Boyer, though, and you have a lot more fun with him, too. He is much more human and much friendlier. He likes to talk and talks well. He has a wonderful sense of humor. And there is about him an unstudied gallantry, a sort of "you and only you" manner which could well turn your head if you didn't watch out. He has glamour, all right, or sex appeal, or whatever it is that sets a feminine heart to fluttering!

PAUL has led a pretty interesting life. It has been a good life, too, he says warmly, this in spite of the fact that it hasn't always been easy. It has been good, he says, for a number of reasons, but the biggest of these reasons, and the best, is the girl that he married. "She sets the keynote to all that has counted with me," he says. "She is the real picture; the rest is just background."

Small wonder then, since Paul Henreid feels that way about his wife, that theirs is a love story as romantic as many Hollywood productions. For one thing, up to an hour before they met, Paul was engaged to another girl in Vienna. Their families were friends and it seemed a very satisfactory arrangement. But this girl, inspired, no doubt, by a fate that had other plans for Paul, kept refusing to set a wedding date. Wealthy, popular, sought after, she wasn't sure whether she wanted to get married or not. "I don't know you so very well, really, for all we've been acquainted since childhood," she said by way of excuse.

So Paul proposed a plan. "Come with me to Portorose (a lovely resort near Trieste) for a vacation," he said, "and we'll get acquainted. Then, after that, you can make your decision."

His fiancee agreed and all arrangements were made. But on the day they were to leave, she reneged. She was busy, she said. She really couldn't get away. Maybe later . . . at which Paul lost his temper. The two of them quarreled and their engagement was no more.

ANGRY, disappointed, hurt, Paul went to a party that night, alone. Women were the bunk, he was telling himself. And then he met Elizabeth Gluck, the daughter of a distinguished Viennese art critic and herself a costume designer of considerable note. He says that when he looked into those grey-blue eyes of hers and stooped to kiss her hand he knew that this was the real thing. They drank a cocktail together and then, with no more preliminaries than that, Paul took her off to Vienna's wonderful Kabenzel bar which is an old castle perched high above the city. And there they sat at a little table on a terrace, drinking now and then but most of the time just talking or maybe just looking at each other, until the lights went out in the city below them and dawn painted the dark ribbon of the Danube rose and silver.

"I've known you only a few hours. I am in love with you for a lifetime," Paul told Elizabeth as he kissed her good night—or good morning. And while she didn't commit herself, then, her lips against his were a pledge.

Followed the gayest, maddest, loveliest autumn imaginable. The two of them, Paul Henreid, the matinee idol, and Elizabeth Gluck, the cleverest costume designer in Vienna, were seen together everywhere. They were openly in love. They even kissed each other in public, sometimes. But they didn't announce their engagement. "We never knew exactly why," Paul told me. "It just seemed a good idea not to—perhaps because conservative Vienna was so shocked at our irresponsible conduct. The way to act was to have a stodgy engagement party and more stodgy parties after that and a stodgy wedding. But we never did. Sometimes we thought we would. We even ordered wedding invitations. Perhaps we would have sent them out, finally, in the conventional way, if something hadn't happened to prevent it. You see, I was called to London to do a play. So, on New Year's Eve in 1934, we just went around to a little church we knew and were married. Then we sent out the invitations. It was crazy, of course. But is any young couple in love quite sane?"

Two days later Paul was off to London. Elizabeth followed him soon after. They made a new life there. Paul became as successful on the London stage as he had been in Vienna. Elizabeth started her own dress shop. They took out citizenship papers. They would live here always, they said.

BUT—what is that saying about the "best laid plans of mice and men?" Things happened. Hitler marched into Vienna and overnight Paul's fortune in the banks there was confiscated. It amounted to more than $100,000. But Europeans have learned to take disaster in their stride. The months rolled by and war came to the world. Still alien in the eyes of British law, Paul and Elizabeth (he always calls her "Lisl") came to New York.

Oh, they were broke, all right! The $100 which was all the money they were allowed to take out of England melted away like ice in the sun. When they'd spent the last dollar and Paul still hadn't been able to get a job, Elizabeth got one. Paul tells about that with special pride. "It was she who kept us eating until I got my break in 'Flight To The West,'" he says, "God love her!"

"Flight To The West" was good and Paul was a hit. "Night Train" was released—and you know the rest. A little water under the bridge and he was in Hollywood on the RKO "Joan Of Paris" set, kissing Michele Morgan as few girls had been kissed before a Hollywood camera. And those who watched knew that Gable and Taylor and some of the others had better look to their laurels.

The End.



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HE—"That lady has a mustache!"
SHE—"How embarrassing!"
HE—"Why doesn't she shave?"
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come that problem—listen—I'll tell you a secret—I once had the problem of ugly, superfluous hair on face and limbs. I was discouraged—unloved. Tried many different products but nothing was really satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method—It worked, and brought me happiness."

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 19*)

Mail Answered," I feel I must write and express my gratitude to a number of Hollywood stars whose courtesy in answering my mail has done much towards dispelling that old-fashioned illusion that all stars are "celluloid mysteries" untouchable by the common ten-cent-ticket fan.

There is Bing Crosby, who never refuses a request for a signed photograph and who always insists upon signing his mail personally.

There is Clark Gable, from whom I received a delightful letter in September, 1940, and Cesar Romero who is always fully appreciative of his fan mail.

Last Christmas I received a personally signed Christmas greeting from Spencer Tracy, illustrating the kind and thoughtful generosity of yet another great Hollywood personality.

Recently I was the proud recipient of a personal letter from John Garfield, whose profound concern for the British people touched me deeply and made me realize that at least some of Hollywood's celluloid heroes and heroines are made of flesh and blood. And there are others, too numerous to mention, who have made me feel (and many others too, no doubt) that writing a fan letter can be worth while in the end.

Most fans agree that there is a vast difference between going to see a movie studded with big names alone and going to see one starring men and women who are "big" in the traditional American way. The latter will be remembered long after the neon lights have gone out.

JOYCE B. CLEGG,
Rochdale, Lancs, England.

$1.00 PRIZE
From a Soldier's Mother . . .

I'VE just seen "Sergeant York." Why add my praise to the encomiums already heaped upon it? And yet, why not? I believe the Bible says, "Praise is comely for the upright." I don't know exactly how that applies here—but Sergeant York would like the sentiment, since it is from "the Book." A fine, sincere picture. An American classic. A lesson, of the finest sort, in democracy.

I hope my son, who is an Aviation Cadet, will see this picture. I believe it would answer some of the questions in the heart of a gently reared boy who would like to be spared the necessity of killing anybody or anything but who is willing to do his duty even though, like many of his college "buddies," he sometimes isn't quite sure what he will be fighting for, if he must fight.

Certainly the picture brought to me, the mother of a soldier in the making, a clearer vision, a stronger faith, a firmer purpose. Thanks to all who helped bring this splendid picture into being; and very special thanks to Gary Cooper for the portrayal of a role for which he surely must have been predestined.

MARY T. PYLE,
Richmond, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
Special to Greer Garson

IF I were a judge and had an Oscar to award, I shouldn't hesitate to hand it to Greer Garson. She makes any character she portrays utterly natural, lovably human and so very worth knowing.

She is one star that no story will make or break, for she has a shining quality which takes her above mere plots and incidents and leaves the observer happier for having seen her.

As a woman of character in "Blossoms In The Dust" she was beautiful, heartrending, noble. In a picture with Crawford and Taylor, she was gay, light and, though not the star, she left you with the feeling that of them all she had the most patience with life.

As far as Greer Garson is concerned my visual appetite has only been stimulated. I should like her served in any form or level of American life. I should very much like to meet her.

ILONA GEORGE,
South Portland, Me.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hats Off!

WILL some of you gentlewomen who are supposed to be so considerate kindly tell me why so many of your sex persist in keeping their hats on in a theater regardless of the inconvenience and discomfort to the person sitting behind them? If there is anything more annoying than conversation during a show, it is to sit in back of some creature who hasn't the decency or courtesy to remove her so-called "hat," which looks more like the product of some madman's nightmare.

Oh, for the good old days when managers were obliged to flash a slide on the screen reading: "Ladies, please remove your hats." Well, girls, as Ben Franklin said, "If you do what you should not, so you must hear what you would not."

A. SCHWORER,
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

SINCE seeing "I Wanted Wings" I have a special heartbeat for Brian Donlevy and should be very grateful if you would print a photo of him just specially for me! The bigger the better!

I think he deserves a leading role in another good film. Cheers for Brian Donlevy!

GEM MALONE,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

I WONDER if an ardent and old-time movie fan dare go on with a suggestion made by Hedda Hopper in your December Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Her idea of a good resolution was for Clark Gable to use his influence to be costarred with Judy Garland.

Clark, use your influence and ask for the story of "The Usurper" by Harry H. Krolls. You would make a perfect *Stan Buterworth* and our little Judy Garland would soar to the heights as *Lallie Belle.*

HAZEL L. TROTTER,
Oakland, Calif.

WHAT is the yardstick with which big producers measure and then relegate to obscurity a real performer?

Look at Lew Ayres! Suddenly discarded! Then brought back after a long screen absence. Hurrah for the one who had the good horse sense to bring him back! I certainly enjoy all his pictures.

After years of valuable experience, capable and seasoned performers are let out. Whose fault is that? Not the movie-goers. To them it is like shaking hands with an old friend when their favorites are in the cast.

MILDRED RUTH RICCI,
South Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

✓ The Corsican Brothers (Edward Small-U. A.)

It's About: *A pair of avenging twins in old Corsica.*

THIS is the kind of movie that made movies popular; it has romance, thrills, rescues, sword play and all the unbelievable things that went into the dream world of movies. Modern pictures have unfortunately lost much of this glamorous make-believe, so it is with delight we see it all again here with Doug Fairbanks Jr. giving one of his best performances in a dual role.

Doug plays twin sons of a noble Corsican family, murdered by the *Colonna* family of ruffians at the time of the twins' birth. The babies, curiously bound by flesh and souls, are rescued and separated for safety. Twenty-one years later they are brought together and both set out on their deeds of revenge. In one brother's heart grows hatred of the other because he feels only the reflected emotions of the other—love, hate and suffering.

Ruth Warrick is a beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff, the hated *Colonna* baron. J. Carrol Naish and H. B. Warner, who love the twins, and John Emery as *Colonna's* cousin are so good in their roles.

The romance and thrills that abound in a well-knit story are many and will hold you entranced throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: Gallant knights and fair lady fare.

✓ The Night Of January 16th (Paramount)

It's About: *A secretary who is accused of murdering her boss.*

WHAT were you doing on the night of January 16, Mr. and Mrs. Public? We hope you were viewing a clever murder mystery labeled "The Night Of January 16th." In fact, we can't think of a way of spending a more enjoyable evening, for here is a movie with a cleverly motivated plot, plenty of suspense, comedy, thrills and action.

Nils Asther (and there's a handsome one for you) is a business executive who is murdered, leaving his company with a $2,000,000 shortage. His secretary, Ellen Drew, is accused of the murder and, while we know she's innocent, circumstantial evidence piles up like a snowdrift about her luckless feet.

Then to her rescue comes Robert Preston, a sailor who has inherited from his uncle a huge share of stock in the company of which the handsome Nils was boss. Naturally, he's interested in solving the mystery, locating the real culprit and recovering the missing $2,000,000. And let us say Preston does a mighty swell job of it, too.

It's very well acted, directed and written and one peach of a little "pitcher." Cliff Nazarro does one small bit that's a pip.

Your Reviewer Says: We dare you not to be interested.

GIVE YOUR EYES A CHANCE—AND WIN A PRIZE!



How would you like to be chosen as the girl with the *prize winning eyes?* If you have expressive eyes, here's how you can make them lovely enough to win a movie contract, 6-piece wardrobe, or any one of ten exciting prizes.

Let Camille mascara, the new smearproof, waterproof cosmetic that makes lashes look longer and lovelier, and Camille eyebrow pencil, the color-right, smooth-marking crayon, bring out all the hidden beauty and expression your eyes really have! Then, with your eyes gloriously at their best, enter this contest, sponsored by Camille, Inc., and Republic Pictures for the *girls with the loveliest eyes.*

TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or boxtops (or reasonable facsimiles thereof), together with your photo or snapshot (preferably your face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three cards or boxtops. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

FIRST PRIZE:

A screen role in a Republic film for two weeks, at the Republic Studios in Hollywood, at a salary of $100 per week. As the guest of Republic Pictures, all expenses (such as hotel bill and transportation) will be paid. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers."

HERE ARE THE OTHER THRILLING PRIZES:

- A strikingly original, 6-piece wardrobe from Townley Frocks Inc., consisting of fall suit, daytime dress, dinner gown and lounging pajamas, all created by Claire McCardell, leading American designer.
- An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, irridium platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
- A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

JUDGES: M. J. Siegel, President Republic Pictures; Walter Thornton, head of Thornton Model Agency; the Beauty Editors of Photoplay, Glamour, Motion Picture, Screen Guide, Screenland and Modern Screen.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY JULY 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

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✓ Remember The Day (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The photographed memoirs of a schoolteacher.*

HERE is pretty swell entertainment anyway you look at it. The acting is splendid, the story sound and the direction comforting. You can't do better in your movie bargaining than to give an hour of your time in exchange for this delightful story.

Claudette Colbert is at her best as the schoolteacher who sits awaiting an audience with a great man who is running for President of these United States. In retrospect she's taken back to the time when she was a young teacher and this boy played a part in her true love, her marriage and widowhood.

Unique, isn't it? Yes, and interesting from beginning to end, with Colbert making the most of every scene.

John Payne takes a new lease on life in his role opposite Colbert. Never has Payne seemed so likable or believable as he does in "Remember The Day." Douglas Croft and Ann Todd are a delightful pair of youngsters who become John Shepperd and Frieda Inescort as adults.

Your Reviewer Says: Remember the picture.

✓ Bedtime Story (Columbia)

It's About: *A playwright who wins back his divorced wife.*

IT'S like this: Fredric March is the self-centered, handsome playwright husband of Loretta Young, a Broadway star who wants to retire to private life. Husband Freddy keeps begging her to do one more of his plays, until, finally, she can bear it no longer, hies herself to Reno, divorces old Flighty Pants and marries a substantial banker.

Up to that moment things have been a bit slow and dullish. But now things really start popping and it's fun every minute. Freddy interrupts his former wife's honeymoon, much to the bridegroom's embarrassment and Loretta's concealed amusement, she being on to her ex-husband every moment.

Robert Benchley and Allyn Joslyn, the horrified, unkissed second husband, are killing. March is at his best in this type of farce. It's all very giddy and even a bit gaddy, which is maybe what the doctor ordered these days.

Your Reviewer Says: Frivolous but fetching.

✓ The Vanishing Virginian (M-G-M)

It's About: *Family life in Virginia during "the peaceful era."*

EVERY once in a while a tender, warm, appealing little tidbit steals out of Hollywood unheralded and unpraised. Such a morsel is "The Vanishing Virginian," a picture that, fortunately for all, remains free from overemphasized ballyhoo. If M-G-M thought they had a dud on their hands—and their lack of laudatory noises forces us to believe that—they were mistaken. They have a perfect love of a story to hearten and cheer us during these times of stress, to give us fresh hope in the security of American family life.

Before "progress" set in to mar our quiet ways, down in Virginia there lived Frank Morgan, a successful Virginia attorney and politician, and his wife, Spring Byington, with their family of five children, Kathryn Grayson, Natalie Thompson, Juanita Quigley, Dickie Jones and Scotty Beckett. Unreeled are the events, laughable and sad, commonplace and stirring, that take place within the family circle and its environs. *Mama's* sweetness and comical jealousies, daughter Kathryn's deep understanding of her father's ambitions, the natural boyish outbursts of the male kids—all unfold to enchant and charm, even as they did in Rebecca Yancey Williams' delightful book from which the movie was translated.

Mr. Morgan and Miss Byington are a perfect pair and a perfect foil, each for the other. Kathryn Grayson is outstanding in her role and Douglass Newland, as her beau, is a newcomer to reckon with.

If it's peace and happiness you're looking for in your entertainment search. here it is; you need look no further.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm with a capital.

✓ Hellzapoppin' (Mayfair-Universal)

It's About: *Well—you tell us.*

OF all the zaney, nuttier-than-a-fruitcake movies, this is it. Yes, sir, this is a movie that will either have you screaming your head off or, if you're one of those people untouched by sheer madness, will leave you cold and mystified.

Personally, our sides ached for days after this screen version of the stage riot that rocked Broadway for three years. Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, that undefinable pair of clowns, have taken their show and transcribed it to the screen with all its wow and zest, fuss and feathers, madness and nitwittery.

No use to attempt story or plot explanations with Olsen and Johnson interrupting the picture to rearrange the story to their liking, to denounce the projectionist who is running the film for focusing too long on a pretty girl, to insert notices relative to the audience. When we tell you Martha Raye, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer are mixed up in the deal, you can know what to expect.

Clever song numbers, a romantic triangle with Jane Frazee and Robert Paige and Lewis Howard, colored dancers, The Six Hits, rabbits, ducks and a talking bear all surround these Kings of Clowns to confound, dumfound and astound audiences everywhere.

Your Reviewer Says: The lid's off and the sky's the limit.

Mr. And Mrs. North (M-G-M)

It's About: *A gabby woman who finds herself knee-deep in a murder mystery.*

IT'S GRACIE ALLEN from start to finish and, while we think Gracie in average doses is fun, too much is dis-gracie to any story that wants to hang together.

Taken from the Owen Davis play based on the Richard and Frances Lockridge stories, Gracie is cast as *Mrs. North*, who has a flair for amateur detecting. Most of the sequences that made the stories and play a hilarious treat have given way to typical Allen zaniness which, to our notion, is a mistake.

At any rate, falling bodies that drop all over everything every time Gracie opens a closet and her constant line of chatter and gabbing that finally give away the real culprit are amusing.

William Post Jr. is *Mr. North*, for some reason. Paul Kelly does a good job as the police lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder goes very funny.

✓ The Bugle Sounds (M-G-M)

It's About: *A hard-bitten Army sergeant who wins back his lost standing.*

IT was inevitable that Wally Beery should hit the Army and his legion of fans will cheer his performance as the hard-boiled sergeant (why are all sergeants so mean?) who is almost ready for his retirement pension when the order comes to Officer Lewis Stone to turn the regiment into a tank outfit. Wally, who loves his horse, reluctantly sets out to train draftees in the manipulation of tanks when one gets away and kills Wally's horse. In despair, Wally takes to drink, is discharged and falls in with a band of saboteurs. He licks them singlehanded, thus winning his way back into Uncle Sam's good graces.

Marjorie Main, as usual, roams through the story as a sentimental sidekick of Beery's. William Lundigan and Donna Reed are a nice couple.

Your Reviewer Says: A Beery fans' bonanza.

Bahama Passage (Paramount)

It's About: *A girl who sets out to get her man on a lonely island.*

HERE it is—the mystery of why Stirling Hayden left movies and hied himself to Iceland. After this bit of claptrap it's no wonder. Stirling's attitude is reflected in his performance, too, though he's still a sight to rival the scenery.

Madeleine Carroll is beautiful but will have to work hard to overcome her eight-ball position in this one. Poor Madeleine is presented as a combination loose woman, dipsomaniac and nicotine fiend who arrives on Dildo Cay with her scoundrel father to manage the island for Stirling and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine has one idea in mind from the moment she arrives—to get Stirling, who is already married to Mary Anderson.

Be it said at this point, the film's one redeeming feature is the handsomeness of its romancers—Stirling and Madeleine.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for the eyes but not the head.

✓ Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)

It's About: *Ethics that interfere with love.*

FAR better than a medical lecture are these instructive, informative, *Kildare* stories that deal out medical information in entertaining capsules.

Incidentally, this is the first of the series since the tragic death of *Nurse Lamont*, which removed actress Laraine Day from the cast. In her place is Ann Ayars, a comely lass who plays a sophisticated socialite, frankly enamored by the handsome doctor who saved her life. Fans will be greatly relieved to know that *Dr. Kildare* displays no fickleness by succumbing to the young lady so soon after

JUNE LANG, prominent screen actress



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his fiancee's widely lamented demise.

As a sub-plot, we have Robert Sterling, a young interne and his nurse sweetheart, Jean Rogers, who ignore a hospital ruling and bring the critically injured Miss Ayars to their hospital, although it is beyond the zone of the accident. For this breach of ethics the youngsters are about to be expelled until *Dr. Kildare* and *Dr. Gillespie* (Lionel Barrymore) save the pair in their usual heartwarming style.

It's good. It's sound and solid entertainment and we for one enjoy every one of these stories.

Your Reviewer Says: A hardy perennial.

✓ Among The Living (Paramount)

It's About: *A homicidal maniac on the loose, and his sane twin brother.*

VIOLENT melodrama, this, well directed and acted and continually suspenseful, but somber in atmosphere and theme.

When Albert Dekker, who has been away from home since childhood, returns for his father's funeral, he learns that his twin brother, whom he had thought dead, is alive and has been imprisoned on their estate because of a mental disorder. Then the insane brother escapes and sets upon a round of murder. The sane brother is taken for the killer by the townspeople and is almost lynched before the plot is untangled.

Albert Dekker does a superb job in the dual role and Harry Carey contributes a fine performance as the physician who has kept the family secret in return for the contribution of hospital funds. Susan Hayward, as a gold-digger, and Frances Farmer, as the sane twin's wife, are also very good in their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: A chiller.

Melody Lane (Universal)

It's About: *A band that lands a radio job.*

ONLY if you like popular songs sung in the popular fashion will you enjoy this flimsy little trifle that has to do with a Midwest band that lands a radio job and a headache. The headache comes in the form of the whacky sponsor who dotes on fiddling with musical instruments and even wants to play with the band. When we tell you Leon (Nimble Legs) Errol is the sponsor, you know the worst.

The Merry Macs hold the center of the stage with their delightful harmonizing. Robert Paige, as the orchestra leader, also warbles satisfactorily. Baby Sandy, four and talkative, is a lamb and gathers in quite a few chuckles on her own. Anne Gwynne as the advertising miss and Mary Lou Cook of the Merry Macs group are two lovelies, but Anne finally lands hero Paige in the last reels.

While "Melody Lane" (which has nothing to do with Gene Autry) is not a wow musical, it is tuneful and appealing—and at least that's something.

Your Reviewer Says: Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti dough!

Riot Squad (Monogram)

It's About: *A young doctor who runs afoul of gangsters.*

RICHARD CROMWELL, a young ambulance doctor, is forced to extract a bullet from a gangster who runs a night club as a front. For this work he accepts a bribe, but merely to avert suspicion, for the next day he reports the incident to the police. They urge him to act secretly with the gang until they can be trapped. This action leads to an open break with his sweetheart, Rita Quigley, and to other embarrassing situations, but the young medico sticks to his post with death stalking him every minute.

A lot of loud noises, physical commotion and dragged-in sentimentality give the picture a "gangbuster" air. Little Mary Ruth and John Miljan do their best, which isn't enough.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much whoop and holler.

The Wolf Man (Universal)

It's About: *A man that turns into a werewolf.*

NOW see here, this has gone far enough. As if blackouts aren't enough, along comes Universal with the zaniest, craziest, doggondest, scariest thing you've ever seen. People didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Some even howled like, well, like a werewolf, we suppose.

Here's the setup: Lon Chaney returns to his ancestral home in England, a gloomy mass of house unchanged for 300 years and reeking with ancient superstitions that abound throughout the community. One is that if one is bitten by a werewolf (no relation to a Hollywood wolf) he changes into a werewolf himself.

Well, sir, you've guessed it. Mr. Chaney gets himself bitten and comes creeping home, a werewolf, to his dad, Claude Rains, who beats him to death with a silver-handled cane, because werewolves refuse to die unless the instrument used is silver. Now honestly! If you can tie that, you go ahead and tie it. It's beyond us.

Warren William, Ralph Bellamy, Patric Knowles, Bela Lugosi and Maria Ouspenskaya roam around through the weird proceedings. Evelyn Ankers is a very pretty girl, but why drag her into things of this sort?

Your Reviewer Says: Boo!

Road Agent (Universal)

It's About: *A law-enforcing threesome of the old West.*

HERE they are again, the three Musketeers on horses, Dick Foran, Andy Devine (sometimes we feel the horse should ride Andy for a change) and Leo Carrillo, out looking for dirty work in order that they may clean it up.

Into a perfect varmint of a frontier town rides the trio, taking it over pronto. Dick becomes sheriff (just like that) and Andy and Leo, his deputies. Fur flies in all directions and then, with their work well done, the threesome rides off into the bluesome to reappear one of these days in exactly the same old setup.

All we can say is that people must love hash, they order it so often. Ann Gwynne, Anne Nagel and Richard Davies are in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: It's all been done before

✓✓ Joan of Paris (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The attempt of British fliers to escape from occupied Paris.*

PAUL HENREID, the unforgettable Nazi of the British film "Night Train," makes his Hollywood debut in a story as thrilling in spots as "Night Train" and almost as suspenseful. Only the comedy touches are lacking.

Michele Morgan, the young French actress, who can really act, also makes her American debut as *Joan*, the heroine. Together these two refugees, now in Hollywood, contribute something pretty swell to the American screen.

The story deals with the attempts of five British fliers, who have fallen in enemy territory, to get out of France and back to England. Henreid, a Free French sympathizer who has joined the R.A.F., is the only flier unable to escape the Gestapo spy.

He finally takes refuge in the room of Michele, a young barmaid, and persuades her to contact a secret agent school-teacher, played by May Robson. The pair are caught and each meets a tragic fate.

Thomas Mitchell, as the kindly priest who aids the boys by hiding them in sewers until they can safely be on their way, gives one of his finest performances.

Altogether it's one of those rare movies, a picture dealing with spies, hatred and death, that provides, at the same time, fine entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: On - the - edge - of - your-chair movie.

(For some arresting sidelights on the screen's newest love team, Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan, see the story "Strangers in Arms" on page 44.)

Shanghai Gesture (Arnold Pressburger-U. A.)

It's About: *Strange events in a Shanghai gambling den.*

EPISODIC melodrama tinged with weird interracial hatreds moves in a slow pattern of scenes too loosely threaded together to make complete sense.

Against beauty in color and rich backgrounds, ornate and lavish, move the English beauty, played by Gene Tierney; *Mother Gin Sling*, owner of the gambling house, played by Ona Munson; Victor Mature as *Dr. Omar*, a dubious Oriental character; and Phyllis Brooks, an American chorus girl stranded in Shanghai.

Determined to drag down Miss Tierney, whose father Walter Huston had once been her husband, *Mother Gin Sling* encourages the girl in her gambling and passion for the evil *Dr. Omar*. In the final scenes it is revealed that Miss Tierney is really Eurasian and the daughter of *Mother Gin Sling*.

This knowledge leads to a dramatic finale.

Despite the superb first half of the film, which shows von Sternberg's mastery of the camera, we feel this is no time for debauchery as a theme for movie audiences and therefore we cannot recommend it.

Your Reviewer Says: For lovers of Chinese jade only.

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands*," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"



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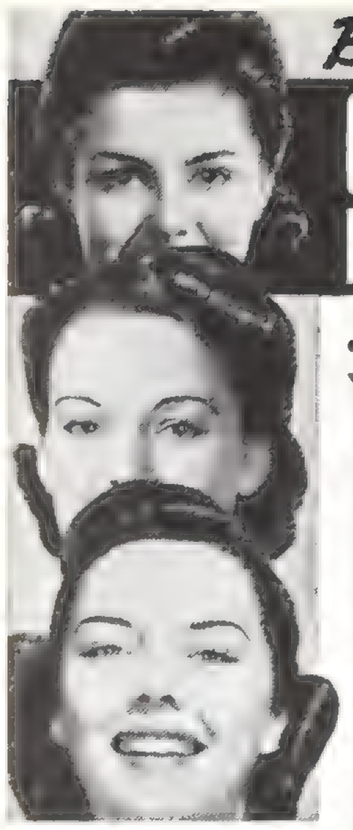
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Hollywood Meets the War Challenge

(*Continued from page 35*)

were too great. But it is different today. With modern inventions and long range bombers, as well as aircraft carriers, an attack or invasion by air is a grim and ever-present possibility.

Hollywood has responded to this grave peril to a man. It has already undergone its first blackout and it is prepared as never before to meet any wartime emergency or any call on its resources or talents. Already an order has gone out closing the studios at five o'clock to give the employees a chance to get home in case of a blackout or a raid. Many of our producers, stars, directors, writers and technicians have been assigned specific posts and duties in the vast network of defense.

For example, Second Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart, who put himself in the draft nearly a year ago—leaving a job that netted him over $2500 a week—is now talking to other young men over the radio and telling them to enlist with Uncle Sam without delay. Stationed now at Moffett Field, he went through the hardships in the camps before they were properly equipped to look after our boys, but even that hasn't dimmed his enthusiasm and his eagerness to lick the Japs and make Hitler wish he hadn't been so wickedly ambitious.

Lewis Stone is commanding the first evacuation regiment in the California State Guard. He has rounded up all the station wagons and the stars have offered their cars gladly and spontaneously. In Colonel Stone's regiment are Robert Young, Don Ameche and many others, not only in the San Fernando Valley but in West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills.

Ida Lupino has become a lieutenant in the women's ambulance and defense corps and answered her first call to active duty during an air raid rehearsal. She lives high on a hill and her home has become a telephone center in case of raid, with Ida assigned to warn her neighbors.

LONG before we were in the war, Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell, Sally Eilers and many other movie actresses joined a Red Cross class to learn first aid. Roz was the first actress to enlist in the women's ambulance council in Beverly Hills and Kay was the first actress to graduate from the Red Cross school and to learn how to bandage wounds properly and give medical care in case of a crisis.

Bing Crosby and his four boys have done yeomen service in selling defense stamps. Few people can resist the five Crosbys. They remind me of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, who made a record selling Liberty Loan Bonds in the first war. No one could hold out against the winsome Mary and it was considered such an honor to buy a bond from either Doug or Charlie that they took thousands and thousands of dollars away from every city they visited and won the everlasting gratitude of President Woodrow Wilson.

Many others of our stars are selling bonds and will again answer the call when the need becomes even more pressing than it is today.

Director John Ford is now a full-fledged Navy lieutenant commander in Washington. He and a group of highly specialized cameramen, including Gregg Toland, Harold Wenstrom, Joe August and others, are now engaged in some secret mission of great importance to the government. No reporter has been able to get John to talk. The only thing he did say was that he was glad people liked "How Green Was My Valley," because he probably won't be directing pictures for a long time.

Gene Markey, who married two of Hollywood's glamour beauties, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, and produced many of the screen's outstanding pictures, is forgetting all his Hollywood conquests in hard work as a lieutenant commander in the Canal Zone. I just received a Christmas note from Gene, who hasn't lost his sense of humor. No wonder both Joan and Hedy are sending him Yuletide gifts. He says the only thing he regrets is that he bought so many vegetables from the Japanese gardeners.

Frank Capra, one of motion pictures' most noted directors, has joined the United States Signal Corps and his pictures in the future will all be subject to Army call.

James Gleason takes time out from his movie acting every day to report to the Beverly Hills Detective Bureau where he has been a reserve lieutenant for ten years. This is the first time he has had to work at it.

Robert Montgomery walked from one war right into another. He was a lieutenant in the Navy (stationed at the American Embassy in London) and was home on a furlough when on December 7 the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. Although Bob had only been at his Connecticut farm two days, he hurried to Washington to report for active duty. The last I heard of him he was the house-guest of a lieutenant commander in Washington and giving no interviews. Maybe he decided this wasn't the time to talk out of school. When he first arrived in England he jauntily remarked that he was through with the movies for the duration and everyone said, "Oh, just Peck's bad boy talking out of school again," but you cannot help but admire Bob for his patriotism and bravery.

When Douglas Fairbanks Jr. said good-by to me at the party he and Mary Lee gave for Lord and Lady Mountbatten, I had no idea how many months it would be before we were to see him. Doug, who is a Navy Lieutenant, went to Iceland first and received more attention than the Admiral. Since that time, where he is stationed no one knows—not even Mary Lee who is at her farm in Virginia, trying to forget her worries by working for the Red Cross. I had a Christmas note from her—a little pathetic, in that she said, "If Doug knew I was writing to you he would want to send his love too." But she is a thoroughbred and so is he. I am glad I can say "I told you so" to the many people who have criticized young Doug.

I couldn't help but think when I saw him in his uniform—he gave me a dress rehearsal before he left—how proud his father would have been of Doug.

Yachting among the stars has almost become a forgotten pastime. Frank Morgan, William Koenig, George Brent, George Sanders, John Carradine, Jack Warner and Ronald Colman and all other movie folk who spent their week ends on the Pacific have offered their crafts to the Government and in most cases been accepted. There is a very amusing story told about John Carradine, who used to be regularly rescued by the Coast Guard. When he offered his yacht and himself, the Coast Guard said, "Thank you, we will take the yacht, but not you."

It seems to me that most of our story has been about the Navy, yet in Hollywood we have Lieutenant Colonel Darryl

F. Zanuck of the Army who is doing terrific work as a supervisor of all Army training films. He dined with the President just before war was declared and got firsthand information on what the Government wants Hollywood to do.

You will find that every person in this great industry has put his shoulder to the wheel and is doing his part. It will be more than selling defense bonds and calling our enemies bad names via the propaganda route. Such pictures as "The Beast of Berlin," "The Horrid Hun" and "My Four Years In Germany," made by James Gerard, then American Ambassador to Germany, may have been important motion-picture contributions then but they would be of little consequence today. Now that we are actually in war, amazingly enough there are no hate-the-Nazis, hate-the-Japs pictures scheduled at the studios.

Propaganda—1942 version—is taking the form of building public morale and making America proud of her heroes such as the handful of marines who fought so valiantly for Wake Island, the glorification of gallant Captain Colin Kelly Jr. Paramount is producing "Wake Island" with William Holden and Twentieth Century-Fox is producing "Kelly Of The U. S. A." And Republic has "Remember Pearl Harbor." Curiously enough, while every studio in Hollywood would give six glamour girls—sweaters and all—for the rights to the title, "Remember Pearl Harbor," little Republic stole a march on all of them.

Warners have "Aloha Means Goodbye", with Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan, dealing with Japanese espionage in Honolulu.

A highly dramatic incident of the war concerns "To The Shores Of Tripoli" which Twentieth Century-Fox was making on the fateful morning of December when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Immediately Twentieth stopped all shots for the picture and turned over to the Government those that had been made and in addition whatever they could get of that-never-to-be-forgotten raid.

Long before the war many valuable defense shorts were turned out. A very effective short is now being made by M-G-M called "Main Street," showing how we, the American people, stirred ourselves from a sleepy nation who thought nothing could happen, to an alert country fighting for humanity.

M-G-M is also rushing "Joe Smith, American," a stirring saga of the life of that everyday hero-behind-the-lines, the workman in the great American aviation plants.

Universal started "Saboteur" long before the war. It deals with sabotage and it's definitely a thriller-chiller. Then there is "Eagle Squadron," the Walter Wanger part of which already has been filmed in England and is now being completed on the Universal lot. This is the story of our boys who have been fighting over since the war in England.

Columbia's two morale pictures will be "Salute To Tobruk" and "Destroyer Man." The former is based on the radio program broadcast from England to the besieged boys at Tobruk and the latter is the story of a destroyer that is called "Glamour Girl"—GG for short, on whom the soldiers pin their faith.

RKO's contribution, "Bombardier," dealing with the men who operate the secret bombers for the Government, is being hurried into production.

In closing, I would like to say I am happy that Hollywood is accepting the challenge. I am proud that I am a part of the movies and that Hollywood is my home town.

The End.



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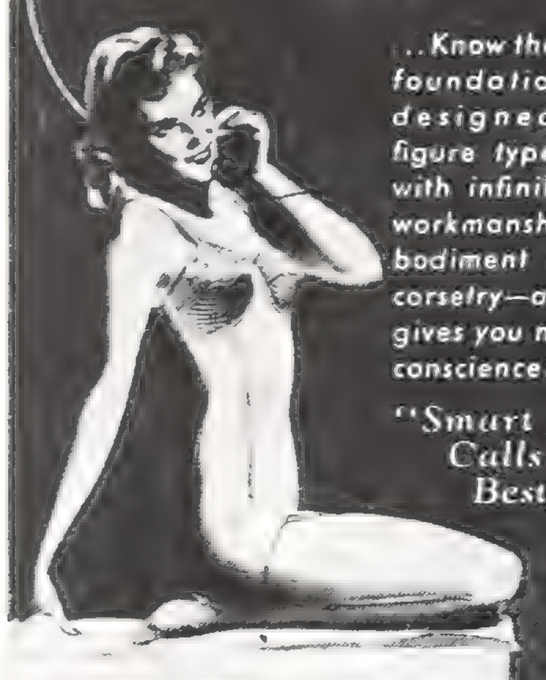


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Jackie Had a Friend Named Mabel

(*Continued from page* 63) four months old, to earn the family living as a piano accompanist on tour. Her bookings never took her near enough to Los Angeles, where Jackie lived with her mother, to make a visit home possible.

He was over two years old when she saw him again. And it was his grandmother he adored. So, unwilling to cause her mother or her child any emotional disturbance, she sought Jackie as a friend. And she remained his friend even after she found her place as his mother. She never sought to bind him with emotional ties.

During the twelve years Jackie has been in pictures, there never was a time when they failed to accord each other the individual rights and the privacy of thought which members of the same family too often withhold from each other.

There was Jackie's first trip to New York, following his triumph in "The Champ." We can see him sitting in a window of that hotel suite, high above Central Park. He was six years old and far more interested in the portable typewriter that had just been presented to him than he was in telling the assembled press what he thought about life.

Many mothers would have taken Jackie's typewriter away and required him to act the gentlemanly little fellow. Mabel, amused by the proceedings, didn't interfere. She realized Jackie was behaving naturally for a little boy and she expected the press to realize this too.

We remember Jackie, fourteen years old, with his heart set on a secondhand gun a neighborhood store displayed. It would have been a simple matter—and infinitely easier—for Mabel to have given Jackie that gun as an extra Christmas present. But this wasn't her way. She told him he might save his allowance and buy the gun himself or have it for Christmas instead of other things. He decided, finally, to take it for Christmas. That way he got it much sooner.

She managed never to allow his fame and the wealth it brought with it to save him from reality or to interfere with his rights as an individual. She let him live and learn and so grow wise and morally strong.

WHEN there's any comment on the devotion Jackie gave his mother he says quietly: "She deserved everything she got— and more!" Which is true. The wonderful part of it is that he knew it.

Fourteen hours he sat beside his mother's bed that November day; all day and half the following night. Only when the nurse said she had gone did he move towards the door. There was the stark loneliness of youth in his eyes and his stubborn, aggressive underlip trembled as he fought for courage.

"Shall I call Bonita for you?" his aunt asked.

He shook his head. "No, thanks. She would come—right away. And she's been working hard and needs rest. I'll call her—in the morning."

Jackie's uncle, Norman Taurog, the director, and John O'Melveney, a Los Angeles attorney, will continue as his co-guardians until he is twenty-one. Then he comes into possession of a trust fund, consisting of half of every dollar he ever earned plus interest and compound interest, which his mother established for him back in 1931, long before the Coogan Law existed.

We haven't seen Jackie since that sad November day. But those who have been working closely with him in RKO's "Syncopation" say he's carrying on. He would. He'll carry on and be constructive and keep his colors flying always—because, during the important habit-forming years of his life, he had a friend named Mabel.

The End



Friendship that has meant everything to Jackie Cooper during the recent hard months is his association with Bonita Granville, coworker in "Syncopation," understanding pal off screen

The Truth about Hollywood Casting

(*Continued from page* 65)—then all is well. Let she or he make three or four mistakes in succession and said star is as far behind the procession as an ambitious alderman who constantly votes for the wrong guy for mayor.

Perhaps you have always believed that it was talent or beauty, separately or combined, that kept stars in the upper ranks. Think again.

Talent and beauty, preferably combined, get them there. What keeps them there is good acting parts in big productions presided over by the smoothest directors, filmed by the best cameramen and studded with the best superior casts.

Which, in an involved way, brings us back to the case of Misses Stanwyck and Rogers.

The "hottest" box-office gal on the screen today, excepting Bette Davis, is Ginger Rogers. Bette can't be included in any casting race because, as queen of Warner Brothers and queen de luxe of the unpleasant character roles, her roles are really tailored to her abilities for months and months ahead. But Ginger is now in the free-lance field and while she may not be quite the superlative artiste that Bette is, her talents are, nevertheless, more diversified. Bette can turn any melodramatic heroine into breakfast food in a single scene, but Missy Rogers can act, and sing, and dance, and wear clothes, and be carpentered into almost any role. Hence, every studio is always after her.

The leading role of "Ball Of Fire" needed a girl who could act and dance and sing a song, plus show a lot of lovely flesh. Immediately Samuel Goldwyn gave Ginger the nod. But Ginger, upon reading the script and seeing it was a Gary Cooper starring vehicle, gave Sam the old freeze-out. Perhaps she didn't say it in words, but her refusal implied that she couldn't see herself in the co-starring position. The whole marquee or none for Ginger, so Babs Stanwyck was called. Stany immediately rolled up her skirts and went to work.

Now the script for "Ball Of Fire" was written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, the same two who have, meanwhile, written "The Major And The Miner." Perhaps you have never heard of Brackett and Wilder, any more than you have heard of Norman Krasna, but don't disregard these possibly unfamiliar names. The glamour stars know these names and fight over them. Brackett and Wilder also wrote "Ninotchka" for Garbo and "Hold Back The Dawn" for Boyer and de Havilland.

Just before the preview of "Ball Of Fire" the script of "The Major And The Miner" was submitted by Paramount to Ginger Rogers. Ginger said well, maybe. Then came the preview notices. Those notices announced that while Cooper was good and the picture was a riot, Stanwyck in that chorus role was terrific. Only a few months previously notices had also said that while Boyer was good and the picture was a riot, it was de Havilland in "Hold Back The Dawn" who was terrific. And, of course, no girl so smart as Ginger could ever forget what was said of Garbo in "Ninotchka," particularly with the horrors of "Two-Faced Woman" fresh in mind. So, of course, you already know the answer. Paramount happily put out the announcement: Ginger Rogers had offered to star in "The Major And The Miner."

Another star's "No" plus a wily author forced another star's "Yes" in the case of "Mr. (*Continued on page* 105)

GIRLS! WOMEN! Who are NERVOUS on certain particular days—



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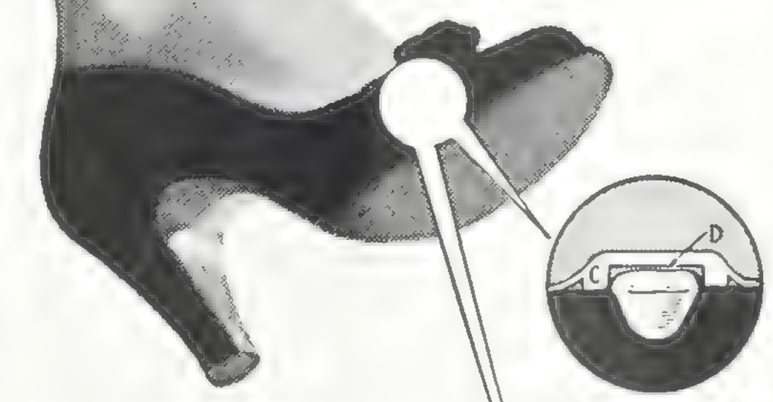
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A whole *bottle* of milk—a pint or often a quart of it. Thick, wholesome slices of bread, *made* with milk; lots of butter spread on them. And a slab of cheese the size of a hand between them!

Or watch an American schoolgirl or a secretary climb onto a soda-fountain stool and vanquish a "chocolate-malt" or a dish of ice cream.

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America drinks *lots* of milk. America *likes* the rich flavor and tempting taste which milk and its products give to our food.

Today our Government asks us to make ourselves strong—strong in arms and ships, strong in the mind, spirits and bodies of America's man power.

And here, right on our very doorsteps, is a great source of the stamina the nation needs—and which *each of us so much wants.*

WHEN YOUR DAIRY, your food store or your restaurant urges you to use more milk or to eat more foods made from milk or with it, it is aiding our Government's program to build a strong America.

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It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



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MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.



FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

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(*Continued from page* 103) And Mrs. Smith." The stars were Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard and the author was Norman Krasna.

Socially Colbert and Lombard are friends, but under their contracts they have always politely fought one another with Colbert so far the winner. Both of them are primarily comediennes, both of them have the right to pick their scripts. Both of them have moments of intense yearning for drama and each has made her own mistakes. Claudette has unwisely chosen "Maid Of Salem," "Drums Along The Mohawk" and "Zaza," but those turkeys were spaced between hits like "Boom Town," "Arise My Love" and several others. Carole, however, has had "Vigil In The Night," "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Mr. And Mrs. Smith" in quick, flopping succession and that is bad.

The reason Carole got into "Mr. And Mrs. Smith" was because she heard Claudette was angling for it and because Krasna is at once a good writer and a good talker. He talked to Carole about *Mrs. Smith* and she grabbed the role before Colbert could get it, for which fact Claudette has since been duly thankful.

It is this strong feminine rivalry that makes the "she" of casting more important than the "he." Actually the only male free-lancers of importance are Cary Grant and Fredric March, who could never be rivals, being so different in looks and ability.

Even under contract there is little conflict. The two top male stars of M-G-M are Rooney and Gable and you can't imagine Clark's coveting *Andy Hardy* or Mickey's aspiring to *Rhett Butler*. Paramount had no major male stars; Twentieth has practically murdered Tyrone Power; Warners, like Metro, couldn't do duplicate casting on their two tops, Flynn and Cagney, and George Raft blessedly, though unintentionally, gave Humphrey Bogart his golden opportunity in "The Maltese Falcon." But the battles that rage between the almost equally important Shearer, Crawford, Loy, MacDonald, Rogers, Colbert, Dunne, Davis, Lupino, Russell, Sothern, Powell and Sheridan are enough to make the welkin ring and the writers play tunes on their cast registers.

SOMETIMES, however, casting depends upon emotion. Jeanette MacDonald is in the flop of her career, "Smilin' Through," simply because that feeble old remake contained a fine role for Gene Raymond. Shirley Temple is not in the knockout "Babes On Broadway" but in the so-so "Kathleen" because her mother refuses either to let her co-star or play any part in which she is not at least half-orphaned. And much of Joan Fontaine's capriciousness about roles since her hit in "Rebecca" is due to Brian Aherne's interest in his wife's career. Brian is forever walking into the front office with some story that he has just discovered and which he considers just perfect for his lovely spouse. As a result, the strongest arguments had to be used to persuade Joan to do "This Above All," one of the finest feminine characterizations unearthed in seasons.

"Relative advice" is almost impossible for a studio to defeat, no matter how good the studio's arguments. In this department it makes Metro very happy that Gable pays no attention to Lombard's supreme belief in herself as a story selector. Gable doesn't even pay any attention to himself in that department, let alone to his wife. Clark told everybody that he thought "Honky Tonk" was

"NOW I FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!"



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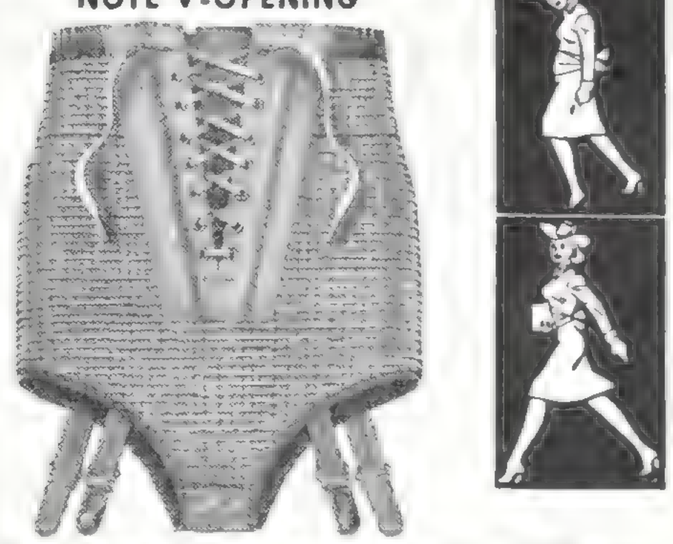
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more full of turkey than Thanksgiving Day. When "Honky Tonk" turned out to be a sensation at the box office, he typically grinned and said, "It must be Turner who's pulling them in."

But the prizes for long-range casting politics must be awarded to Ann Sothern and Katharine Hepburn, two girls who were "finished." On the "outs" both girls went in for guile—and friendships. Ann is perfectly frank in admitting she cultivated every scenario writer, every studio writer's secretary, every script girl whom she could possibly meet. Long before the stories were finished, she thus knew what was going into them. It was thus she heard of *Maizie;* in the same fashion, since *Maizie,* she has learned of other good roles like "Lady Be Good" and "Panama Hattie." Smiling, agreeable, she has turned up in the front office again and again and said, "I could play this," "I could play that." And thus she has climbed right back up to the top again.

Hepburn didn't rest content with getting "The Philadelphia Story" written for herself, then buying it, then selling it to Metro with herself in the starring role. While her triumph in that was still hot, she got "Woman Of The Year" written for her, too, and bought that and also sold it. Undoubtedly right now she's got a third "perfect Hepburn" part in some smart writer's typewriter.

No, good roles don't just happen. Sustained stardom doesn't happen to the leading ladies of Hollywood. That glitter you see around lasting stars is no mere reflection of beauty and talent. Rather the brilliance that surrounds them is, so help me, the light of their sheer, clever, ever-working intelligences a-shining through!

THE END

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 21)

✓ *LOUISIANA PURCHASE*—Paramount: Fun, color, music and beauty in this comedy that wraps itself around the intriguing personalities of Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. When Senator Victor Moore investigates the activities of Bob Hope, who's the butt of four crooks, Bob tries to frame him into compromising situations with Zorina. (Feb.)

✓✓ *MALTESE FALCON, THE*—Warners: This is one of the best mystery pictures since the first "Thin Man" and a masterpiece of well-sustained and acted entertainment. Mary Astor enlists the help of detectives Humphrey Bogart and Jerome Cowan in her efforts to recover a priceless falcon statuette. Sydney Greenstreet offers something new in the way of shuddery villany and Peter Lorre is his accomplice. (Jan.)

✓ *MEN IN HER LIFE, THE*—Columbia: Conrad Veidt is a retired dancer who makes of ambitious Loretta Young a world-famous ballerina. In gratitude, Loretta marries him, renouncing John Shepperd, who's a handsome newcomer. The music, the exquisite dancing and the glamour and excitement of backstage life have been captured and projected by director Gregory Ratoff. (Jan.)

MERCY ISLAND—Republic: When attorney Ray Middleton and his wife, Gloria Dickson, are swept ashore in the Florida Keys and he discovers fugitive surgeon Otto Kruger hiding there, he becomes obsessed with the desire to return Kruger to justice. All three of the principals are quite good. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BABY—RKO-Radio: When Leon Errol has a little war orphan brought over from Europe, he hopes it will fix things up with the troubled marriage of Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers. The baby turns out to be a glamour girl, but the story gets duller and unfunnier. (Dec.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII—Universal: Leon Errol and Richard Carle feud over a radio show and try to marry wealthy widow Marjorie Gateson, but it's Mischa Auer who finally gets her. The Merry Macs, Johnny Downs and Jane Frazee all float through the mild little story. (Jan.)

MR. CELEBRITY—Producers Releasing Corp.: A young veterinarian, James Seay, takes his nephew, Buzzy Henry, to Celebrity Farm to hide out from his grandparents and so retain his custody. There he encounters Francis X. Bushman, Clara Kimball Young and Jim Jeffries, who'll bring you nostalgic memories. It's sentimental, but lively and heart-warming, and young Buzzy is outstanding. (Dec.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK—Universal: In this picture Bill Fields attempts to sell a screen story he has written to a producer. In real life, he sold this one to Universal, but we don't know why because it isn't funny and it makes no sense. Gloria Jean is a bright spot in the dull business and Franklin Pangborn swipes a few scenes. (Jan.)

NIAGARA FALLS—Roach-U.A.: In spite of Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts' determined comedy efforts as the honeymooning couple who come to Niagara, the picture's not funny. Slim neglects his bride to meddle in the affairs of quarrelsome Tom Brown and Marjorie Woodworth. (Dec.)

OBLIGING YOUNG LADY—RKO-Radio: Cute Joan Carroll is a hoydenish youngster taken by Ruth Warrick, a friend of her parents, to a secluded resort while her parents battle things out in court. Joan, the impossible, makes life hot for everyone, including reporters Eve Arden and Edmond O'Brien. While it's nothing extra, it has its moments and Joan keeps things lively. (Feb.)

✓ *ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN*—Warners: Warm and tender is this story of a minister and his young wife who struggle through life, with their faith holding them together. Homey events concerning his children, his congregations, his home life dot the story with gems of human interest. Fredric March is ideal as the minister and Martha Scott splendid as his wife. (Feb.)

OUTLAW TRAIL, THE—RKO-Radio: Intending to aid in a bank robbery, young Tim Holt turns hero instead when he aids the marshal in catching the robber band and when the marshal dies, Tim takes over his job and stays a good boy from there on it. Fans are sure to like Tim. (Dec.)

✓ *PARIS CALLING*—Universal: A revealing insight into the news behind the news is this picture of French sympathizers working against the N... Elizabeth Bergner, as the wealthy French girl who joins the underground movement, is terrific. Randy Scott as the American aviator who helps her an... Basil Rathbone as the Frenchman who betray... France are very good. Timely and exciting. (Feb.

PERFECT SNOB, THE—20th Century-Fox: Al... about a small-town debbie who marries, again... her ambitious mother's wishes, Cornell Wilde, who... not to your surprise, turns out to be rich. Charl... Greenwood hardly seems the calculating mama t... but Charlie Ruggles as the easygoing father is ... right. Why Lynn Bari was tossed into this hodg... podge we'll never know. (Feb.)

PITTSBURGH KID, THE—Republic: The usua... prize-fight picture, this, relieved in its monotonou... plot by the casting of Jean Parker as the manage... of fighter Billy Conn. You're going to be agreeabl... surprised at Billy, who's not half bad as a scree... personality. Jean's a cute trick, too. (Dec.)

PLAYMATES—RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser's talent... for non-acting are a perfect balance for Joh... Barrymore's overacting in this conglomeration o... tomfoolery and nonsense, with Patsy Kelly an... Peter Lind Hayes as press agents who try to lan... clients John and Kay on the air. With Lupe Vele... Ginny Simms and May Robson. (Feb.)

✓ *RISE AND SHINE*—20th Century-Fox: You'... find plenty of laughs in this comedy about a dum... bunny football star, Jack Oakie, who's the savi... grace of his college team, and the efforts o... gangsters to kidnap him. Linda Darnell, Dona... Meek and Walter Brennan are members of... screwball family and George Murphy, Ru... Donnelly and Milton Berle add to the fun. (Feb...

SAILORS ON LEAVE—Republic: Sailor B... Lundigan's pals try to marry him off before... certain date so he can collect an inheritance. The... pick night-club singer Shirley Ross as the gi... but Shirley hates sailors and Bill doesn't wa... to get married, which leads to many comic... interludes, mostly supplied by Chick Chandler a... Cliff Nazarro. It's a cute movie. (Jan.)

✓ *SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN*—M-G-M... Myrna Loy is still the playful helpmate of char... ing sleuth William Powell, but the charm a... gaiety of this delightful pair are beginning to see... a bit repetitious. Their investigation of a rac... track murder takes them and the audience throu... bypaths of laughter and melodrama. Dickie Ha... as their offspring, is a cute youngster. (Feb.)

SING ANOTHER CHORUS—Universal: John... Downs, aided by Jane Frazee, tries to get his co... lege show on Broadway, but villainous Walt... Catlett and his voluptuous co-worker, Iris Adria... throw a monkey wrench into the works. (Dec.)

SKYLARK—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is t... dissatisfied wife who leaves her devoted husban... Ray Milland, because his business entanglement... prove too annoying. Brian Aherne is miscast as t... other man in her life, but Milland and Walter Ab... win our hearty approval. (Dec.)

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SMILIN' THROUGH—M-G-M: Jeanette Mac Donald has the dual role of the bride who loses her life and as her own niece years later; and Gene Raymond also plays a dual role as the rejected suitor and his son. Brian Aherne is mis cast. For Jeanette's fans only. (Jan.)

SOUTH OF TAHITI—Universal: Here we are again, back in the old South Seas, with Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine as a trio of pearl robbers who reform in order to thwart Henry Wilcoxon and his gang. (Jan.)

✓ *SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS*—Paramount: A message picture that denounces messages is the theme of this rambling, somewhat garbled story, with Joel McCrea as a rich young Hollywood movie producer who sets out to learn about the hardships of life. Landing back in Hollywood, he picks up an extra girl, Veronica Lake, and the two of them start out on the bumming road again. (Feb.)

✓ *SUNDOWN*—Wanger: Sustained action is the keynote of this story of a British government outpost in Africa. Bruce Cabot as Commissioner of the post steals most of the honors, and George Sanders also shines, as does Gene Tierney as the beautiful half-caste. (Dec.)

✓✓ *SUSPICION*—RKO-Radio: A triumph of direction and acting is this emotional, suspenseful masterpiece about a naive English girl, Joan Fontaine, who falls in love and marries Cary Grant, only to discover his worthlessness. Then dread and suspicion enter their lives and desperation brings on fearful consequences. (Dec.)

✓ *SWAMP WATER*—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living near the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews penetrates the dangerous swamp in search of his lost dog; finds Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living there and learns of his innocence. Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Mary Howard and Virginia Gilmore are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

SWING IT, SOLDIER — Universal: Radio personalities take over this little movie and proceed to entertain and at times amuse you. Ken Murray is a likeable soldier who carries a message from a rookie pal to his wife and meets her twin sister instead. Frances Langford plays the dual role and sings several numbers. Don Wilson, Brenda and Cobina, and Skinny Ennis' band. (Feb.)

✓ *TARGET FOR TONIGHT*—Warners release of a British Gov't. film: Its tremendous simplicity and straightforward honesty in telling make this story of boys in the R.A.F. one of the strongest war documents ever filmed. It tells the story of a raid on Nazi oil tanks by English bombers and boys of the R.A.F. and officers of the station are the only actors. Dramatic and suspenseful. (Jan.)

TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE—M-G-M: A whooper-dooper for the kids is this latest in the *Tarzan* series, in which a party of scientists including villainous Tom Conway and Philip Dorn, kidnap *Tarzan's* wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, and their son, John Sheffield, in order to force Johnny Weissmuller to reveal the location of a gold vein. The climax is a thrilling one. (Feb.)

✓ *TEXAS*—Columbia: One of the best Westerns we've seen in a long time, with Glenn Ford and William Holden doing superb work. The story has the two boys trekking westward after the Civil War, each to go his separate way. Ford takes the lawful way and Holden follows the unlawful path, but both fall in love with Claire Trevor. It's got a lot of punch and excitement. (Feb.)

✓✓ *THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON*—Warners: Rousing entertainment is this picture of the life of General Custer, played by Errol Flynn, from the time he enters West Point to his heroic death on the Western plains. Olivia de Havilland, as his wife, has never been so beautiful; Anthony Quinn is the Sioux chief; and Charles Grapewin, John Litel and Arthur Kennedy lend splendid support. (Feb.)

TWO LATINS FROM MANHATTAN — Columbia: Trite, corny and uninspired is this story of a night-club press agent, Joan Davis, who substitutes her roommates Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, a song and dance team, for two Cuban entertainers who failed to arrive. Of course, everything gets very complicated. (Dec.)

✓ *WEEK END IN HAVANA*—20th Century Fox: Frothy, gay and tuneful is this typical Zanuck musical. The featherweight plot has New York shop girl Alice Faye enjoying a Havana vacation at the expense of a steamship company and a romance with executive John Payne. Carmen Miranda's songs are hot-pepperish. (Dec.)

✓ *YANK IN THE R.A.F., A*—20th Century-Fox An exciting and timely show, with Tyrone Power as the fearless, cocky American who joins the R.A.F. and woos night-club dancer Betty Grable on the side. The scenes in the R.A.F. provide tremendous interest. (Dec.)

✓ *YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH*—Columbia Fred Astaire is a rookie recruited from the ranks of dance directors and when Fred goes to camp, Robert Benchley tries to wreck his romantic plans with dancing cutie Rita Hayworth. It's gay and amusing and Rita is the best dancing partner Fred's had since Ginger Rogers. (Jan.)

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But they may try.

If they try, some may get through, for it is a wide sky, and bombs may crash here as they crashed on far-away Hawaii and in the distant Philippines.

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Star Finds IN THE STORES

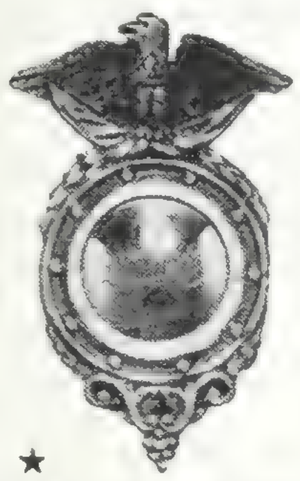
BY MARION HAMMON

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★ ★ ★

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Valentines from Benny

(*Continued from page* 49) your electric light bill and wasting your aspirin tablets and wrote valentines to Anthony Eden?"

"Is he still working for the Adam Hat people?" inquired C. Swinburne Benny naïvely. Then—"But I did write you one, Mary."

"Let's have it," sighed Mary.

"Dear Mary:" (began Benny)
"The years have been many, Mary dear,
Since you and I were wed,
And I still have you, my valentine,
But I've got no hair on my head."

"If you had taken shampoos with a few of the eggs you've laid in your time, you might still have some hair," said Mary.

"A fine thing," muttered Benny, "and after I'd written that on my last clean cuff, too."

"How about me?" Phil Harris reminded him. "Don't I, a happy bridegroom, rate a valentine?"

"Of course, Phil, of course," J. Whitcomb Riley Benny was delightfully bland.

"Dear Phil:
I've often wondered, as I sat,
Breaking my bread and sipping my wine,
"If you got married just to save
The effort of an annual valentine."

"That's the last straw," moaned Fiddler Phil. "Here I give him the best years of my life and he writes me a valentine like that!"

"I'd like to send Portland Hoffa this valentine," volunteered Jackson.

"To Portland, a game guy:
Ah, Portland, Portland, loyal wife
Can you approach this day with grace?
Knowing there is no valentine
To fit his silly-looking face?
May I suggest a comic one
To solve your problem, worried lass?
First touch it up with P. Ivy blooms
Then hand the dope a looking glass."

"IS our little Eddie Guest still spreading sunshine?" It was Mary.

"Never mind her," pleased R. Service Benny. "Listen to this one I'd like to send Darryl Zanuck:

"Dear Darryl:
I mucked, I moiled, I tilled, I toiled;
I thought I'd taken life's toughest hurdle,
But you, alas! my faithless friend,
You had to put me in a girdle."

Much applause from Corporal Stewart (this business was all going on just before he was made a Second Lieutenant) and Mr. Fonda. "Could you manage to work in a plug for my new picture as well as for 'Charley's Aunt' on that one?" inquired Fonda.

"This is sentiment, has nothing to do with business," protested Emerson Benny. "By the way, I wrote this one for Ernst Lubitsch:

"To My Pal:
Some say I can't play Hamlet, but
I'll show those guys that they're wrong!
With you directing, Pal, I'd play
Disraeli in a sarong."

"How about Rochester?" Don Wilson suggested.

"Oh, I'd never miss his valentine!" A Tennyson Benny's eyes danced merrily:

"Ah, Rochester:
Thou impious, scheming, bland buffoon,
(*Continued on page* 111)



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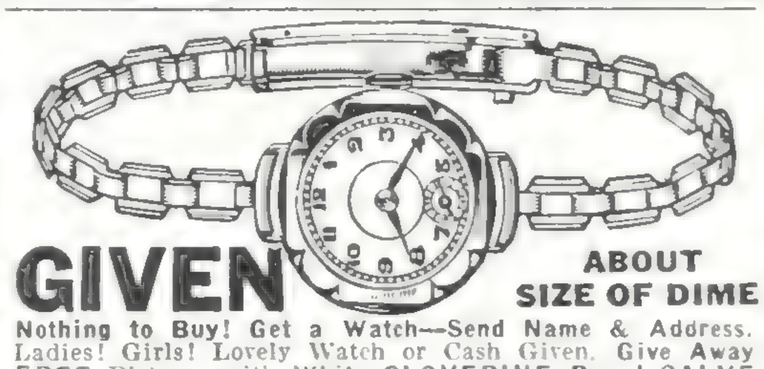
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Dried and True

—meaning that Joe E. Brown gives you his gospel-truth theory on dried fruits

BY ANN HAMILTON



Pride of Joe's heart is his orchard. "All Mrs. Brown's work," he says

THIS being the open season for making prophecies about what is going to happen in the world, here I come with a nice new shiny prophecy all my own: Someday, I prophesy, the producers are going to wake up and discover that they've been making the mistake of their young lives by confining Joe E. Brown to the type of comedy he has made famous.

Not that Joey isn't one of our most superb comedians, for he is. Just the memory of Joey's telling about the recklessly inebriated "little mousie" makes me howl with joy and I can hardly wait until his newest film, Columbia's "Shut My Big Mouth," is released. But he is much, much more than that. He has the spontaneous warmheartedness, the good-natured understanding and the inherent dignity which are as typically American as Will Rogers' rope and chewing gum and someday—here's the rest of the prophecy—he's going to get a part in which this real personality will come through and then we'll have something pretty revolutionary in the way of movie fare.

I'd never known Joey, the real Joey, that is, until I called on him and Mrs. Brown a few days ago at their home in Brentwood. It's a large place; it would have to be, for there are four junior Browns—Don, home on occasional leaves from his duties in the Air Corps, is the oldest; the others are Joe, Mary Elizabeth Ann and Kathryn Frances—and open house for their friends is rule number one.

We had tea in the library and I was particularly impressed by two pictures which have the place of honor. They are photographs of Joey and Mrs. Brown, very handsome and very serious, dressed in wedding array. They were made last year when the Browns celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by getting married a second time, a church wedding, this second one, because their first wedding had not been a church service.

After tea we went on a tour of the grounds. Joey's greatest pride is in his orchards—rows and rows of trees—and in the new planting in front of the house. "It's all Mrs. Brown's work," he grinned. "I'm just the guy that takes the bows for it."

Another guy who should take bows, Joey observed as he led me to the apricot orchard, is Luther Burbank, the plant wizard whose genius is responsible for the excellence of the fruit we enjoy today. It was Burbank who selected stock from all over the world—one type for hardiness, another for flavor, another for size and so on—and blended them so that today we find in our markets the finest fruits in the world. It is these super products that are used in the preparation of dried fruits and Joey pointed out that we might bow to the dried fruit manufacturers as well, because they have perfected the drying process so that prunes and apricots and all other dried fruits come to us with the healthful, flavorsome qualities of fresh fruit intact, so that they form a large part of the food shipments we now send to England.

BOTH JOEY and Mrs. Brown are dried fruit enthusiasts and Mrs. Brown gave me a number of dried fruit recipes for you which her children like especially. While we were talking recipes, Hyman Fink took the picture of Joey you see on this page, then we strolled back to our car, Joey's hat filled with fruit which he placed in the car for us. It was when we were waiting for the electric gate to perform its magic and let us out into the road again that I noticed, just inside the grounds, an American flag flying from a pole. I don't believe there is a family in the country more entitled to fly that flag, for I don't believe you could find a family more representative of the finest type of American home life than the Joe E. Browns of Hollywood.

And now for Mrs. Brown's recipes. The first one she doesn't even have a name for, but this is the way to make it. When you are baking bread, reserve some of the dough when it is all ready to go into the oven. Pat it out about half an inch thick, spread it with cooked dried prunes that have been stoned and chopped, roll it up like a jelly roll and bake it.

Serve in slices, buttered, or as a dessert topped with custard sauce or hard sauce.

Walnut Apricot Whip

1 lb. dried apricots
1 cup whipping cream
1 cup chopped English walnuts
Pinch salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Cook apricots in water to cover until tender, about fifteen minutes. Drain and when cool run the apricots through a sieve or ricer. Chill. Combine pulped apricots, juice, whipped cream, nut meats, vanilla and salt and serve in sherbet glasses. Sugar may be added to the cooked fruit before combining with other ingredients if desired.

Gala Prune Tarts

1 lb. prunes
¾ cup sugar
1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
1 tbl. butter
2 tbls. flour
Pastry

Cook prunes until tender, drain, remove stones and chop. Simmer liquid until there is a scant half cup left, add flour and butter and cook until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Line tart or muffin tins with pastry. Chop prunes, combine with sugar, lemon juice and rind and fill tart shells, pouring the sauce over each. Bake in moderate oven until pastry is done (about twenty minutes).

Apricot Broiled Ham

1 lb. slice ham
1 cup cooked dried apricot pulp
¼ tsp. ginger
¼ tsp. dry mustard

Broil ham on one side until brown and tender, turn and broil until it begins to brown. Combine apricot pulp, ginger and mustard and spread on ham, return to broiler and continue cooking until apricot mixture is bubbling and beginning to glaze.

(*Continued from page* 109) Thy ribald
wit full steaming slants;
Scorch, if you must, the ether waves,
But spare my other pair of pants!"

There was a polite round of applause. Mr. J. Benny looked a little petulant. 'Well," he said, "I did want to get 'rigadoon' in there to rhyme. It would have been better, but it didn't fit."

"How about some valentines you'd like to get, Jack?" Jim Stewart asked.

"There's just one I'd like to get," announced B. Harte Benny, "but wait until I tell you about the one I'd like to send Frank Wallin. Frank Wallin is the mayor of Waukegan and he and I used to play in the high-school dance band."

"Gives you an idea of how long he's been kidding that fiddle," interposed Mary.

"Mary!" J. Keats Benny eyed her sternly, then turned back to his notes. "This is very good, I think:

"Dear Frank:
When you and I were high-school chums
I played the fiddle, you the drums.
Years passed, you beat your drum with
zest
And I sprayed resin on my chest;
Today you're in, Waukegan's boss,
While I sell pastel applesauce!"

"Wonderful," applauded Mary. "I'll bet if Frank'd known he was going to have that written about him, he'd have asked for a recount."

CORPORAL STEWART, of the armed forces, interceded again. "Let's have the one you'd like to get, Jack," he said.

"Do you still want to hear it?" Mary asked.

"Mary, this is a rugged Army I'm in," pointed out Stewart. "They teach us to walk right into enemy fire."

Mr. Benny looked a little apprehensively at Mary.

"Mary," he said, "why don't you go find Basil Rathbone? We're having dinner with him, you know."

"Get a load of that," invited Mary. "He thinks he has to beg me out of range."

She stepped happily out into the night and Jack's face shone with a sly light.

"You see," he said, "this is one I'd like to get from Lana Turner and I thought . . . well, you know how it is. What they don't know . . . Keecks!"

At this point he jabbed Stewart suggestively in the ribs.

"Sure," said Jim. "What they don't know they find out. But let's have the one you'd like to get from Lana."

"Oh, yes, here it is," smirked F. Villon Benny. "Get this, fellows:

"Jack, darling:
This sweaterless world is a sad one, my
knight,
And I am goose-pimply and blue;
But I'll gladly surrender my wool to
keep warm
If Mary'll let me have you."

"Mr. Benny," said Stewart, "you're a ca . . . bard."

"Pal," said Mr. Fonda, "you're terrific."

"Jackson," said Mr. Harris. "You give off a miasma."

"That's not my asthma," objected W. Shakespeare Benny. "I get hoarse like that when I'm emotional."

At this Stewart and Citizens Fonda, Wilson and Harris quietly swooned while Mr. Benny, the new Browning, pleasurably figured up that in delivering his valentines orally, he'd effected a net saving of twenty-four cents on his postage appropriation.

THE END



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Casts of Current Pictures

"AMONG THE LIVING"—Paramount. Screen play by Lester Cole and Garrett Fort. Story by Brian Marlow and Lester Cole. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: *John Raden,* Albert Dekker; *Millie Pickens,* Susan Hayward; *Doctor Ben Saunders,* Harry Carey; *Elaine Raden,* Frances Farmer; *Bill Oakley,* Gordon Jones; *Peggy Nolan,* Jean Phillips; *Pompey,* Ernest Whitman; *Mrs. Pickens,* Maude Eburne; *Sheriff,* Frank M. Thomas; *Judge,* Harlan Briggs.

"BAHAMA PASSAGE"—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a story by Nelson Hayes. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: *Carol,* Madeleine Carroll; *Adrian,* Stirling Hayden; *Mrs. Ainsworth,* Flora Robson; *Delbridge,* Leo G. Carroll; *Mary,* Mary Anderson; *Capt. Jack,* Cecil Kellaway; *Morales,* Leigh Whipper; *Thalia,* Dorothy Danbridge.

"BEDTIME STORY"—Columbia. Screen play by Richard Flournoy. Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: *Lucius Drake,* Fredric March; *Jane Drake,* Loretta Young; *Eddie Turner,* Robert Benchley; *William Dudley,* Allyn Joslyn; *Virginia Cole,* Eve Arden; *Emma Harper,* Helen Westley; *Beulah,* Joyce Compton; *Mac,* Tim Ryan; *Alfred,* Olaf Hytten; *Betsy,* Dorothy Adams; *Collins,* Clarence Kolb; *Pierce,* Andrew Tombes.

"BUGLE SOUNDS, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Cyril Hume. Based on a story by Lawrence Kimble and Cyril Hume. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *"Hap" Doan,* Wallace Beery; *Susie,* Marjorie Main; *Colonel Lawton,* Lewis Stone; *Russell,* George Bancroft; *Lieutenant Colonel Seton,* Henry O'Neill; *Sally Hanson,* Donna Reed; *Dillon,* Chill Wills; *Joe Hanson,* William Lundigan; *Sergeant Strong,* Tom Dugan; *Krims,* Guinn Williams; *Cartaret,* Ernest Whitman; *Leech,* Roman Bohnen, *Nichols,* Jerome Cowan; *Hank,* Arthur Space.

"CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE"—Small-U. A. Screen play by George Bruce. From a free adaptation of the Dumas story by George Bruce and Howard Estabrook. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Mario, Lucien,* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Isabelle,* Ruth Warrick; *Colonna,* Akim Tamiroff; *Lorenzo,* J. Carrol Naish; *Dr. Paoli,* H. B. Warner; *Tomasso,* John Emery; *Count Franchi,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Countess Franchi,* Gloria Holden; *M. Dupre,* Walter Kingsford; *Mme. Dupre,* Nana Bryant; *Gravini,* Pedro de Cordoba; *Maria,* Veda Ann Borg; *Priest,* William Farnum.

"DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY" — M-G-M. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. From a story by Joseph Harrington. Based upon the characters created by Max Brand. Directed by Major W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare,* Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie,* Lionel Barrymore; *Cynthia "Cookie" Charles,* Ann Ayars; *Dr. Donald Winthrop,* Robert Sterling; *Annabelle Kirke,* Jean Rogers; *Molly Byrd,* Alma Kruger; *Dr. Walter Carew,* Walter Kingsford; *Nurse Parker,* Nell Craig; *Willie Brooks,* Edward Gargan; *Sally,* Marie Blake; *Mike Ryan,* Frank Orth; *Conover,* George H. Reed; *Samuel Z. Cutler,* Barry Nelson; *Clifford Genet,* Eddie Acuff; *Leo Cobb,* Gus Schilling.

"HELLZAPOPPIN'" — Mayfair - Universal. Screen play by Nat Perrin and Warren Wilson. Based on an original story by Nat Perrin. Suggested by the stage play "Olsen and Johnson's Hellzapoppin'." Cast: *Ole,* Ole Olsen; *Chic,* Chic Johnson; *Betty,* Martha Raye; *Quimby,* Hugh Herbert; *Kitty,* Jane Frazee; *Jeff,* Robert Paige; *Pepi,* Mischa Auer; *Director,* Richard Lane; *Woody,* Lewis Howard; *Mr. Rand,* Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. Rand,* Nella Walker; *Louis,* Shemp Howard; *Selby,* Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Messenger,* Frank Darien; *Lena,* Katherine Johnson; The Six Hits, Slim and Slam, The Congeroo Dancers, Olive Hatch Water Ballet.

"JOAN OF PARIS"—RKO-Radio. Original story by Jacquess Thiery and Georges Kessels. Screen play by Charles Bennett and Ellis St. Joseph. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Cast: *Paul Lavallier,* Paul Henreid; *Joan,* Michele Morgan; *Father Antoine,* Thomas Mitchell; *Herr Funk,* Laird Cregar; *Mlle. Rosay,* May Robson; *Baby,* Alan Ladd; *Splinter,* Jimmy Monks; *Robin,* Jack Briggs; *Geoffrey,* Richard Frazer; *Gestapo Agent,* Alex Granach.

"JOHNNY EAGER"—M-G-M. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant. Based on an original story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: *Johnny Eager,* Robert Taylor; *Lisbeth Bard,* Lana Turner; *John Benson Farrell,* Edward Arnold; *Jeff Hartnett,* Van Heflin; *Jimmy Courtney,* Robert Sterling; *Garnet,* Patricia Dane; *Mae Blythe,* Glenda Farrell; *Mr. Verne,* Henry O'Neill; *Judy Sanford,* Diana Lewis; *Lew Rankin,* Barry Nelson; *Marco,* Charles Dingle; *Julio,* Paul Stewart; *Halligan,* Cy Kendall; *Billiken,* Don Costello; *Benjy,* Lou Lubin; *Ryan,* Joseph Downing; *Peg,* Connie Gilchrist.

"MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip Epstein. From the stage play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: *Maggie Cutler,* Bette Davis; *Lorraine Sheldon,* Ann Sheridan; *Sheridan Whiteside,* Monty Woolley; *Bert Jefferson,* Richard Travis; *Banjo,* Jimmy Durante; *Mrs. Ernest Stanley,* Billie Burke; *Beverly Carlton,* Reginald Gardiner; *June Stanley,* Elisabeth Fraser; *Mr. Ernest Stanley,* Grant Mitchell; *Dr. Bradley,* George Barbier; *Miss Preen,* Mary Wickes; *Mrs. Gibbons,* Laura Hope Crews; *Richard Stanley,* Russell Arms; *Harriet,* Ruth Vivian; *John,* Edwin Stanley; *Sarah,* Betty Roadman; *Sandy,* Charles Drake.

"MELODY LANE"—Universal. Screen play by Hugh Wedlock Jr., Howard Snyder and Morton Grant. Adaptation by George Rony. Original story by Bernard Feins. Directed by Charles Lamond. Cast: *Sandy,* Baby Sandy; *The Rhythmeers,* The Merry Macs, (Judd, Ted and Joe McMichael and Mary Lou Cook); *Gabe Morgan,* Robert Paige; *Patricia Reynolds,* Anne Gwynne; *McKenzie,* Leon Errol; *Butch and Buddy,* Butch and Buddy; *J. Roy Thomas,* Don Douglas.

"MR. AND MRS. NORTH"—M-G-M. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. From the play by Owen Davis. Based on the stories by Richard and Frances Lockridge. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: *Pamela North,* Gracie Allen; *Gerald P. North,* William Post, Jr.; *Lieutenant Weigand,* Paul Kelly; *Carol Brent,* Rose Hobart; *Jane Wilson,* Virginia Grey; *Louis Berex,* Tom Conway; *Arthur Talbot,* Felix Bressart; *George Reyler,* Porter Hall; *Mullins,* Millard Mitchell; *Barnes,* Lucien Littlefield; *Mabel Harris,* Inez Cooper; *Kumi,* Keye Luke; *Ben Wilson,* Jerome Cowan.

"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Delmar Daves, Robert Pirosh and Eve Greene. Based on the play by Ayn Rand. Directed by William Clemens. Cast: *Steve Van Ruyle,* Robert Preston; *Kit Lane,* Ellen Drew; *Bjorn Faulkner,* Nils Asther; *Tilton,* Clarence Kolb; *Inspector Donegan,* Willard Robertson; *Drunk,* Cecil Kellaway; *Attorney Polk,* Donald Douglas; *District Attorney,* Paul Stanton; *Nancy Wakefield,* Margaret Hayes; *Flashy Blonde,* Alice White; *Faulkner's Chauffeur,* Keith Richards; *Little Detective,* Paul Irving; *Haraba,* Georges Renavent; *Kelly,* James Flavin; *Hemingway,* Edwin Stanley; *Gas Station Attendant,* Cliff Nazarro.

"REMEMBER THE DAY"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Frank Davis and Allan Scott. Based on the play by Philo Higley and Philip Dunning. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *Nora Trinell,* Claudette Colbert; *Dan Hopkins,* John Payne; *Dewey Roberts,* John Shepperd; *Kate Hill,* Ann Todd; *Dewey Roberts (as a boy),* Douglas Croft; *Mrs. Roberts,* Jane Seymour; *Miss Price,* Anne Revere; *Mrs. Dewey Roberts,* Frieda Inescort; *Mr. Roberts,* Harry Hayden; *Mr. Steele,* Francis Pierlot; *Miss Cartwright,* Marie Blake; *Peter,* William Henderson; *Mr. Mason,* Chick Chandler; *Announcer,* John Hiestand; *Graham,* Selmer Jackson; *Tom Hanlon,* William Halligan; *Bill Tower,* George Ernest; *Mr. Avery,* Harry Tyler; *Mrs. Avery,* Jody Gilbert; *Cecil,* Irving Bacon; *Senator Phillips,* Paul Harvey; *Governor Teller,* Thurston Hall; *Society Reporter,* Kay Linaker.

"RIOT SQUAD"—Monogram. Original screen play by C. C. Coons. Directed by Edward Finney. Cast: *Dr. Tom,* Richard Cromwell; *Mary,* Rita Quigley; *Grasso,* John Miljan; *Betty,* Mary Ruth; *Police Chief,* Herbert Rawlinson; *Mrs. McGonigle,* Mary Gordon; *Herbert,* Donald Kerr; *Dan O'Connor,* Jack C. Smith; *Lenny,* Richard Clarke.

"ROAD AGENT"—Universal. Screen play by Morgan Cox, Arthur Strawn and Maurice Tombragel. Original story by Sherman Lowe and Arthur St. Clair. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Duke Masters,* Dick Foran; *Pancho,* Leo Carrillo; *Andy,* Andy Devine; *Patricia Leavitt,* Anne Gwynne; *Tom Martin,* Richard Davies; *Lola,* Anne Nagel; *Steve,* John Gallaudet; *Sam Leavitt,* Samuel S. Hinds.

"SHANGHAI GESTURE"—Pressburger-U.S. Adapted by Josef von Sternberg with the collaboration of Geza Herczeg, Karl Vollmoeller and Jules Furthman. From the play by John Colton. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Cast: *Poppy,* Gene Tierney; *Sir Guy Charteris,* Walter Huston; *Dr. Omar,* Victor Mature; *Mother Gin Sling,* Ona Munson; *Choris Girl,* Phyllis Brooks; *The Commissioner,* Albert Basserman; *The Amah,* Maria Ouspenskaya; *The Bookkeeper,* Eric Blore; *The Gambler,* Ivan Lebedeff; *The Coolie,* Mike Mazurki; *The Comprador,* Clyde Fillmore; *The Social Leader,* Grayce Hampton; *The Counselor,* Rex Evans; *The Appraiser,* Mikhail Rasumni; *The Bartender,* Michael Delmatoff; *Master of the Spinning Wheel,* Marcel Dalio.

"VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jan Fortune. Based on the book by Rebecca Yancey Williams. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: *Robert Yancey,* Frank Morgan; *Rebecca Yancey,* Kathryn Grayson; *Rosa Yancey,* Spring Byington; *Margaret Yancey,* Natalie Thompson; *Jim Shirley,* Douglass Newland; *Jack Holden,* Mark Daniels; *Grandma,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Caroline Yancey,* Juanita Quigley; *Joe Yancey,* Scotty Beckett; *Robert Yancey, Jr.,* Dickie Jones; *Uncle Josh,* Leigh Whipper; *Aunt Emmeline,* Louise Beavers; *John Phelps,* J. M. Kerrigan.

"WOLF MAN, THE"—Universal. Original screen play by Curt Siodmak. Directed by George Waggner. Cast: *Sir John,* Claude Rains; *Col. Montford,* Ralph Bellamy; *Dr. Lloyd,* Warren William; *Frank Andrews,* Patric Knowles; *Bela,* Bela Lugosi; *Larry Talbot,* Lon Chaney; *Maleva,* Maria Ouspenskaya; *Gwen Conliffe,* Evelyn Ankers.

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Meat Muffin

ABOUT 15¢ LARGE SERVING

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, ½ lb. ground ham, 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Mix together 2 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ cup milk, ½ cup KARO (blue label); 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper. Open can pineapple wedges, drain; add ¼ cup of the juice to egg mixture. Blend well with meat. Fill greased muffin tins about ¾ full. Arrange 6 pineapple wedges on each muffin. Top muffin with apricot half. Pour ½ tsp. KARO over each. Bake at 350° F. about 35 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Apricot Betty

ABOUT 8½¢ A SERVING

ain 1 (No. 2½) can apricot halves. Set aside 12 halves r topping. Melt 3 tbsp. butter; mix with 2½ cups small read cubes; toss with fork. Stir in ½ cup KARO (blue abel), ½ tsp. cinnamon. Arrange alternate layers of bread mixture and remaining apricots in greased indi- vidual baking pans. Dot with butter (2 tbsp. for six Betties). Place 2 apricot halves on top of each serving, keeping cut side up. Bake at 350° F. 20-30 minutes . . . Now add ⅛ tsp. corn starch, dash salt to 1 egg white —whip until it begins to hold shape. Add 4 tbsp. KARO (red label), 1 tbsp. at a time, beating thoroughly. Drop half-teaspoonfuls around edge of baking dish and in center of each apricot half. Return to oven, bake 10 minutes. Serve hot.

Sizzling Fruit

ABOUT 10¢ LARGE PORTION

Pour into saucepan juice from 1 (No. 2) can pear halves. Add ¼ tsp. each of cinnamon, ground ginger, cloves; ½ cup KARO (red label), 1 tsp. lemon juice. Cook 5 minutes. Add to this syrup pear halves, 1 (No. 2½) can drained peach halves, 1 (No. 2½) can drained bing cherries. Heat again but do not boil. Remove from heat and serve sizzling hot. Also good chilled. Makes 8 servings.

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